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The Flea, the Pup, and the Millennium

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR DOVE

AS you walk over the Brooklyn Bridge you come, midway the beautiful gigantic structure, upon a wooden platform, with seats for the comfort of pedestrians. There is an iron railing about the outer edge of the platform. If you were to climb upon the railing, give a yell, and jump, you would be at the bottom of the deepest part of the East River in no time. Right at this place there fell into the river, not long ago, what an eminent philanthropist believed to be the Hope of Humanity. And with it went Scipio the Flea.

Scipio was the most ferocious, the hardest-biting flea that ever stung the cuticle of man or beast. Among flea fanciers it is said that it was impossible to make him work as one of a team of trained fleas; he invariably murdered all his mates. He was anti-social. But he was intelligent. His master often said with pride: "My Scipio is worth his weight in radium!"

His master, who had inherited him from a friend in the show business, was Professor Doddbridge Jenkinson, a man who ever smiled and smiled, showing a golden tooth. He wore cloth-topped shoes and smoothed his hair with oil; his mustache was large and brilliantly black; his forehead sloped gracefully, and he always sported a fancy vest. Scipio would perform for no one else; and Professor Jenkinson, out of a sentiment for the dead friend, never asked him to perform professionally. Scipio lived in a pill-box that reposed in the upper left-hand pocket of the fancy vest, just over the fond heart of Doddbridge Jenkinson; they were blood-brothers and between them was a bond passing the love of woman.

They dwelt in ulterior Flatbush, out toward Coney Island, in the boarding-house of Mrs. Kate Akimbo, a handsome and buxom widow. Mrs. Akimbo was the mother of a pair of interesting twins, Barnum Akimbo and Bailey Akimbo, just five years old. They had been born the day an Asian elephant, forgetful of his training, knelt upon their father in a great circus. Mrs. Akimbo, the twins, and the other boarders (who were mostly employed about the shows and concessions at Coney Island) all looked up to Doddbridge Jenkinson as a man who knew a thing or two about the world. But with Kate Akimbo admiration for Professor Jenkinson had grown to something far deeper.

Briefly, she worshipped him. But did he care for her? Sometimes, she was sure of it. And then there would jump before her wistful mental vision the shadow of the flea. But with the guile of woman Mrs. Akimbo pretended that she admired Scipio.

Professor Doddbridge Jenkinson was what is known as a pitchman; just now he busied himself taking orders for crayon

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portraits, enlarged from photographs in funereal blacks and grays; at one time he had employed himself in the sale of indissoluble, indestructible, and opalescent pearls. When his work was done he loved to sit upon the widow's porch of a summer evening and practise upon the slide-trombone—the slanting late sunlight beautiful upon his satin, salmon-colored tie which was stuck rakishly through with a turquoise pin. Often Barnum Akimbo and Bailey Akimbo would clamber upon his lap and beg to see Scipio perform, a boon never granted, though Doddbridge was indulgent to the twins in other ways.

But one tragic day in early autumn, after the professor had satiated himself with his luncheon and his trombone, he fell a-drowse upon the front veranda, his mouth ajar beneath his brilliant mustache, and his golden dentistry glimmering through the golden afternoon. Barnum Akimbo saw his chance and slyly took the pill-box from the professor's pocket. Then the twins stole into the garden, crawled through a gap in the back fence, and, all oblivious of a Bearded Stranger coming into the alley, opened the pill-box.

"Hullo, little Busters!" said the Bearded Stranger, falsely genial, looking about to see that they had no natural protector near. They were startled, but the tramp fixed them with such a compelling look they did not move. "Has Momma sent you to the drug-store with that pretty pill-box to buy medicine?" He endeavored to endow his husky voice with an ingratiating quality, but did not succeed. He patted Barnum on the head. "You mustn't be scared of your Uncle Fuller—lemme see the shiny pennies Momma gave you."

But Barnum Akimbo, drawing back, answered:

"We ain't got any Uncle Fuller, or any pennies. All we got is Mister Jenkinson's flea."

To which Bailey Akimbo added untruthfully:

"An' he give the flea to us, Mister Jenkinson did, didn't he, Barnum? To bring him out and air him like a dog, didn't he, Barnum? We air him like a dog every day, don't we, Barnum?"

"A flea?" said the Bearded Stranger. He seemed not merely puzzled but displeased. He walled his eyes, he clicked his tongue, he opened wide his mouth and showed some jagged, tobacco-blackened teeth. "I've et kids that told me lies, afore this," he said. The boast seemed entirely plausible to the twins, for he looked like the ogre in one of their picture-books. "Gimme them pennies—Quick!" He grasped each twin by its nearest ear, and both twins howled.

Mrs. Akimbo's voice rang sharply out from the kitchen in instant, maternal response to the terrified bellowing of her young. The Bearded Stranger loosed the ears and ran.

But Scipio had leaped into the man's matted beard.

Mrs. Akimbo rushed from the house, followed by several boarders, and, a moment later, by Professor Doddbridge Jenkinson.

When Doddbridge learned the flea was gone his grief was unbridled.

"Woman! My flea!" he cried. "My flea! These meddlesome brats have lost my flea! Get them out of my sight, for I'll not be answerable for anything that I may do! When I think that I intended to propose marriage to you, while shooting the chutes at Coney Island next Sunday, and become the stepfather of these abominable twins, I wonder at myself! Scipio, Scipio is gone, and I shall never look upon his like again!"

Kate Akimbo stood stricken to the heart, for she loved him deeply. Yet she mustered up a certain show of pride, and she drew in a long breath, and she said:

"Professor Doddbridge Jenkinson you have chosen between us and since you love that insect better than you do me I am glad I found it out in time and now that your flea is gone Doddbridge Jenkinson you had better go yourself and I'm glad my two preciouses didn't get a stepfather that cared so much for fleas he would have been brutal to them and my poor Akimbo was a gentleman even if he did drink so come along Barnum and Bailey and get your faces washed and quit your sniffling and don't drag back or I'll slap you and keep away from Mister Jenkinson or he'll think you're trying to steal his watch——"

Then, being out of breath, Mrs. Akimbo fainted.

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But at that instant, the Bearded Stranger, who had found the alley closed at one end, sneaked by the gap in the fence again, doubling back to seek open country. Scipio had worked round from the beard to a place of strategic impor-

Briefly, she worshipped him.—Page 643.

tance between his shoulder-blades, and just as he went past the hole in the fence, Scipio struck—struck with all his terrific power. The tramp leaped into the air, with an involuntary outcry—leaped as the fighting tuna-fish off Catalina leaps, leaped as the hooked tarpon hurtles moonward from the Spanish Main. Three fathoms high he bounded with flailing arms, wherewith he sought futilely to lash himself between the shoulder-blades. Professor Jenkinson, when he saw the tramp leap, knew where his flea was, for only those bitten by Scipio can jump like that.

He was through the fence and after the Bearded Stranger in an instant. The tramp flew rather than ran, and Doddbridge went bounding after—his coat-tails level in the breeze that stroked his oiled and scented hair, his brilliant mustache streaming backward on either side, his heart beating wildly with the fervor of the chase, his patent-leather shoes flashing gallantly in the bright autumnal sun. Out of the alley they went, across a street, over fences, across gardens, and then they miraculously crossed an important boulevard, where motor traffic was thick and fast. Twenty minutes of this frightful pace, and the Bearded Stranger, with Professor Doddbridge Jenkinson gleaming in hot pursuit, raced into Prospect Park; through the trees and bushes they rushed, across humming driveways, splashing among the ponds and lagoons, with Scipio still stinging as only Scipio in all the world could sting. From Prospect Park down through Brooklyn they followed much the same route as George Washington and his colonials took in the battle of Long Island, and amongst the maze of crooked streets that approach the Brooklyn

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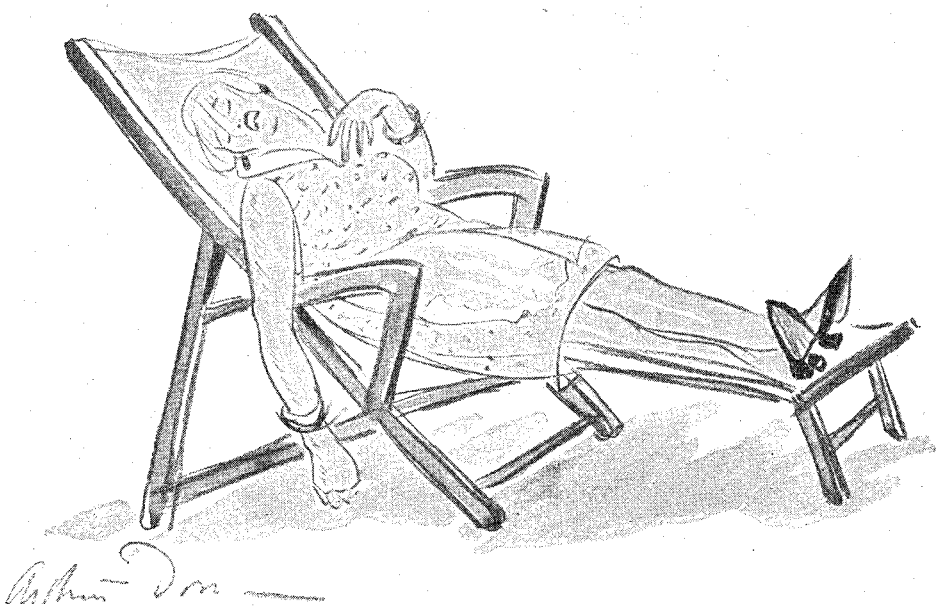
Bridge from the Long Island side Doddbridge Jenkinson lost his leaping quarry; he hit his head against one of the pillars of the elevated railroad, and the tramp gave him the slip.

Professor Jenkinson, winded, but suffering less physically than from grief, laid his graceful narrow forehead against the stones of the cobbled street and wept; bitterly he wept.

If he had but known it he was not three blocks from the Bearded Stranger, and from Scipio.

The tramp, satisfied that he had evaded pursuit, had slunk into a speak-easy where the worst liquor in the world is sold. Scipio was tired; he rested. The tramp felt him no longer; the tramp rested, and imbibed the liquor for which that place is infamous. Scipio left him.



Then, being out of breath,

A policeman came up and asked him why, with neither sympathy nor gentleness in his tone.

"I've lost my flea," said Professor Jenkinson simply.

The policeman roughly assisted Doddbridge to his feet. It was evident that he did not credit the altogether truthful explanation. Plainly, he suspected Doddbridge of mental aberration.

"Lost your flea?" he said. "Well, don't cry. Be a little man, and maybe Santy Claus will bring you another one. I've got none for you myself—and you can git t'hell off this block, now!"

Doddbridge wandered to the water's edge, where Fulton Street, Brooklyn, slopes to the East River, and sat disconsolate upon the string-piece of a pier.

Drinking at a near-by table was a swarthy man of forty, with bold dark eyes and scornful lips. Perhaps it was his full-blooded look that recommended him to Scipio as a prospect for dinner and a warm night's lodging. Scipio crawled amongst the man's clothing, and settled himself for a brief nap, not being immediately hungry. The man was studying a sheet of paper, and murmuring to himself in Russian. Finally he nodded, put the paper in his pocket, and departed. He went down to the water-front, and out upon the very pier where Doddbridge Jenkinson sat gazing sadly at the water, descended a short flight of water-stairs, and got into a small gasoline launch.

Doddbridge idly watched the man untie

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Mrs. Akimbo fainted.—Page 644.

his boat, push it clear of the dock, and start his engine. The motor turned over, the propellor spun, the exhaust snorted, and the Russian turned the bow out toward clear water, and was chugging away, when——

When Scipio struck; struck as only Scipio could strike.

The Russian abandoned his wheel, smote vainly at that unreachable point midway between the human shoulders, let out a wild, red Muscovite oath, and almost fell into the water.

Doddbridge's gloomy lassitude left him. He had seen the Russian jump, and once more he knew where Scipio must be. "My flea! My flea!" he cried, galvanized into life again. He looked frantically up and down the water-front. Pulling in toward a neighboring dock, hissing as she let off steam, was a small free-lance river-tug, with her proprietor and crew of three.

"Help me catch that man!" shouted Doddbridge, motioning toward the Russian, now a hundred yards up-stream, but once again in difficulties with Scipio.

The skipper of the tug, standing on the deck, took in something of the situation at a glance. He measured the Russian's lead with a cock-eyed knowingness, swept a swift look over Doddbridge Jenkinson from his glossy mustache to his shining patent-leather shoes, spat brownly into the gray river, and suggested:

"Twenty dollars an hour, mate."

Doddbridge Jenkinson pulled out his bill folder. Yes, thank God! he had enough—it had been a good month for crayon portraiture. Doddbridge waved a bunch of bills excitedly at the skipper. Deftly the tug checked herself in her easy drift toward the dock-side she had been aiming for, backed, sidled like a controlled horse, pointed herself at the end of Doddbridge's pier, and passed within eight inches of it with her snub nose turned up-stream. And then, as Doddbridge jumped to her deck, she picked up speed and was off in pursuit, with a hell-roaring blast of her whistle contributed to the situation sheerly out of sporting spirit.

Doddbridge had stumbled and fallen to the deck; the skipper picked him up kindly and plucked a twenty-dollar bill from his hand almost with one motion.

"In advance," he said. And then, as he shoved the bill into a trousers pocket: "That feller stole somethin' of yourn?"

"Yes,"- said Doddbridge, "he has my—" But he checked himself. He did not say flea. The policeman had misunderstood. So might this man.

The skipper gazed after the Russian. "Somethin' on that feller's conscience, by the way he's actin'."

Indeed the Russian was acting like anybody but a placid burgher out for an afternoon cruise among the water highways of the sea-girdled city; he was slapping again at that unslappable spot betwixt the shoulder-blades with hands that wig-wagged a message of frenzy to the world; Scipio had smitten him once

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more just as he passed under the Brooklyn Bridge. He narrowly escaped collision with one of the huge stone supports.

"Give her everything you got, Jim," called the skipper to his engineer, and the tug shot forward a moment later as if she had been prodigiously kicked upon the stern. But even at that the tug could never hope to overhaul the little motor-boat if the Russian were permitted to manage it in peace. Doddbridge pinned his faith to Scipio. Scipio could be depended on not to leave the man alone. And no man could be enough the master of himself to run a motor-boat, drive a car, make love, or operate a sewing-machine, with Scipio riding high and fierce above his chine.

Half-way between the Brooklyn Bridge and the Manhattan Bridge a great tug shouldering a lighter on either side of her, each lighter laden with a double rank of freight-cars, passed so near the Russian's frail launch, without even a hoot of warning, that Doddbridge thought he had been run down, and Scipio with him. The motor-boat seemed to disappear directly beneath the clumsy, trampling barges; but Doddbridge looked again, and there she was bobbing and jerking through the greasy wake among the scavenger gulls. And then the sharp bows of a rapid destroyer from the navy-yard almost planed the varnish from the Russian's gunnels, and the slim war-toy went slithering and twisting down the river like a gray eel late to a business appointment, leaving an astonished cry from her siren and a crackle of profanity from her decks hanging behind her in the salt, wet air. The East River, on busy afternoons, is no place for a pilot whose back is inhabited by a kind of hopping measle out of hell.

By the time the Russian had control of his gasoline shallop once more, the tug was within fifty feet of him.

"Steer right at him, shall we?" asked the skipper. "If it could be done *accidental*, I wouldn't mind givin' a swipe to one of them there damn little water-bugs —always under everybody's bows tanglin' up navigation! Fleas, damn 'em, fleas!"

"No, no, don't hit him!" cried Doddbridge, more than ever resolved not to tell the skipper that he really chased an insect.

The Russian gathered from their forward-leaning attitudes that he was pursued; he concentrated as best he could upon his controls, and gave her the gas. It did not seem to surprise him that he was being chased; he was, in truth, a man who had spent years of his life in running and hiding. Doddbridge shouted at him but he returned no answer. The motor-boat began to draw rapidly away from the tug. As Doddbridge emerged from the shadow of the Williamsburg Bridge he saw the launch far up the stretch of rippled water, speeding through the sunlight toward the point of Blackwell's Island, which is moored like a big loaded stone-boat in the centre of the river, splitting it into two deep tidal channels. He guessed that Scipio was no longer troubling the Russian, and he was right: the great flea rested again. As the Russian approached the island he was hidden from Doddbridge's view by a rusty tramp steamer; but he saw the launch a few minutes later swing into the western channel, between the island and the Manhattan shore. The Russian steered directly for a maze of barges, lumber schooners, tugs, and scows that made a ragged fringe along the irregular docks and pile-lined slips above the western end of the Queensboro Bridge, slipped like a musk-rat into some obscure water lane that led him through the confusion of hulls to a mooring place, and was lost to sight as completely as if he had been obliterated from the picture by the second thought of an etcher.

Doddbridge, ten minutes later, was landed on the platform of a floating house maintained by the U. S. Volunteer Life Saving service, and stepped thence to a narrow beach below a bluff, studded with jagged boulders, that drops sheerly two hundred feet from the foot of 57th Street. For the space of a hundred yards north and south, below this bluff, there are no docks. Doddbridge hoped that he might pick up some trace of Scipio along the water-front. In front of him a wavering wooden stairway crawled up the face of the cliff, twisting among the jutting points of rock and clinging to them with rusty iron tendrils like a discouraged vine. It suggested ascent. Doddbridge climbed, and at the top

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passed through a gate in a spiked fence to a brick-paved terrace in front of a dozen prim little houses left over from an earlier phase of New York.

Should he continue for a while to beat about these waterside regions? He walked out of the court, cogitating, into the street-end known as Sutton Square; and a friendly Airedale dog, seeming to guess that Doddbridge was troubled, came and rubbed himself sympathetically against his striped trousers and cloth-topped shoes. Doddbridge was usually rather careful of appearances. But now he sat down on the curbstone in the quiet street-end, his back against the woven-wire protection of a city tree, and gave himself up to silent melancholy. The dog mourned with him for a few moments, and then decided that it would be a kindlier deed to beguile him from his grief, perhaps, and began to gambol about, to pick up sticks and caper toward him with them, and then sheer off and run, stopping to invite a frolic pursuit. Doddbridge smiled wanly at the animal from the shadow of his gloom, and gave him, one by one, half a dozen candies to eat; for Doddbridge nearly always carried gum-drops with him in a paper sack. The dog seemed to relish them, but still continued to beg with his fond Airedale eyes for a ripping game.

If Doddbridge had only looked up he might have seen, ten minutes sooner than he did, the Russian whom he had been chasing seated near an open window in an apartment-house across the narrow street-end. It is a large apartment-house, and one of the first buildings of its kind erected with the purpose of reclaiming that part of New York's East Side from decades of slumdom. Its builder was the immensely wealthy philanthropist, Mr. Alexander Tweedie. In this magnificent new building, so eminently seated to command the great river in its ever-changing picturesqueness, Mr. Tweedie had reserved the entire second floor for himself. And he sat by the open window of his library now, conversing with the Russian.

"I've lost my flea," said Professor Jenkinson simply.—Page 646.

In Mr. Tweedie's hand was the paper which the Russian had been looking at in the speak-easy on the Brooklyn water-front—and on Mr. Tweedie's back between his shirt and undershirt, was Scipio. Scipio had not yet made his presence felt.

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"This paper, Melinoff," Tweedie was saying, "this paper holds—holds——"

He ceased speaking as if overcome by a rush of emotion; he arose and went to the window of his library. Across the narrow street he saw Doddbridge and the Airedale dog. It was a dog that Mr. Tweedie knew, for it belonged to the little daughter of the building superintendent, who called it Edward. "Edward shouldn't take up with drunken men like that," Mr. Tweedie murmured, mistaking Doddbridge's dejected attitude. And then his mind swung back from this triviality to the paper he held, and his throat grew husky with the reflex of a vast humanitarian hope.

He sat down at his desk again, and fingered the paper.

"This," said Tweedie, "holds the Millennium!" He looked at it with pious awe, as if, indeed, it were the graven tablets of the Law brought down by Moses from Sinai.

"To think," cried the philanthropist, "that I—I, Alexander Tweedie, should be chosen by Providence as one of the agents through which this blessing is to come to the world!"

"The human species will owe you much," said Melinoff. But a disinterested observer might have seen that the Russian dwelt in his mind upon a panorama not revealed to Tweedie's vision.

"And only you and I—and your chemist assistant—know of what is to come," said Tweedie, as if determined to wring from the moment all its drama. "But are you positive that the device will work?"

"I am ready," said the Russian, measuring his words, "to begin work upon a large scale, as soon as I can put up a factory. My tests are finished."

"Death at two thousand miles!" said Tweedie, rising excitedly again. "The man who can apply these formulæ holds the life of the world in his hands! He can say to the nations, with an authority almost superhuman: 'Let there be peace! Let wars cease forever!' And there *will* be peace! With this I shall disarm the world!"

There was a moment's silence, then Tweedie said: "And the idea came to you out of your great love for humanity!"

"That, and my enthusiasm for the possibilities of radioactivity," said Melinoff. "We see and hear at a distance; and we shoot guns at a distance. All that is the work of other men. What I have added is a combination of two principles known to modern science.

"It is now known that all the substance of which the universe is composed is in reality one thing. Formerly scientists said that the atom was the smallest indivisible body, but within these last decades the atom has been broken up into electrons. The atom is, in fact, a solar system in which many electrons revolve like suns and planets. The rate of vibration and rotation maintained by the electrons in any atom gives its character to the substance of the atom itself; it determines what the atom shall be in the world of substance. Every chemical composition has its own particular *tune* of electronic vibration. That is true of high explosives such as dynamite, guncotton, cordite, TNT, as well as of all other substance. When an explosive is detonated by fire or by a blow the thing that has happened is that its constituent atomic form has been suddenly decomposed, disintegrated. My invention is a device to induce this disintegration, this explosion, by a radioactive current. In other words, I am able to determine the rhythm and wave-length of the electron in any chemical compound and tune in from a distance. It is not necessary that a fulminating cap or primer be connected with the mass of explosives which I detonate. It is only necessary that I know the tune which the electrons are singing.

"If a fleet of battleships were to approach these shores I could explode the magazine of each ship six hundred leagues out at sea. I can blow up forts, arsenals, airplanes, two thousand miles away."

There was a hush in Tweedie's library while each pursued his own line of thought. Tweedie was thinking reverently of the humanitarian uses of this discovery. He would go to Washington and ask the President to call another disarmament conference. He would guardedly tell the representatives of all the nations something of what he had. Disarmament of the world must follow almost automatically.

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The Russian's thoughts were different. He was an anarchist surpassing even the reigning Bolshevists of Moscow in his hatred of capitalism the world around. Peace for the world ultimately— Yes! But a peace dictated and directed by the leaders of the revolution! In the meantime his soul was tickled by the idea of obtaining from a capitalist the funds wherewith to blow capitalism off the face of the earth. He would use Tweedie and his money until the invention was perfected and then——

Then he would put it at the service of anarchy!

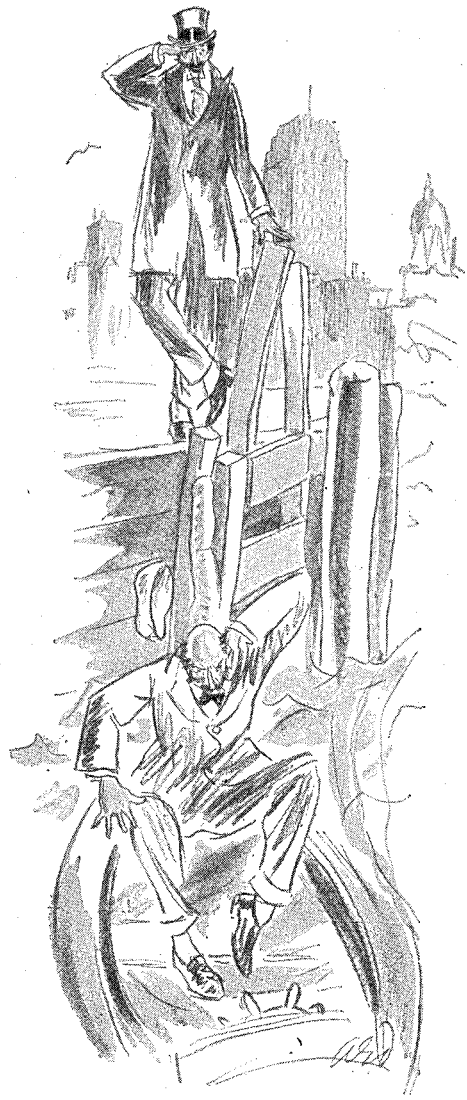
"The Millennium!" mused Tweedie, and laid the paper on his desk.

The action was ill-advised. A gust of autumn wind entered the eastern window, which overlooked the river, made a stir among the papers in the room, lifted the Millennium, and wafted it swiftly out of the north window.

Another gust caught it before it reached the pavement. It rose, planed and twisted, dived and spun, and then settled into a diagonal drift toward the patent-leather shoes of Professor Doddbridge Jenkinson.

"That paper! Grab that paper!" Tweedie and Melinoff were half-way out the window in their excitement. Doddbridge looked up, and, with a start, recognized the Russian.

He jumped to his feet, as the men shouted again; and then he saw the paper and realized that they were calling to him.



When Scipio struck; struck as only Scipio could strike.—Page 647.

He reached for the paper. But Edward, the Airedale, was too quick. Edward grabbed the Millennium in his mouth, and with two bounds was twenty feet away from Doddbridge. There he paused, with an ear cocked and his head on one side, challenging Doddbridge to catch him. He had been trained to carry letters, this Edward—but he had not been properly trained to give them up again on demand. Edward was a joyous dog, full of a kindly feeling toward all the world, hail-fellow-well-met with any random wight who promised sport, always looking for a jest and a scamper; his eyes and his attitudes and every tangle of his wiry hair suggested canine laughter and the wish to broadcast it.

"Catch him! Catch him!" shouted Tweedie, rushing from the apartment-house, with the Russian at his heels.

Edward neatly avoided their rush, and then stood tantalizingly beyond their reach, poised for flight in any direction. Here's a lark! his manner seemed to say. These nice men want a race and a

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scramble, and I'm the mutt for them! Here, at last, is a game—this gay afternoon is not going to be wasted after all!

And with the Millennium in his mouth, Edward ran round and round the street-end, with Melinoff and Tweedie after him. Doddbridge, wondering what all this was about, forgot his pet flea for a moment.

"Can't you," shouted Mr. Tweedie to the Russian, "can't you and your assistant work it out again?"

"We *must* have that paper!" cried Melinoff. "He died last week!"

Edward decided that this was too good a frolic to be confined to one narrow court, and pranced around the corner into Sutton Place, looking backward to make sure that he was followed. He need not have worried about that. As Tweedie turned the corner after him, Scipio once more took a hand in the game. Scipio stabbed. The surprised millionaire jumped and lashed at his back, and then Doddbridge Jenkinson realized that his savage pet had left Melinoff for this other man.

Doddbridge was after them like a shot, crying out: "My flea! Give me back my flea!"

"Stop that dog!" shouted the Russian to the world in general. Tweedie did not shout, he only gasped:

"*The hope of the world!*"

Edward scampered south in Sutton Place, trotted west to First Avenue, and then turned south again—the Millennium in his mouth, modern Philanthropy (with the devil on its back) leaping at his heels, and Anarchy following after, while the Bourgeoisie in the person of Doddbridge Jenkinson labored sturdily in the rear.

Edward was pleased to the very inmost inwards of his canine being. Children had always played and scrambled with him, and he had often wondered why grown folks need be so stiff and formal. Time and again he had suggested romps and chases to the adults of the neighborhood, but never before had any one responded—and now here were three jolly men spiritedly following, vocal and active and undignified! As Edward ran under the wheels of a moving van, narrowly escaping destruction, dodged a taxi, and gave a mean cut-off to the lady driver of a Ford coupé, he felt that this was a gallant world after all, and that it was good to be abroad in it. He paused on the corner of 52d Street, with a backward look for his playmates; he had distanced them by more than a block. He pre-

Edward neatly avoided their rush.—Page 651.

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And Scipio struck—struck his last.—Page 655.

tended that he had lost interest in the merry game, and dropped the Millennium from his mouth to the sidewalk, while he sniffed at the carriage of a baby in front of a pawn-shop. The baby laughed and offered him its teething-ring, as one good fellow invites another to have a drink, and Edward took a friendly chew at the rubber. The baby's mother, dozing in the doorway, waked and warbled shrilly her sense of outrage, and aimed a kick at Edward's ribs. He easily avoided this, and then, as his three jolly playfellows came panting up, Edward whisked the Millennium from under the clutching digits of Mr. Tweedie's very hands, and capered a block down the street, and pranced on three legs, and paused again, and looked back with sidelong mirth, and rolled jovially in the dust of the gutter with his feet kicking at the heavens, and righted himself and was away once more. These pauses and prancings and narrow escapes were the essence of the sport to Edward.

Alexander Tweedie was too elderly a man to run that fast, for any length of time; all the golf in the world will not make a sprinter of a man of sixty-two. Physically, he couldn't do what he was doing; it was the idea which led him on; he ran with the legs of the mind and the spirit—and he was a good deal helped by Scipio, too. Any man not entirely defunct was bound to put all the life left in him into one forward bound when Scipio lanced him from behind. But Alexander Tweedie, always afterward, remembered that mad scramble down through crowded New York as one remembers the phantasmagoria of a dream. For as he ran and dodged and leaped and bounded, all his ideas ran with him; the grotesque irony of the situation kept pace with his burning feet.

The Millennium—just ahead of him there—the hope of the human world—in the mouth of a dog! My God! he said to himself, as his heart thwacked and fluttered in his thorax, is this some bitter jest of deities suddenly turned irresponsible?—the goal of all good men's desire, just ahead of me there, slavered in an Airedale's mouth! And if I can catch him (he thought) the hope of the ages is brought to its golden accomplishment, and the destiny of the planet is enlarged, and the genius of the species is liberated, and——

Was that a taxicab that plunged so near it caught his coat and tore it half from his smarting back, or was it a comet that went hurtling through space?—was this a street that shifted and menaced and pulsed and roared around him, or did he race along the Milky Way, whizzing among the fragments of exploding stars that singed him with their prodigious

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heat? Did that dog indeed, that perverse demon pup, that hound of chaos, gambol ahead of him with a Great Cause in his trivial jaws, or was this all a wild nightmare? And what *were* great causes, and what were trivial things? Was there a place in the universe for this monstrous levity? Did levity and laughter and cosmic mockery run among the stellar interspaces like summer lightning leaping from cloud to cloud? A Millennium—and a dog! Did planets pivot upon atoms, cobwebs choke burly states to death, tumble-bugs kick swollen worlds across the sky?—could a blood corpuscle in a despot's brain swerve from its appointed path and bear the gain of centuries voyaging with it into oblivion?—could there be some champion ant set on to eat down an imperial city?—what things *are* little things? A bunion retarded his speed, and the flea upon his back stabbed him forward—and bunion and flea and sportive dog: these, these, these,—O strange and incalculable universe!—these were in the balances along with the Peace of Earth, the Hope of Humanity, the Millennium!

Run, Tweedie, run! he cried to himself, and cried it aloud—and sting me, flea! Sting me until I catch that frolic fiend! He sprawled among the very legs of a team of truck horses, and shouted to himself that he was clambering among the rings of Saturn: the great buildings rocked and swayed about him and above him, elastic to the rhythms of his mind, and he cried out that they were the scarps and battlements of heaven. A policeman stopped him, as the dog turned westward at 14th Street, another one hailed him as the chase swung southward again near Tammany Hall and on into the tangle where Fourth Avenue merges with Lafayette Street, and to both of them he showed the credentials of a deputy police commissioner—for he was one of the score of these always loosed upon long-suffering New York—and sped onward. To Tweedie, his brain whirling and throbbing with the cosmic connotations of the situation, they were cerulean-coated demiurges appearing quite logically in the midst of these great roaring chasms slashed through the beetling hills of space.

Edward, after many playful pauses, paused again at Shinbone Alley—a dark mews that leads westward from Lafayette Street, and looks (and smells) as mediæval as any dank court in all the purlieus of London or Paris. A bony cat, marked like the Tammany Tiger himself, and with the temper of nether hell's own pepper, has claimed Shinbone Alley as his lair for ten years, and he suspects all intruders of designs upon the fish-heads which he drags there from the street markets of the lower East Side. Out of the dark he leaped snarling upon Edward, and Edward (never a warrior) dropped the Millennium and turned tail.

The Millennium, caught by a sour breath of air, floated out to the sidewalk; it was trodden on three times in as many seconds; it lingered about the grating of a vent-hole; it was kicked to the gutter by a high-heeled flapper; it was smeared under the wheels of a truck, and sprayed by the gasoline exhaust from a taxicab. Tweedie, hopping with hope and fear and a new assault from Scipio, half a block away, saw the burning cigar-butt of a smoker fall upon it. He rushed forward, with a fresh burst of speed, but a motorcycle was ahead of him, and nearly cut short his span of mortal life; the Millennium fluttered to the curb again, and once more Edward, recovered from his fright of the cat, which had not pursued him, snatched it from the clutching hands of Philanthropy, and went cavorting southward, winged with glee. And in five minutes more they were all struggling with the winds that blow forever through the bleak courts and arches under the Municipal Building. Out of that, insanely cutting through the Manhattan-bound traffic from the Brooklyn Bridge, and to the structure of the bridge itself, Edward led them, with renewed access of canine gusto for this glorious game of tag.

'Twas half-way across the bridge that the irrevocable and fatal moment rushed upon them. Edward stopped upon the wooden platform (from which this tale first stepped off) with the Millennium in his mouth; Tweedie tackled like a football player and this time caught the dog in his arms. Dog and millionaire rolled together struggling upon the boards, and then Edward squirmed free. But in that

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Kate Akimbo saw that he was broken, and she acted swiftly and conclusively, after the manner of women; she grappled him with sympathy.—Page 656.

instant of contact Scipio had passed from Tweedie to the dog.

And Scipio struck—struck his last, his hardest blow on earth. Like a dog suddenly dowered with pinions Edward soared upward in a great arc. Between his shaggy belly and the iron railing, Tweedie, scrambling to his feet again, saw a brief silhouette of the Statue of Liberty against the horizon; and then the dog went down whirling and twisting to the gray water below, the flea upon his back and the Millennium, bitten through in his sudden pain, still hooked among his teeth.

The paper floated to the surface. Upon it was perched Scipio the flea, although invisible to those above. A few feet the paper voyaged, a yard or two, and then Melinoff, pounding up, saw it. He grasped the railing and poised himself and jumped.

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Tweedie, in a daze, stared at the water. Beside him stood Doddbridge Jenkinson. They waited for the Russian's reappearance. They waited in vain. He never came up, then nor thereafter. After some moments they shifted their gaze to the paper.

For the Millennium still floated. Something told Doddbridge Jenkinson that Scipio was on that sheet of paper; perhaps the uncanny second sight of great affection.

"My flea!" he said. "My flea will drown!" And he dashed his wrist across his eyes.

The Millennium was losing its buoyancy as the water began to make sodden the sized paper. It began slowly to sink. Tweedie could still see its outlines a quarter of an inch below the surface.

"The hope of humanity, the Millennium is there—sinking, sinking, sinking," he murmured to Doddbridge Jenkinson.

"My flea is drowning," wailed Doddbridge again.

And just then a handsome, buxom woman rushed up and flung her arms about him.

"Kate!" he said; and then pointing downward to the river he added, chokingly: "Scipio! Gone! Drowned!"

Kate Akimbo saw that he was broken, and she acted swiftly and conclusively, after the manner of women; she grappled him with sympathy. She had wandered from her home in grief, after their lovers' quarrel; she had been wandering through Brooklyn ever since, scarcely knowing what she did; she had wandered out upon the bridge, and surprisingly found him—and that wretched flea gone! She was too wise to express her satisfaction over that. Doddbridge was torn and dusty, his satin tie was stained and askew, the sweat from his exertions had run into his brilliant mustache and partially removed the dye; his patent-leather shoes were bursted; but Kate loved him, and she put his head upon her shoulder and soothed him.

"There, Doddy, there, there, there!" she said. "I know it's hard—but I'll try to make up to you for poor, dear Scipio's loss, and everything, Doddy, dear!"

But in her heart she rejoiced that the last barrier to their union had been removed.

Alexander Tweedie looked at these people in amazement. The Millennium was gone—and this man was making love, and mourning a flea! (It must be, he realized, the flea that had stung him so sorely.)

Tweedie broke in peremptorily upon the couple, who were now seated upon a bench with their arms about each other.

"I told you," he said to Doddbridge, "that the Millennium—" And with a flood of indignant eloquence he made them understand everything, he showed them all that humanity had had within its grasp, and lost again.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, sir," said Kate Akimbo, politely, when he had finished. "But you don't want to take on over it so hard, mister. Poor Doddy here has lost something, too—he's lost his flea."

"Kate," said Doddy, putting the Millennium and Mr. Tweedie from his mind (and even Scipio, if it must be said!)—"Kate, next Sunday, while we are shooting the chutes at Coney Island, I shall propose matrimony to you."

"Why wait till then?" asked Kate coyly.

Mr. Tweedie turned from them. He queried the flowing river with his gaze, and he questioned the broad, inscrutable sky—what, what, *what* could a philanthropist hope to do for these people, after all? They had lost the Millennium—and they were going to Coney Island next Sunday, and then they were going to live happy ever after! Could *anything* lift their interest from their merely personal relations to the Larger Issues? "O ye gods!" cried Mr. Tweedie, shaking his fist at the clouds; and then he turned upon them, furiously:

"Damn you!" he said. "After this, make your own Millenniums!"

He was too sore in spirit as he limped tragically away to note that, in their groping way, they were trying.

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The Confessions of a Penitent and Puzzled Parson

BY CHARLES FISKE
Bishop of Central New York

I MAY describe myself as a social reformer who has at last undertaken the task of reforming himself. If not yet wholly reformed, I am at least penitent. For a long time I have been undergoing the pains of conversion, wrestling in quiet over many things that puzzle the mind and torture the spirit. Now and then I have spoken to relieve my soul, but in the main I have been thinking—or trying to think.

The ministers of America are partially responsible for my present disquiet. They have made me see myself as others see *them*. And the advocates of various social movements are also partly responsible for my timid approach to the mourner's bench. As one sometimes hears the ticking of the clock, even amid the din of roaring machinery, so the rattling of reform drums and the blowing of welfare trumpets, as they blare forth insistently, have but made clear to the ear the sound of a still, small voice ringing above the battle-cry of executive secretaries and minor officers of the social welfare hosts. It may be that Mencken and his mighty men have been instrumental, to some degree, in producing the pains of penitence. Underneath the brazen notes of their assaults (which good men denounce as coming from Satan's seat) there are undertones of truth to which one finds oneself uncomfortably tempted to give careful thought. The sight of the gorgeous office-building near the Capitol in Washington, where busy secretaries further the cause of public morals, has also furthered my conversion—as is eminently proper, even though the conversion has been shunted to the wrong switch. The discovery that there are over one hundred and fifty central agencies having offices in Washington and representing all sorts of interests, fads, and fancies has reacted upon my evangelical fervor and mixed me in mind. I am like the young man who when he heard that his best girl was a somnambulist declared that he was sick of denominational disputes, and though he was brought up a Baptist would willingly go to her church.

I am not only penitent, I am puzzled. In planning a future programme, I put it forth tentatively. Truth to say, the path is just appearing, and it is difficult to know just where it may lead. For a time we haven't seen the woods, because of the trees. As a puzzled penitent I may possibly see things more clearly by throwing some experiences upon the screen. This is a sad mixing of metaphor, but emotional strain is careless of correct rhetoric. Suppose we change the figure again: some of us have been running so hard in the reform race that our breath is gone. Other eager advocates of various panaceas for the betterment of society, business, industry, the municipality, the church, and national and international relations, have been flitting from flower to flower like bees who gather honey every day—only they hardly hover over any one flower long enough to gather much honey.

An expert spiritual diagnostician would probably declare that my grave state of health is due to the fact that I have been too frequently exposed to the contagion of executive secretaries. They range over a multitude of activities—civic, humanitarian, ecclesiastical, and political. They multiply until they have become, like the sands which are upon the seashore, innumerable. If some one had kept a catalogue of all the reforms which have been urged upon my consideration in the past fifteen years, the list would look so formidable that the sympathies of the most

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violent of uplifters might, for a moment, be aroused in behalf of the victim of their combined assaults.

Ah, how many June bugs of reform I have allowed myself to chase! It is painful to tell about them, because the enumeration carries us back into so distant a past that it will reveal to friends the age of their penitent parson, and, of course, I don't want them to think of me merely as a nice old gentleman who for many decades has been too gently kind to discourage the progress of the professional uplifter. Yet, if some of us could only hit the sawdust trail, what a confession would pour from our lips as we told of the flittings into pastures new, to which we have been led by the Chief Butterflies. Back we go to the days when we were sure that votes for women would reform politics; still further back, to the beginnings of the prohibition movement, which has since grown into an octopus with so firm a hold that it makes the reform of politics more difficult than in the era of the saloon. How vivid are the days when we engaged in a campaign for eugenic marriage, only to find some popular young clergyman taking us seriously, and in endeavoring to follow our advice with his society congregation, passing many a sleepless night before all was forgiven and forgotten. How long ago it seems, and how mild was the sensation it created, looking back now, when we lived in the days of "birth control"!

And what grand days those were when now and then we welcomed a modern John the Baptist in the person of some Christian Socialist. He was a Daniel, but a second Daniel come to judgment, as we discovered later on, when another brother came into our midst combating his theories, and again the call went out to hold up the hands of the leader who played the Moses to his Aaronic rôle. To think that one is old enough to remember those first parlor Socialists, and to have such vivid recollections of what happened when the proletariat discovered and used the pink pellets of the intelligentsia of that dim and distant day; and yet how pale by comparison with the reign of clever young men and women of to-day who engage in literary log-rolling to help the public to discover how wonderful they all are, each radical unveiling the brilliancy of the other to our dazzled eyes.

And then to think that one is old enough to remember the first Community Christmas-tree, and how it had hardly been brought down ere its place was taken by the pennant-poles of a dozen new social movements. To particularize still further: one remembers the year when we were all in hysterics over the red-light district, and were told of rescued maidens who turned out models of womanly virtue. There was another year when we were agitated over prison reform—sadly needed, of course, but (after we had taken hold of it) trailed in a parade of mushy sentimentality that would have been amusing had it not been so pathetically tragic in its consequences. Still another year found us pushing the work of the Consumers' League, only to find that the progressive head of it had led us on to the reform of the shipping laws. Indeed, we usually moved on to new endeavors before awaking to the discovery that it is not enough to put laws on the statute-books, and quite as important to educate the public conscience after legislation has been passed as before. Having secured possession of the pen that signed an act, we usually, in those days, left the law to its fate.

What a panorama the years were, after that, for the serious-minded: from men and religion to men and missions; thence to Billy Sunday and the sawdust trail; from antivivisection to an antinoise crusade; from sex hygiene and sex education in the public schools to "damaged goods" and the reform of the movies; from Christian unity to the dove of international peace; and then, so soon, to war propaganda, in which (praise be!) I can pride myself that I kept my feet on the ground and refused to soar into the blue empyrean and make the stars reverberate, though I did endeavor to do the real work that I felt a real spiritual crisis called for.

Not that one could always be so safe—we "joined" again and again. The League of Nations agitation, the plans of the American Peace Society, and The Peace League of the World, the defeat of the Turkish treaty, the dispute over the war debts—these were all large problems

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on which we felt quite competent to pass, while in the more limited sphere of domestic reform we were at the mercy of retired preachers, unsuccessful evangelists, ambitious press-agents and newspaper men out of a job who enlisted our efforts in many new movements out of which they were making a fair living. There was even an organization of municipal employees engaged in agitating for a new form of city management, and so creating new jobs and opening up larger fields of activity to which they themselves could be promoted. There were associations for and against prohibition; Americanization organizations loomed up at every crossroad; business conventions mingled religious fervor with high-power salesmanship; propagandist orders grew apace; we were trained in publicity methods; our agents crowded the legislative lobbies. Executive secretaries descended upon us daily, and every week a new organization was born with new offices opened and a new secretary functioning.

II

And then came for me a day of awakening. The demands upon time and energy became so great that I rebelled; rather, I questioned. Was all this the real work of the ministry? Or had we been neglecting work distinctly our own to engage in that which was as distinctly in the province of others? Not, of course, that we should preach to others while we ourselves were "on refreshment" and idle—if not active, we could be interested—but were we not spreading our efforts too thin? Could one small brain contain all the expert knowledge necessary to settle all the affairs of the universe? Conceivably, might not others know far more than we of the complicated problems at issue in such matters as the minimum wage and child labor and women in industry? Was not the defeat of the Child Labor Amendment a warning against over-much meddling? Could we not trust the Department of State in some delicate matters about which we had been blatantly free with advice? And could we not each stick to *one* thing and let other people do the thing they chose, without imagining that the momentary object of our own enthusiasm was the only cause that must then obtrude upon the public eye? Is not overlegislation a curse? Are not some of the reform and welfare proposals half-baked theories? Would it not be well to cultivate a sense of humor? Or, at least, a sense of proportion? Were we ministers making ourselves a general nuisance?

So I began to be penitent for past activity; overactivity; excessive attendance upon the affairs of the city, the State, the nation, the poor, the slums, the working men, the women and children, the social democracy. I began to feel that perhaps it might be well occasionally to let other people manage their own affairs and regulate their own morals. Of course there were friends to tell me that reform really was the business of a clergyman, that the minister must be a man of affairs, that he ought not to rest content with preaching general moral principles and never specifically applying them. I admit that this rather put me on the horns of a dilemma and I began to have fears as to where I might fall when tossed. Can any one help me to solve the difficulty? Because, wherever I fall, I know it will hurt.

When I began making a few feeble protests—voicing doubts as to the Eighteenth Amendment; hinting that there were religious movements to-day that made me long to disguise myself in non-clerical clothes—some of the brethren called me a quitter. They said that I was piping for peace while the war steeds were sniffing the battle from afar. The only peace in which a minister should be interested was not surcease from vocal agitation, but abstention from armed conflict, and really he couldn't do his best work there unless he had received a visit from the paid agent of the American Union Against Militarism.

Well, I knew there was a flaw in their argument, but I was puzzled; just as I knew there was something wrong in our welfare programme, but could not be certain what it was or where. Like the man who sat on the cat, I had my suspicions—you remember he could not see the cat, but *somehow felt it was there!* What was wrong? Somewhere we had made a mistake, but just where? and when? and how?

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III

A WITTY Frenchman has declared that "all generalizations are wrong, especially this one." Therefore, there will be much in the present generalization about which the readers will utterly disagree with the writer—and probably with each other. Indeed, the writer will possibly be at disagreement with many of his own statements; for it will be necessary, in order to make his point clear, to generalize on broad lines and paint a picture in high coloring. With this patent attempt at disarming harsh criticism, let us proceed to our protests, confident that many an aggrieved victim will sing an "Amen" to each of the statements made.

First, I have come to the conclusion once voiced by an inmate of one of our State hospitals for the insane, who declared that he knew exactly what is wrong with the world and how to remedy it. "The thing that is wrong with the world," he said, "is that there is entirely too much talking. They put me here because I wanted to kill off some of the public orators and after-dinner speakers."

There are now so many conventions, conferences, discussion groups, commissions, and uplift gatherings of every sort, that any one of us may have a perfectly grand time travelling about and attending conferences designed to show what should be done and foregathering with those who are so busy learning what to do that they have little time to do what awaits their zeal and knowledge. In my own church I find it expected of me that I shall attend over fifty different ecclesiastical gatherings each year, and the number could easily be increased were it not for perpetual vigilance on my part. Indeed, these but make up the normal list in the actual sphere of duty; add the various activities outside the church, and the number is at once doubled. And what do the gatherings accomplish? I remember hearing an enthusiastic attendant at one of them say, "What a wonderful convention—really revolutionary in its attitude toward the problems presented"; whereupon a cynic sniffed and snorted: "Revolutionary? No; Resolutionary!"

Second, there come more than occasional doubts as to the character of much of our welfare work. It has been commercialized and professionalized to such an extent that a special kind of appeal is now made for its support—an appeal to pride of patronage from wealth, and often to fears of radicalism as well—and one begins also to feel that much of the work is an excuse for substituting opportunities of action for the difficulty of real thought and conviction.

The average American business man has been encouraged to believe himself religious if he sings long and loud about the duty of service, and insists that, unlike virtue which is its own reward, service (with a large S) brings monetary returns of a real material worth. America has become almost hopelessly enamoured of a religion that is little more than a sanctified commercialism; it is hard in this day and this land to differentiate between religious aspiration and business prosperity. Our conception of God is that he is a sort of Magnified Rotarian. Sometimes, indeed, one wonders whether the social movement and the uplift in general have not become, among Protestants, a substitute for devotion; worse than that, a substitute for real religion. Efficiency has become the greatest of Christian virtues. I hope I may be forgiven a note of exaggeration that is necessary to make my meaning clear when I say that Protestantism in America seems to be degenerating into a sort of Babsonian cult, which cannot distinguish between what is offered to God and what is accomplished for the glory of America and the furtherance of business enterprise.

Third, these doubts as to the character and efficiency of welfare work arise from a consideration of the type of people engaged in it. These are, for the most part, secretaries, assistant secretaries, and paid publicity men, all serving at comfortable salaries. The proportion of publicity to actual accomplishment is appalling in volume. We have caught the spirit of the trade associations; only with them there is usually a definite bill to be forced through the legislature, while the welfare host is more vague in its aspirations. When captains of industry, kings of commerce, and vociferous reformers unite, the

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story is different—then, indeed, things happen. Doubtless many philanthropists whose purses are opened to the demands of the "uplifters," half consciously understand the possibilities of such combination; but most of them merely get a certain satisfaction from the feeling that they are "doing good," and only an expert could tell how much of their money goes into office rent, stenographic labor, propaganda, travel, conference and convention appropriations, and the salaries of those who function as executives.

Charity is not only professionalized, it is commercialized. Ministers who weary of the humdrum round of parish work make up a considerable body of the employed. It would take an expert statistician to estimate how many of them have trailed through Russia and Europe to the Near East. Young women who are uncertain of other employment seem to find a ready outlet for their enthusiasms and a comfortable living in the cause of social betterment. Youthful doctrinaires who are out of a job labor over poorly digested programmes of reform. All endeavor to "magnify their office," and brains are busily occupied in formulating new plans, projects, and programmes for churches and associations, until those who are supposed to put these programmes into practical operation are driven near to madness. So many things are proposed that little is actually accomplished; overlapping in work becomes the rule rather than the exception; overhead expense increases by leaps and bounds; exorbitant financial demands lead to numerous drives; these campaigns furnish employment to hundreds of other well-paid experts; eager volunteers catch the lure of professionalism and industriously develop new openings, and it has come to a pass where it is hardly possible to get any work done, unless some one is paid to tell us how to do it, some one else paid to raise the necessary funds, and others paid to do it for us.

And, fourth, when they are paid, they do it badly. If the real accomplishments of the various social agencies were closely examined, it would be discovered that common sense is distressingly absent in executive officers. Occasionally the professional worker is case-hardened; more often, the young women who serve in these various missions of help are sentimental in the extreme, actually engaged in propagating the largest of modern organizations, the Great Society of the Outstretched Hand. There are women engaged in the work of reclaiming their wayward sisters who sentimentally rush them into new temptations. There are church orphanages whose one idea of welfare work is to baptize babies by the dozen. There are children's aid societies whose secretaries were appointed because somebody on the board had an unsuccessful minister he wanted to "place." There are probation officers whose positions were secured by social or political pulls. Everywhere are evidences that anybody who cannot make a living, or secure a recognized position in other ways, looks to welfare work as an easy way of moving ahead socially and drawing a fair salary allowance at the same time. For the social worker sometimes meets "the best people," and her position gives her a feeling of importance that is soul-soothing in the highest degree.

Perhaps the evil might be checked if the title of executive secretary could be abolished. A young woman with six months' experience in a larger organization is made executive secretary in a smaller city, and at once she must have elaborate offices, stenographers, an automobile, paid helpers and reams of stationery, even before she has discovered what work there is to do. Check the megalocephalic growth that begins with the conferring of a high-sounding title, and perhaps we shall save some of the young women from their own explosive tendencies. As for the young men—what can check their telegrams, letters, appeals, exhortations, legislative activities, expert advising, varied impertinences, and annual drives and campaigns, only the dim future may reveal.

IV

Those of us who had anything to do with war work during the Great Upheaval, whether at home in the camps or on the other side, will remember the supreme contempt for the Y. M. C. A. which the dough-boy expressed in language of a varied and picturesque and racy richness. We have had many explanations of the

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dislike the "Y" encountered, all of them more or less true; but many of us were convinced that the real cause of its unpopularity lay in the fact that the "Y" was the quintessence of the uplift. It was the commonest and worst manifestation of the sort of moral activity whose victims were always peculiarly and especially resentful. In the breasts of 100 per cent Americans was engendered a yearning for sweetness and light, a passion for service. Everybody was anxious to improve his neighbor; the road to heaven was a road of high moral endeavor in making some one else good. There was the army right at hand to practise on, and in rushed the third-rate preachers, the vocational trainers, the circulating librarians, the "Y" men who thus escaped military duty, the vice crusaders, the motherly women, girl entertainers seeking a thrill, and moral reformers of every shade of eccentricity.

An army officer recently expressed publicly his resentment of the fact that the pious work begun in war-time under the inspiring leadership of the college professor who acted as third or fourth assistant secretary of war is still continued in the effort of a Kiwanian-minded adjutant-general to train on lines of good citizenship the men who remain in the army. He paints a fascinating picture of the effect of a poem by the late Franklin K. Lane on the gay vagabond who leads the chorus at the end of a long hike: "You'll never get rich, you'll die in the ditch, you're in the army now." Here, for example, is the last question in the final chapter of the "Studies in Citizenship" arranged by the official army uplifter: "What is democracy? Can it make all people healthy, wealthy, and wise? What can a democracy do? When can it do it? Who will do it? Why?" The indignant officer declares that he will omit these questions when he has occasion to give instruction in the course. He is afraid some one might ask him the answers. And then he adds, with possibly pardonable profanity: "Damn the uplift and the uplifters."

I am convinced that this army officer but expresses, in rude and unpolished language, the vaguer feelings of tens of thousands—hundreds of thousands—of persons, in and out of the churches, who find themselves increasingly out of sympathy, not merely with the methods of the Anti-Saloon League, the Lord's Day Alliance, and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, but with welfare organizations in general; sometimes, because these have been contaminated by the methods of the more conspicuous organizations; more often, because there is a growing impatience of smugness in religion, of the overregulation of morals, of the pharisaical combination of business and religion, or of philanthropy and fear of radicalism, of overprofessionalism in public service of any sort, social, religious, charitable, or political reform.

Add to this the thought of numerous organizations for propaganda, with the flood of flimsy which they pour upon the news-editor's desk, and it is not surprising to find that we cannot read the daily paper with our old-time conviction that whatever we see in print must be true. A larger number of people than most of us imagine have reached the point where they are suspicious of everything they read and are ready to discount more than half that the newspapers print. They know how much of it is the propagandist output of various societies whose paid secretaries work for associations with ready access to the moneyed interests, and have well-filled chests with which to produce a semblance of public opinion. The result is that they become equally suspicious of almost all moral movements organized along modern lines. It is unfortunate, but it is true, that they are also becoming resentful of much welfare work. Americanization sometimes seems to them a subtle Protestant propaganda. Community charity appears as an easy way for many otherwise inactive persons to make a living. Even religious work of a distinctive character is tinged with suspicions as to its real motives and the sincerity of the workers. It may grieve some who are giving of their very best in support of a cause in which they are deeply interested, but it is a condition that ought to be faced. Part of the duty of facing it will be the call to men and women whose money now supports paid workers. That call will be a searching question: Can you not give of yourself as well as

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of your money? If you are honestly concerned about human betterment, can you any longer turn the whole task over to a salaried employee to do in your stead? If you really believe in the thing you are paying for, may not your amateur effort accomplish more than the professional work of the person who does what you are not now willing to do? And are you quite sure—you men and women whose purses are opened to the call of many causes—are you quite sure that, actually, you are giving to help a cause, or forward a movement, or cure a social evil, and not "chipping in" with those who are "keeping the lid down"?

V

HAVING said all this, I am quite aware of the natural and logical reply that will be on the tongue of every one who disagrees with me. Are not the clergy themselves paid uplifters? Am I not putting myself and my brethren out of business?

Bless your soul, that is the very thing that irritates and annoys me; because, in plain fact, there is so little similarity between the life of a clergyman who engages in spiritual service on a salary that would starve a sparrow and his brother minister who has joined the uplift and lives in the limelight, delivering seven lectures seventy times seven times each, and being paid more for his service than he could ever possibly hope to earn by going to work.

Moreover, I conceive of the ministry as something more than glorified "Y" work. The minister, to my old-fashioned mind, is a man used by God to reveal God's truth, speaking as God's representative and as the authorized teacher of a church which holds the deposit of faith, not uttering his own passing fancies and furthering his own fads, nor passionately championing the latest cause and setting forth the newest moral issue, but declaring the mind of the church as an *ecclesia docens*. Especially do I conceive of the minister as the human instrument for conveying divine grace in the sacraments which he celebrates. What grieves my soul is the fact that I am more likely to be regarded as a super Y. M. C. A. secretary—which is about the last occupation I would choose in this world or care to be held responsible for in the next.

In welfare work, so far as it concerns religious activities, we may note a threefold classification. There are the Roman Catholics, who know exactly where they stand and what they want to do and how. There are those who for a better name may be called Humanitarians, who just as definitely believe in work separated from religion and from any divine compulsion. Finally, there are the Protestants, who once had very definite convictions and are now somewhat at sea; here and there substituting humanitarianism for worship, elsewhere clinging to the individualistic conception of religion, always lacking any corporate idea of Christianity either in faith or practice. As an impertinent bit of propaganda I may remark that the conception of my own church I believe to be theoretically most sane, combining what is best in Catholicism with the emphasis Protestantism has placed upon the second commandment of the new law. In practice, however, the average Episcopal clergyman is apt either to move enthusiastically toward the Catholic ideal or, on the other hand, to become enamored of the Protestant belief that the minister is primarily a welfare leader and only secondarily a duly commissioned priest and pastor. And, of course, with this latter conception, he is an easy mark for every new "movement," wherever it may originate and whithersoever it may be moving.

Once more: I know that from every side will rise a Babel of voices declaring that Christianity is a social gospel, not merely a gospel of individual salvation; that it is a leaven to leaven the whole lump; that it has to do with industrial and economic ethics, with community and national life, with international relations.

Of course. Nobody but a fool could fail to see it. But many who are not fools fail to see the difference between holding up a moral ideal and laying down the particular method by which it may be attained. The church supplies a spiritual dynamic. Jesus Christ brought into life a new spirit which, if it be taken seriously and honestly, will change the world. But he passed no laws, inaugurated no new industrial organization, framed no social platform, set forth no political panaceas. Moral issues may sometimes be so plain

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that the church can express its corporate mind on the subject, but for the most part the methods by which right moral action shall be taken are open to grave differences of opinion. One man may believe that the Volstead Act embodies the ethical judgment of America; another may believe that there is little force of public opinion behind it. One man may believe that the use of fermented drink is always a sin; another may believe that at the most a Christian should be called upon to practise total abstinence only on the basis of the Pauline injunction, lest he cause his weaker brother to offend. Indeed, I see no reason to condemn unheard the man who feels that the present attitude toward temperance is puritanically intemperate, and that he should use wine without abusing it. All may be equally sincere Christians.

When we come to other matters of social legislation involving economic principles and dealing with commercial or industrial conditions, the room for disagreement is even larger. What right have I to impugn the honesty or denounce the morals of a man who may not spring upon the band-wagon when the reformers tune up about the minimum wage, the shortened day's work, old-age pensions, the Shepherd-Towner method of paying for prenatal care, or a dozen other hastily prepared programmes of social legislation?

It is, therefore, with the expectation of hearing a prolonged sevenfold Amen from the suffering laity that I voice a prayer for the church that it may escape the perils of the professional uplift, and learn that there is a way we may do our proper work and yet set forth a social gospel.

And it is in the sure and certain conviction that the evils of paid propaganda are closely allied with the overorganization of paid welfare work, that I confidently expect, along with fresh criticism, an equally warm and ready sympathy in the confessions so publicly made and the puzzled questionings of my own heart so penitently set down. They are set down in the vague desire that they may be constructively answered; in the expectation, however, that they may stir up secretarial indignation; in an irredeemable optimism which still hopes that we may learn to discriminate between propaganda and fact; in steadfast hope that social-service enthusiasts may some day learn to do a bit more work and a little less travelling, lecturing, and listening.

Gifts

BY MARY EDGAR COMSTOCK

Dear God, I stand with empty hands
To have them filled.
The other gifts thou gavest me
I long have spilled,

And some I broke upon these stones,
And some are bled
Until they died, because my thoughts
To strangeness wed.

Dear God, I would have other gifts
Within my hands.
Seal them upon me in thy wrath
With golden bands;

That I may never lose again
A love, but free
My heart, in deepening loneliness,
To ecstasy.

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The Big Stick of the Small Town

BY WILL ROSE
Author of "Small Town Gastronomy," "The Passing of the Country Store," etc.

THE choir rose to sing its anthem, thereby attracting my attention, and simultaneously I was amazed. The face of a heretofore prominent member of a sister church on the next corner had appeared among the basses. My next thought was that the sister church could not afford to lend its talent. Here then was a discord.

Discreet questioning after the service revealed the explanation. He had become piqued by a detail in his own church; had bounced over to ours.

Opportunity permitted me to talk with him some time during the next few days.

"If you were in New York," I suggested, "standing on the steps of the Hotel Astor, well-fed, well-entertained, enjoying life, looking out over the interesting Times Square community——"

I saw his eyes grow big with utter astonishment.

"—and you were bitten by a mosquito, would you pack up and leave New York flat just for that?"

"I have never been in New York," he said, rather testily, and jarred himself away from me and my idiotic questions.

The highest tax paid by the small-town individual in return for his many advantages is his exposure to a myopic perspective. If he is the average native, he has no way of recognizing this insidious mental disease and cannot therefore be armed to fight against it. He may even discuss it in the abstract without knowing that he himself is already about dead with it. Or if he has settled here after having flitted about in wider places, he soon finds a stiff fight on his hands in keeping minor things transparent, for they will get into his line of vision. Even many of those who have stamped a sturdy tread in the world's highways shortly find themselves stumbling about lost in the small-town dust clouds of petty affairs. If these petty affairs be carried behind the skirts of the small-town church, and the church does not choose to kick them out, all other interests stand at bay!

Now please relax and settle back in your chair comfortably; for this is not to be the kind of an article you have learned to expect from the chap who starts out to write about the church. It is not a brief, nor an argument. Possibly it is not even an exposition. Let's call it a picture by narration. I'd rather not write it at all; but the fact is, a correspondent quite truthfully suggests that it is necessary to my objective of showing the American small town as it actually is. In this series, I am not concerned with trying to be clever at the cost of reverence (which is dishonorable), nor even sensational at the expense of accuracy (which is becoming modernly honorable). But a good reporter must advise the individual who is considering removal to the small town, to expect considerable discipline from the church therein. Keeping carefully in the background, the church is, nevertheless, the dominant influence in the small town. It is bigger than the banks, than the clubs, than the schools, than the home, than politics. Money and land fear to grapple with it. It overshadows even historical tradition. Yet, rarely does it issue an ultimatum, never in so far as my personal experience with it extends. A remarkable characteristic of inland American life! And how utterly it has been ignored.

Next, it is necessary to understanding that you know the point of view of the writer, whether sympathetic or otherwise. A few, almost extraneous facts are sufficient.

My parents being devout and consistent Christians with morning prayers in the home and no recognized intemperance, I began attending Protestant church services regularly while in the short dresses of the male child of the nineties. A

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habit ensued which continued until I entered a liberal Eastern university at eighteen years of age. An attachment, based on something like a tonic spiritual effect, led me actively into church work during this period, routing the plastic "me" through all the junior and senior societies and organizations and conventions. I was perfectly healthy and happy, but I went to college dressed in a black suit and a white silk tie. A gold Christian Endeavor stick-pin adorned the tie, and on the lapel of my coat I sported a solid-silver crest pin, about an inch square, of the Dutch Reformed Church. You smile at such a cream-puff soul. You should smile. My parents no doubt loved me then. But I think they loved me more when I emerged from the university somewhat soured by experience, but bearing also the one great virtue of earned membership in the great human family. Youths cannot get too much church providing there is also present the miracle transformation of Willies into wills.

During a few years of my life passed in large cities my church attendance was nil, but again in the small town I quickly realized that church association completes the serenity of life for an individual as nothing else can. I wish I might put that into huge electric lights on Broadway. I even teach a class of young men when I cannot manage an excuse for being out of town or find a substitute. It's a grand and terrible assignment. Without an occasional respite from their demands, a man must go wild. If I resort to lazy, easy, stereotyped methods, these young chaps will not attend. Thus I am obliged to be novel, interesting, on the level, and consistent withal. Try it some time when you get to feeling that you are not doing your full Christian duty. It's all-absolving.

As a country editor, I have said, repeated, and reiterated that men of minds will do well to admit the errors of the creed grudgingly and to support all Christian churches loyally because they are the only guarantee of a continued civilization in which peace for the individual is a part.

With this sympathetic attitude we proceed.

It is not to be assumed for a single moment that everybody living in a small town is a member of some church, or attends one or any, or even associates himself with or asks any odds of the so-called church crowd. Nor is it necessary to be either a sincere convert or a champion hypocrite to succeed in business or profession or society. (The art of successful living, however, is not included in the possibilities of the non-church man because it is too big a discussion to include here.) But business and social success, on the other hand, are absolutely impossible of attainment in the small town for the individual who is openly antagonistic to the Christian church. That is the result of a distinct small-town quality of mind; if I read correctly, the same public mind is not present even in the city of a hundred thousand people. Possibly a definite rule might be stated like this: If your speech, not your thought, on any of such matters (to name a few—the sanctity of the home, the annual church revival, weekly prayer-meeting, or prohibition), is not strictly according to church convention, you operate under a handicap which is in exact ratio to your vociferation.

Rather amusing, however, is your freedom, so far as material success is concerned, of indulging judiciously in petty gambling, drinking, paid politics, overdrafts, fist fights, and other questionable human antics. In regard to these, it matters very little whether you are or are not a church-member. It is simply a case of where you are a little safer in business matters and more respectable in society if you are.

The newcomer to the small town, if he is an observing individual, decides immediately that the church holds a dominant place. There is physical evidence of that fact. Like as not, if the town be one of about two thousand population, he will find a half-dozen creeds actively present in all affairs. At least four of these creeds, the principal ones, possibly three Protestant and one Roman Catholic, have established themselves in temples representing valuations ranging from seventy-five thousand dollars to more than double that amount at the present worth of money, and located on the four finest residential lots. This is an accurate portrayal of the situation in one town of that population where the as-

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sessed valuation of all taxable property is right around a million. A little further digging reveals school property of not more than two hundred thousand dollars, adequate but not even wisely generous; lodge holdings of approximately forty thousand; one home reaching thirty thousand; one factory worth a hundred thousand; a business property representing possibly thirty-five thousand. But no amount of digging reveals a community club, or a woman's club, or even a gymnasium for growing youngsters. Proportions seem to be far out of line with those existent in cities. And since a community's interests may be found in its pocketbook, natural deductions show promise of divulging great truths.

A great show of tolerance prevails, however, especially when the situation does not grow sufficiently pointed to flood the veins of the neck and strain the collar-button. Rare instances of the latter may occur. There was one dominantly Protestant class in a small-town high school which was invited to select its graduation preacher by ballot, and surprised the authorities by unanimously choosing the popular priest. Strong Protestants happened to be on the school board at that time, with the result that, contrary to the majority sentiment in the community, the school superintendent was reprimanded for permitting the class to select by vote and a Protestant minister was forced on the class before its first vote was made public. But the priest proved himself to be a fine Christian gentleman and endured his torture without outcry. A public test of the Big Stick was averted. Its threat was sufficient.

Small-town church people take their religion with great seriousness. This is nicely illustrated by the recent experience of a retailer. Periodically, it is necessary for the storekeeper to give special attention to a few customers who request credit and then neglect to remit. A businesslike statement of the situation to such a customer merely creates an indignant citizen. Much more successful is a human note, telling a story or otherwise indirectly assuring him that he is above all a man who always does the fair thing. In trying to write such a notice for the printer one day the retailer agreed that if any debtor would remit at his early convenience, he would remember him in his bedside prayers the following night. "I do not know," he wrote, "whether I have any influence with the Lord, but I do know that he always likes to hear about a man who has paid his debts." The notice missed its mark completely. Very few of those to whom it was sent returned any money. A half-dozen, however, sent severe reprimands assuring the storekeeper that they could do their own praying and including a hundred or more words apiece concerning their religious records. The merchant sat for a long time thinking about human nature in general after he had turned to the ledgers and learned what he suspected, that the indignant letters came only from those who had paid him nothing in three to five years.

One day, having nothing better with which to keep interest in my newspaper at fever pitch, I addressed an editorial to the limited number who attend prayer-meeting at three local Protestant churches every Wednesday evening. This editorial grew out of the traditional refusal, possibly more implied than definite, of the churches to compete with any other organizations for attendance. Time and time again, in busy seasons, one is obliged to attend Wednesday committee meetings at eight-thirty, thus killing an entire evening with a late start, because every other night is scheduled for something else and nothing can be done on Wednesday evening until "after prayer-meeting." The editorial stated the situation, counted the small attendance at prayer-meeting and took the position that if attendance could not be considerably increased, the hour should be released. But the busy men and women who should have given me support, either by attending prayer-meeting or by ignoring it, kept discreetly in the background. One of the faithful few, however, came into the office and assaulted my state of mind. "What I want to know," she said, "is what you know about prayer-meeting anyway, since you are never there." I admitted her victor. And I attended prayer-meeting —a few times—thus further establishing my contention that my editorials always do some good.

It is, however, at revival time, usually

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once every year, that the Big Stick of the church makes its most public appearance. A Sunday morning arrives when the Protestant ministers include in their announcements a casual reference to a recent ministerial conference in which it has been decided to hold three weeks of union revival services, preceded by a week of cottage prayer-meetings. This is a kind of unostentatious notice to the entire community to "lay off" the entire four weeks, and it is something notable how universally the community falls into line. This is not to say that the directors' monthly meetings in the banks or the weekly session of the common council are cancelled, but the situation does include all social affairs and even such semi-commercial meetings as the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce. And, lest any one misunderstand the situation, or is not fully informed concerning local traditions, on the Sunday previous to the start of the cottage prayer-meetings, pastors touch briefly on the co-operation expected during the four weeks. Perhaps one finds himself a member of a dancing-club convening only twice every month during the late fall, winter, and early spring at nine o'clock in the evening. If he has recently moved into the community, he is quite interested to hear the president of the club bring up the question of whether the club will "lay over" during the revivals. He immediately takes stock of the club, however, reminds himself that many of the members are Catholics, or non-church-members, remembers that the hour of the club is nine o'clock after the nightly revival service has been completed, and concludes that the president's suggestion is merely a gesture of co-operation with the Protestant churches. The membership indulges in a little discussion which seems to be about fifty-fifty, with nobody very much interested one way or the other. But the result of a vote brings our stranger to attention sharply. By a heavy majority, nearly always a unanimous vote, the club decides to abandon its activities completely during the period of the revivals. In the following weeks, perhaps a third of the membership of the dancing-club will make an effort to attend one or more services; possibly a sixth will support the revivals regularly.

A strict feeling of compulsion also carries over to the thoughtful individual of the community. I was very busy during the last revival season, I remember, so much so that I had been unable to attend the dancing-club, or any of my lodges and organizations during the entire winter. I had remembered to give the revivals editorial support, but my individual activity was obligated to other channels. Passing the locale of the revival one evening late in the season, the congregational singing and the lighted church reminded me that I must make an effort to appear, lest the church element get the impression that I was out of sympathy with the movement. Even so, I could not get there until the following Sunday morning. And then I was somewhat put out with myself for attending, especially at the end of the service when the revivalist developed what he termed his "sanctification moment." He called on all members of the congregation who considered themselves good Christians to come forward and grasp his hand, the line forming on the right. I never have considered myself a sufficiently good Christian to claim any medals or exhibition, and I especially found myself out of sympathy with the staged effect of this affair, its bell-sheep previously selected and instructed very much as the itinerant medicine-man organizes his mass movements down in the town park on balmy summer evenings. Yet, I surprised myself with the effort required to subdue my fear of what people would think and to hold my ground. To the great honor of devout and sincere people, it is a great pleasure to chronicle here that they did not appear to the careful observer to approve entirely of this particular pressure method either. I am told the revivalist used it whenever he was fortunate enough to have a large attendance and that its support grew steadily weaker. A week later, on Sunday morning, when I was again present, I noted that no such thing as a grand rush started at his call; indeed, the thing fell rather flat, so much so that our revivalist seemed about to swear at his audience and actually assumed what surely was a very unchristian attitude.

A man must do his daily work, of

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course, a woman must conduct her home and nurse her babies, and the children must continue regularly in school even though the church is holding the centre of the small-town stage with its annual revival season; the law still has its majesty. But it is surprising how extremely the church dominates the community, though in the case about to be mentioned I am sure our ministers, trustees, and elders would not have had it so. This is a case wherein the Big Stick of the church nearly defeated a spontaneous charity. A very worthy and poverty-stricken mother, supporting four children without her husband's aid, surprised the community one morning with beautiful twins. The open heart of the small community rushed to her aid immediately, transferring her from a lumpy straw ticking to a bed of more ease, bathing her and her pretty infants, bringing the household food and coal and clothing. God is severe, say the old lines, but his charity knows no bounds. Perhaps the churches do jealously hold their dominant position but they will not be entirely divorced from the spiritual as long as they develop or even permit the universal heart of a community. The handicapped mother finally got her feet on the ground but the only immediate work available in sufficient quantity for her needs was washing. Obviously, she could not handle a heavy load of this in her weakened condition. Then a very excellent club and church woman, an active worker in both fields, suggested an afternoon card-party to provide money for the purchase of a washing-machine. The community rushed to work out the idea, stopped suddenly; some one remembered that it was revival season. Club-women, thinking women, seemed thrown into a panic of fear. One heard numerous reports of withdrawal of support. It seemed preposterous. I asked my wife about it. "Yes," she answered, "it is true. But some of us are going ahead with the affair anyway, though we may be eternally damned." The revenue party with its cards was sparingly attended, but sufficient money for the washing-machine seemed soon available. It was explained to me that many of the women did not care to attend the party, but they did send in their entrance-fee.

A duller man than even I would have been intensely interested in the public psychology of a thing like that. I learned that all of the women involved, except just two, played cards outside of revival season and to some extent, sub rosa, during the season. Moreover, they squeamed little about accepting prizes when they could win them. Nor were they penurious or uncharitable. But they did not care to be associated with a card-party, even for sweet charity, during revival season. I drew my own conclusions and, of course, you are permitted to draw yours. If small-town ministry falls down anywhere, I feel that it is in such a public case as this one. A tip from the proper source, even though not a public tip, would have solved the situation for many minds. Not that these minds were without advice. I told them editorially to go ahead with the party. But there is a sweet little difference between a minister and an editor.

Fiction must be carefully weeded out of an article of this character to make it valuable as data, and for that reason the following instance cannot be clothed in hypothetical conditions to disguise its origin or to lessen the responsibility of the author. It is not a brain child. It happened; is therefore poignant with intense interest to the student of American psychology. For it does not present basic American character; I'll wager ten to one and take on all comers in my steadfast belief that the prime mover in this rather pitiful, though humorous, proceeding would die for his country as soon as Washington might have, or that, if his town were attacked by any treacherous force, he would leap to lead the defenders.

If it happens that the chief Historical Authority is at loggerheads with big small-town churchmen, the latter should worry about who George Washington was or what they owe to his memory. The main idea is to jar the Historical Authority and jar him so that he will remember it.

One small town did not figure largely in the causes of the French and Indian War, but its present site was traversed by the Father of his Country when he carried the historical demands of Governor Dinwiddie of the Virginias to the sprawl-

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ing French at Fort LeBœuf. Whereupon, the Historical Authority of this small town decided to mark Washington's path forever. A friend in person and in deed, who was a more than ordinary artisan with concrete and copper, fashioned a suitable marker and inscription, and presented it to the town for its purpose. Most of all, the marker must be set directly upon ground tread by Washington's feet, and to this end the Historical Authority read and reread records for many days, typographically mapped the piece of God's footstool under consideration, inquired into the Colonial brand of psychology and logic, personally traced the probable course of Washington's party, and finally decided that the home-made marker might with proper priority of place, be set on the lawn of the Elm Street Church, close to the public sidewalk where all town visitors might read the inscription, at a point four paces south by east of the corner of the edifice. Accordingly, it was done and up to this date the town was a unit in the proceeding. In fact, all of northwestern Pennsylvania was in co-operation. The Daughters of the American Revolution came from the county seat and brought with them the president of a great Methodist college to deliver the address of dedication. The high-school principal of a noted oil town agreed to impersonate Washington in a costume pageant depicting the historical visit. The editor of the local newspaper was given the honorable selection of Master of Ceremonies. Main Street was roped off, the fireman's band played pieces. A great crowd collected. And the aforesaid Historical Authority delivered a scholarly address establishing beyond any question of a doubt, or so it seemed to many not so scholarly, that the marker was properly placed.

So far so good. It seemed that here was one piece of work destined to stand for all time, for it had been solemnly pointed out by the artisan who made the marker that in all probability the pyramids of Egypt were poured of concrete. But it becomes apparent to the most casual reader that the Historical Authority had been much in evidence in this work, so much so that, in the course of a very few years his political opponents became obsessed with the conviction that the marker was more to his honor than to that of George Washington. Undoubtedly this obsession was increased in intensity, or density, by the run of events. A political fight to the finish was declared between the two factions, following which the Historical Authority named the tax collector and elected him, named the assessor and elected him, named the mayor, if you please, and elected himself. The three fights occurred in three successive years. There was plenty of time for the sting of defeat to form a wart and for the girding of loins for each encounter. To make matters worse the Historical Authority's victories were overwhelming. Add to this the fact that the Historical Authority, now mayor, was not a member of the Elm Street Church and that some of the leaders of his political opposition were very decidedly so, and if you remember that the Washington marker stood on Elm Street Church ground, and if you understand small-town conditions, you readily appreciate the logic of the inevitable; of course, the Washington marker had to come down!

It was pointed out that the marker looked like a tombstone, was not worthy of its place. One may readily imagine the church trustees sitting in prayer-meeting to listen again to the story of the widow's mite, after which the session meets briefly to banish the Washington marker. When the common council is requested to select another site and council prudently washes its hands, the matter becomes public, produces discussion, makes friction, generates heat. The flame attracts a moth-like garage-owner who, for pay, uses a symbol of modern America, an automobile wrecker, to ruthlessly lay hold of the marker under cover of darkness and drag it to the dump back of his garage. Next night one is reminded of the spirit of the Boston Tea Party when patriotic unknowns replace the marker at the corner of the Elm Street Church together with a scrawled placard reported by the man in the street to have read: "Keep your damn hands off." The dare is accepted, naturally, and before morning the marker is again removed and lost for more than a year or until it

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is again located by some trout fishermen in the bottom of Muddy Creek three miles out of town. Then the American Legion boys quietly reinstate it, this time in the public park, and the incident is closed.

Queer, isn't it, that such an exhibition will not produce a row? Yet not queer at all to the initiated. In fact, although some suggest that they will never darken the doors of that church again, the editor of the newspaper, who denies his columns to the discussion of the disagreeable affair, says: "Tut, tut." He recognizes this error in the church as human, not divine. He properly and sensibly ignores it. He refuses to lend free circularization to fomentation of criticism and dissension. It will not do to antagonize the church nor to embarrass it. That would be bad for business, bad for society, deadly to the true sanctification of thousands of sweet and aged people whose mainstay is the Christian church.

The small-town man might go on naming incidents, major and minor, wherein he has felt the press of the church in his daily conduct. But enough has been said to give an accurate impression of the situation. More would be superfluous; moreover, it might prove dangerous to the objective of the thesis. For right about now, the reader may be thinking many wicked little and inaccurate thoughts about the disgusting pettishness of small-town life; he is in danger of wrong interpretation and, therefore, thinking that he will have none of it. Critics of the church in general may be sharpening their pencils to note down material herein; they must be denied.

A mental antidote is now needed, and here it is.

By looking closely, it is noted that every community has its big stick. In New York City, for instance, which keeps declaiming that it is free of convention, the public is pounded to a spiritless and unresisting pulp. It tips everywhere. It wears its hat on Broadway, always. Is that the kind of stuff moral courage is made of?

It is admitted that the church is the Big Stick of the small town. Yet if another agency is to be substituted, to which shall the Big Stick be intrusted? To the banks? Some small-town banks have tried to handle it at times, but they do not do so very gracefully. To the political parties? They are domineering enough now without being made more so. To some one lodge, to some social group, to an individual?

All these man-made interests have been corrupted to deal with material interests, regardless of what their original provinces may have been. Meanwhile the church deals with the spiritual alone and sticks to its field. The spirit of man needs a big stick. And deep down in his heart, when he pauses to look that far, he reverently thanks God for church discipline.

In the small town the church is strong. Even here, however, the exceptional man may utterly destroy himself at any time; but the way most of us keep sensible and sweet where the church is strong does "beat the devil."

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"They Stand, Those Halls . . ."

BY KENNETH GRIGGS MERRILL
Author of "The Cross"

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT AMICK

FACE downward, a rumpled little figure on the bed, Agatha continued to sob as her hand made purposeless smoothing circles on the counterpane. Recollections of the outburst which had resulted in this rush to her room lay upon the girl like a stifling blanket. Aunt Kate had asked her if she was ready to go to even-song, and, all unbidden, hidden thoughts had leaped to her tongue.

"No, I'm not ready!" she had blurted with the sudden hysteria of a brooding sixteen-year-old, "I'm never ready to go to that dark old church, to listen to that crazy old organ, and hear the same old hymns. Why doesn't some one stick a pin into that pokey old organist, why doesn't the choir sing instead of just groan and—and—" She had stopped in sudden horror at her temerity.

"Why, Agatha!" her perplexed aunt had protested.

"But, Aunt Kate," she had cried, "it's so terribly dull in our church. It wasn't that way in New York, when mother and I used to go to church together. The organ just shook, and the little boys sang and sang——"

The older woman had rocked silently for a moment before speaking, in her uncertain way—"I'm afraid, Agatha, in some ways your mother was just a little weak. Leastways, she seemed to think more of the music than she did of the sermon . . . now that doesn't . . ." But Agatha had fled.

". . . in some ways your mother was just a little weak." It rang in the girl's ears long after her emotions had reached comparative calm. Mother weak! Mother, who had seen beauty in all things and communicated her unquenchable love of it to her daughter. "God loves beauty, Agatha," she used to say in her musing way; "that's why he made so many beautiful things in this world—lovely flowers and smiling babies—sunshiny days when the wind blows from the South—sweet smells in the air in April, cosey lamps beside fireplaces in November. That's why he let men have music to lift their weary hearts, gave them the instinct to paint with glorious colors, pictures. Beauty, Agatha! Why, there's beauty even in death. See the bright autumn leaves: they do not tremble, for they are beautiful." Mother had talked of autumn leaves often, that last summer. . . .

Breathing softly and evenly now, Agatha watched the last rays of a late sun as it touched and made vivid the print above her bedside table. She loved that print because her mother had loved it: the soaring nave of a cathedral with a mellow rose window, spots of crimson that were vestments, and the rich blue of some old chancel banner caught in an aura of light flung heavenward by myriad altar candles. Under it, in queer foreign characters, was written "Rheims." Rheims? No, Beauty Everlasting! Agatha liked the savor of that. At sixteen one relishes phrases. Mr. Hillsley, for fifteen years the organist of her aunt's church, she secretly called "the Low Church Mouse. . . ."

On the other hand, Aunt Kate was quite fond of Mr. Hillsley—he was "very fitting," "a sober man"—so it was rather a shock to her to hear, upon reaching the church that evening, that he had died, suddenly, a few hours before.

". . . and some coffee!" concluded Andrew Jefferson, as the smiling darky started his perilous journey to the galley of the dining-car. "It's an absolute fact,

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my dear," he said, facing his wife again, "that bird has been playing the service in St. Barnabas's Church for fifteen years—" Mrs. Jefferson smiled. She loved her husband's slangy streaks: they constantly reassured her that she had married a man as well as a musician, a person virile and unstilted where so many of his profession were effeminate and affected. How she loathed the patois of the pallid! "—fifteen years, and he has never used any stop but the 'stopped diapason.' I could scarcely believe my ears when the janitor told me about it this afternoon. 'That's the stop Mr. Hillsley used,' he said, 'right there.' Can you imagine such a situation? It seems he was a mild crank, obsessed with the idea of austerity and soberness in the church service. So there isn't a member of the congregation who has ever heard anything but muted music. The amazing part of it is that the organ is really stupendous. I've sent for Bill Hadley to come down from the Essex Organ Company with three or four good men and go over it thoroughly—Mr. Bloencker, the senior warden gave me carte blanche, and—" he paused a moment, then blurted: "Why do you suppose they doubled their organist appropriation to get me down here? I can't figure it out."

"At least I have what the detectives call a 'good lead,'" replied his wife. "While you were in the church I was talking to Mrs. Bloencker, and she told me that their congregation is only one-fourth of what it was ten years ago, and that her husband believes that poor music was responsible for a fair proportion of their loss. Hence, the acquisition of the best organist obtainable"—she looked at him proudly—"in other words, *you!*"

For several minutes the organist sat quietly looking out of the window. Queer that he should be leaving St. Alban's after all these years—twelve, wasn't it?—to go to this great gaunt St. Barnabas's Church! So suddenly, too. Mr. Bloencker had walked in on him without warning a few days before, offered him the vacancy, invited him to come to Brooklyn and "look over the ground," and gone . . . all in twenty-seven minutes. And here he was, on his way home to say good-by to his friends, his beloved choir, his pleasant home. Why had he done it? Surely not for money alone; no, there had been something else. Something. An air of expectation, a feeling of destiny, of coming fulfilment, while sitting at this strange key-desk—the organ was so gigantic! A tingle of excitement ran through him. He thought of the clean high nave, the unusually spacious transept, the deep chancel: plenty of room for a breath-taking *pforzando* there!

Stirred, he turned to his wife, who looked up gravely. She had not seen the hills nor the rivers as they flashed by, though her eyes seemingly had been intent upon them. Lovers are not the only ones who have long, long thoughts. To be sure, they have homes to plan, but she had one to leave, one that for twelve years had been very dear to her.

"Did you speak, Andrew?" she asked.

"Wonder what I'll play, my first service," he said in his abrupt way. "If they've had nothing but one-stop organ music for fifteen years, perhaps I'd better go lightly for a few Sundays, until they get accustomed to having a new organist. Don't you think so?"

"Pshaw! How you talk!" sputtered Mrs. Jefferson in mock impatience; "why, Andrew, you don't grasp the situation at all. Those people are starved—their music sense has become completely atrophied. They need an—an—an explosion! If you could only have seen the women at the guild meeting this afternoon! One of them had brought with her a girl of sixteen—beautiful hazel eyes and the loveliest hair imaginable!—and such longing I never saw in a child's face. Dying a slow death for the want of a little color, warmth, and beauty. *Music* could give it to her, but I can imagine her sitting in church Sunday after Sunday, as that poor old Mr. Hillsley tortured our lovely Episcopal hymns—sitting there and secretly yearning to throw her hymn-book at him! Really——"

"So you think—?" suggested Andrew with a chuckle.

"That you have an opportunity sent direct from heaven," she said slowly, "to demonstrate the real spiritual power of music. You've got to startle them a

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little—apathy is a dreadful thing, dear—even scare them. You've got to send the thin blood coursing through their veins again. You've got to light the lamp of ecstasy in the eyes of that poor girl I saw, to make it possible for youth to live again in that church!"

There was a twinkle in the organist's eye as she ceased speaking. "Darling," he teased, "I'm really proud of you. You're a forceful speaker and you hold your audience . . . but, seriously, I think you're right. Let me see, a good processional hymn using full organ—no, I have it!" With quick, pouncing enthusiasm he continued—"Do you remember that book on 'musical embroidering' that my old Canterbury teacher wrote? Well, I've just thought how we can do something unusual. I'll use only the stopped diapason, just as Mr. Hillsley did, until the choir has marched into the chancel. Then when they are all in their places, I'll signal them to drop into unison, throw on the full organ, and embroider the theme!"

"Embroider?" queried his wife vaguely, "let me see, that's——"

"Why, that's where the choir sings in unison, so as to preserve the melody or air of the hymn, while the organist plays a leaping, almost grandiose obbligato all over the keyboard—it *can* be absolutely gorgeous! What shall we sing?"

"Something to lift their hearts to the stars," responded Mrs. Jefferson quickly; "something to bring a glow into the face of that lovely girl! What is it—the hymn that says 'They stand, those halls of Zion, all jubilant with song?'—'Jerusalem the Golden!' It's such a glorious hymn, and oh! I'm going to sit up near the chancel so that, when they get to 'and they who, with their leader, have conquered in the fight,' I can sing it the way I always feel it!"

Andrew beamed. "Whether the choir can reach that high note or not, eh?" Impulsively he reached for her hand and held it a moment in his strong grasp.

"My whole world is on trial this morning." Agatha whispered it to herself in a fierce little voice. She had picked up the phrase somewhere, and it filled her adolescent need for the dramatic—perfectly. Was the new organist going to be different, could the music she dimly remembered as a child live again? Was Sunday, and its church service, going to continue being flat, tasteless, colorless? She looked at her beloved Rheims . . . of course it was dreadfully wicked to speak ill of the dead, but she found herself trying to imagine the late Mr. Hillsley in a great cathedral like that, and giggled when the absurd thought popped into her head that the Low Church Mouse would probably have scampered up one of the organ-pipes when he realized the immensity of the place. Rheims . . . why wasn't such architecture set to music and played everywhere? She rather glowed at that. It sounded so mature.

"Agatha-a-a!" warned Aunt Kate, "you'll be late!" Aunt Kate was always warning people and then delaying them. For she had such vivid terrors of tardiness that she invariably forgot various little details of departure until the last minute.

"Coming!" called Agatha, as she fluttered down the stairs. With a series of swoops she gathered up her aunt's shawl, prayer-book, hymnal, gloves, and collection envelope: they weren't going to be late *this* morning! No time for fussing when hope had raised its head for the first time in months. Aunt Kate found herself on the sidewalk before she could realize she had put her hat on.

Upon arrival at the church Agatha noticed that curiosity had swelled the congregation slightly, though there was no perceptible air of welcome in the attitude of the worshippers. Absolute silence prevailed. 'So many pipes—and so little music!' she thought, as she sat with lips parted, looking at the organ. A strange disquiet filled her. Why was her heart beating so? So much depended on the next few minutes . . . so much. Was it better to hope and be disappointed than to expect nothing and thus lose nothing? Where had she read that music was the voice of the soul? Music . . . mother had loved it so! "Rheims . . ." she breathed.

The soft pad of footfalls on church carpet aroused her: quick, it must be the new organist coming in! She turned almost imploringly to look at him. Imploringly, in the sense that she was praying his appearance would betoken an indefinable

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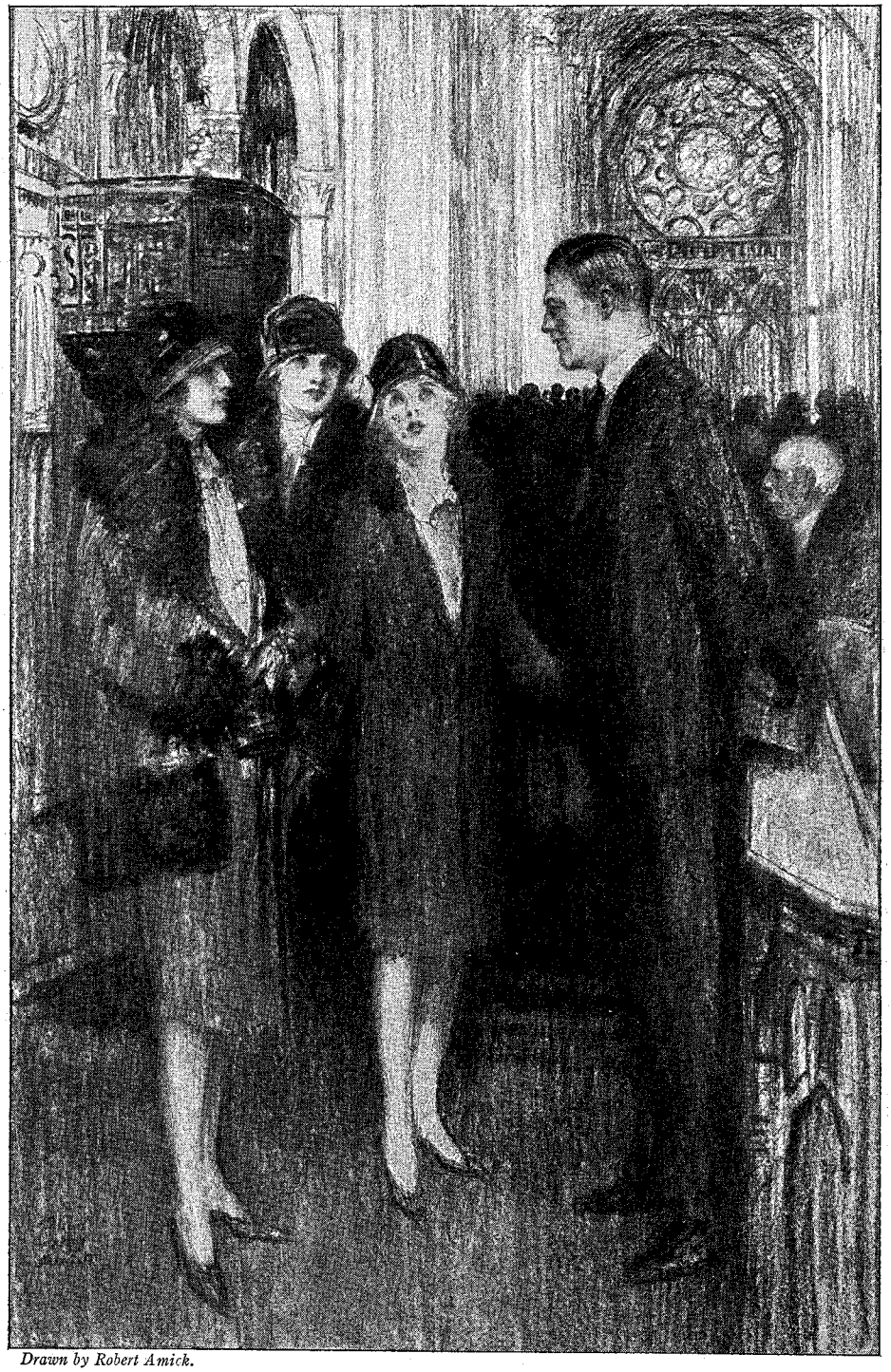

Drawn by Robert Amick.

"Rheims . . ." she whispered softly.—Page 677.

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spirit which could revitalize her world. What did she expect to see in the organist? A leonine head, a shock of rebellious iron-gray hair, the long, slender fingers of an artist, high color, eyes dreamy and rapt. . . . But no! She pressed her handkerchief to her mouth to keep from crying out. This man an organist? why, he looked just like one of these young salesmen who drive shiny roadsters. Black hair parted on the side and neatly brushed back—thirty-five, perhaps—erect, athletic of figure, with a lean, strong face and the muscles of his jaws quite visible through his clean-shaven cheeks. Too pleasant an expression for an esthete, too alert a look for an "artist," too self-assured a step for a dreamer. What could come from this man but player-piano music?

Black despair seized the girl as she watched him walk casually to the organ-bench, spread out his music, press an electric button, listen a moment for the purr of the great wind-motor, pull out a stop, and calmly, with the utmost suavity, look over the congregation, give an unmistakable little nod to that beautifully dressed woman seated near the chancel, and resign himself to waiting. She was almost shocked at his coolness. The pathetic writhings, brow-moppings, and joint-cracking of his nerve-bound predecessor she had always accepted as proper manifestations of temperament—surely, no valid musician could be as unperturbed as this!

Faintly she heard the opening sentence intoned. "Amen," sang the choir. Now he was going to begin! Agatha concentrated her entire being into one last supplication, as she saw Jefferson raise his hands and bring his fingers down to the keys. Breathlessly she listened—and slumped back in her pew. The same old four-note chords, the same old sounds that Mr. Hillsley used to bring forth. But wait! What was that new quality? The tempo was different, the choir was singing with more—more—rhythm! That was the word. A faint little light beckoned to her soul like a candle gleaming at the end of an incredibly long passageway, and she cautiously took up the hymn.

"I know not, oh! I know not, what joys await us there," she sang. Yes, there was an atmosphere in the church she had never felt before. Trying to analyze it, she stopped singing, and watched the organist. He played so smoothly . . . she wondered if he *could* get excited! The choir gained the chancel and trod rather self-consciously the mazes incident to finding their places in the stalls. As they finished the first verse, they all seemed to be watching the organist. Why were they so intent on this new Mr. Jefferson? Something was going to happen, something was going to—there! Look at that! A long, vivid arm raised high above his head, a peculiar little click in the organ. . . .

Suddenly as with a mighty rushing of winds, it seemed to Agatha that the heavens split, and the pent-up praises of eternity were released in a rolling, all-consuming conflagration of sound. Gorgeous tone-colors, magnificently intertwined, swept over her like sheets of flame. Bursting from the chancel with blinding impact the treble organ rocketed into a pyrotechnic display of crashing brilliance, while deep as advancing thunder the rumbling detonations of the pedal bourdons shook the earth. Breathless, Agatha clutched at the tumult in her heart. The glory of it! Her knees trembled and her hard little hands went white in their grasp of the pew-back, as she steadied herself.

Gradually she realized that the choir was singing, and, faint with fulfilment, she discerned a new voice, the voice of an angel soaring higher and higher—"and they who, with their leader, have conquered in the fight," it sang, and as it rose it lifted above and separated itself from the organ, to ring through the vaulted arches of the great transept, a pæan of the thanksgiving that was in her soul. . . . The hymn ceased at last with a great triumphal "Amen" and, mute, Agatha fell to her knees. She looked at her aunt and was vaguely disturbed. Aunt Kate was crying. So was that rich old Mrs. Montague. So was everybody. So was she. . . .

A sweeping toccata and fugue of Widor's ended the service. Almost spell-bound, Agatha sat until the last note had died away. So oblivious was she

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that Mrs. Jefferson could not refrain from watching her, speculating upon the thoughts that could inspire that transfigured face. As Andrew joined them Agatha looked up. Her eyes, encountering his, filled with tears, and she leaned forward, half rising from her pew. As in a vision, he saw youth coming to this church, and strength, and the pulse and beat of a new vitality. Man-like, he masked emotion in a casual tone. "What did you think of it all?" he asked.

In a queer, thick little voice she answered him, the starry look still holding in her hazel eyes. "Rheims . . ." she whispered softly.

Was it so very remarkable that Andrew understood?

Banana Split

BY TOM S. ELROD

Illustrations by R. M. Brinkerhoff

ONE of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of understanding history is the fact that historians write it. They concern themselves with wars and rumors of wars, reigns, political subdivisions, economic questions, and dynasties. Most of them overlook the all-important events that make real history—the significant happenings that start revolutions in habit and custom.

Take the case of Midwestia, for example. The most important event in the life of that town was the introduction of what a Greek named "Banana Split." Two of these Greeks came to Midwestia and opened a candy-store, equipped with the most ornate soda-fountain any of us ever had seen. Demitrius and Prokopious—we called them Pete and Jim—supplemented their soda-fountain with a mammoth mechanical musical contrivance into which the sum of five cents might be dropped, whereupon all conversation—as one toyed with the ice-cream or drew a phosphate through a straw—became a total loss. The music, of course, was terrible. One always felt that the fat cupids adorning the walls were shuddering in protest, but it gave us something of a metropolitan air. A visitor said he had heard one of the things in New York that was not half so loud.

That was the era when the strawberry soda ran the vanilla soda a close race. Some hardy and adventurous souls ordered chocolate sodas and there was a small lemon-soda *bloc*, but it was wholly without influence in the community.

When Pete came back to the polished tables and smiled at our girl and us, asking what we would have, we knew that the small amount of silver carried in the right-hand pocket of our best trousers was sufficient to see us through. A soda cost five cents, as did a phosphate. We discussed the situation and ordered two strawberry sodas, for which we paid Pete a whole dime on the way out. After they had been consumed, down to the last gurgle that came through the straw, there was perhaps another temptation to be encountered before leaving. We had to pass display-cases filled with candy, but we knew that for another dime we could obtain enough of that candy in a paper sack to do two ordinary persons nicely. So we sauntered up to the counter and invested ten cents in chocolates. When the candy was gone we licked our fingers, or wiped them on our second-best handkerchief. We had spent twenty cents and had a perfectly delightful time.

Alas for those days that were! One day we wandered into the Greek emporium alone and noted an air of suppressed excitement about Pete—a nameless something, as the story-writers say. He went behind the soda-counter and motioned the

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boy attendant out of the way. From the ice-box he withdrew a banana, peeled it, and deftly split it into two long slices. These he placed in an oblong dish, added a dab of vanilla ice-cream, poured on some flavoring syrup, and dusted the whole tenderly with some grated nuts. The pest who always wished to make the salad could have taken no more pains. Surveying the concoction with the eye of an artist who has added the last needed brush touch to a masterpiece, Pete tempted us, and we did eat.

"How you like that?" Pete asked as we made sufficient progress to enable an authoritative opinion.

"Swell," we said, with our mouth almost too full of delicate sweetness for proper articulation.

"I make him up," Pete explained. "I make him up out of my head. What you think? I make four hunner per cent profit."

"How?" We wished to know.

"I call him 'banana split,'" said Pete, "an' I charge for him a dime. Nobody a sport now unless he buy banana split."

The die was cast! We might have assumed the haughty position that we could eat a banana split or leave it alone. We might have said, "Yes, we'll have no bananas," but there was something stronger than argument that drew us to this new dish, something that had in it pride and fear, something that urged us to do reckless deeds and ruin our future peace of mind.

We made a bargain there with Pete, the Greek, and that night, when we ambled into the place with our girl, little did she suspect that she too was helping make history. Into the Greek place we went, as the mechanical musical monster informed us that "My Gal's a High-Born Lady." Well, so our girl was for that matter, and there was a desire to honor her with the best the establishment had to offer.

We exchanged knowing winks with Pete, and took our places at a table where the other young couples, toying with their five-cent drinks and dishes of ice-cream, could not help but observe us. Pete came back and stopped at our table, inquired as to the condition of our health, and asked us what we would have.

"Bring us a couple of banana splits," we ordered in loud and carrying tones.

"What's that?" asked the girl.

"You wait and see," we advised, and Pete nodded approval.

As we waited for the wonderful invention to be prepared we knew dimly that we were making history. As a result of the bargain with Pete we were the first in Midwestia to be served with banana splits. Already there was a buzz of conversation around the room. We could hear it above the tumult of music. When Pete came with the tray and the banana splits, glances of envy were cast in our direction. We handed Pete two dimes, and appeared to be unconscious of the attention we attracted.

Just then Horace and his girl stopped at our table on their way out.

"Puttin' on a lot of dog," Horace suggested.

"Oh, I don't know," was our care-free rejoinder.

"What do they call that stuff?" Horace inquired.

"Oh, that," we replied in mock surprise, "oh, that's just something special that Pete serves his best customers."

"How much does it set you back?" asked Horace.

"Only a dime," we said, in the manner of one who gives away new dimes as souvenirs.

"Huh," Horace exclaimed, and went on out as his girl looked somewhat wistfully at our girl dining in state, on the most expensive thing Pete had on his menu.

And so we place Pete along with George Washington, Christopher Columbus, Socrates, Henry VIII, Horatius, Napoleon, Abe Martin, "Abie's Irish Rose," and all others who have contributed their bit toward the making of what we know as history. For Pete certainly made history in Midwestia. He had more power in Midwestia at the moment than Mussolini has been exercising in Italy—on the days he exercised the most.

Of course our girl went across the street to the girl who lived in the white house with the honeysuckle on the porch, and told her about the banana split. And when Rufus came up that night to see the girl across the street, and they decided to stroll down to the Greeks', the

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girl had no way of knowing that Rufus had but fifteen cents in his possession. The X-ray was in its infancy in those days. That girl was a forward person. She asked for what she desired, and in dered them. Well, he didn't order them as a matter of fact. The girl who lived across the street did the ordering. It is man who pays—if he can.

The case of Rufus and his girl friend is

"Bring us a couple of banana splits," we ordered in loud and carrying tones.—Page 678.

these days she might have been called a gold-digger, but in the period of which we write she escaped with a reputation of being a trifle fresh. Anyhow, she piloted Rufus into the Greek palace and raised her voice above the music, ordering two banana splits. Rufus didn't have enough money to pay for them, and she catalogued him then and there as a cheap skate. They might have married and lived happily ever after. Rufus is a successful banker now, but he only had fifteen cents then, and their romance was ruined because he argued with a Greek boy, saying that if he had known the darned things cost that much he never would have or-

but a citation from the many decisions of the supreme court of last resort—the court where public opinion sits and dispenses unevenhanded justice, a brand of justice never blind, never tempered with mercy—but a decree nevertheless that had to be obeyed in Midwestia and elsewhere if we pretended to keep up with the procession.

Anybody who aspired to social position in Midwestia marched into the Greeks' and ordered banana splits. Those who merely flirted around the edges of the inner circle, who were but hangers-on, spent their nickels for sodas and gave the best excuses they had to offer.

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Right there, we are inclined to think, was the biggest event in the history of Midwestia. It increased the cost of at least one form of entertainment one hundred per cent. It made no difference about the profit that Pete gained from his concoction. The big thing was the tendency to reach out for whatever seemed to be just beyond our limited incomes. Somebody set the pace, and the rest of us had to follow or forever fall by the wayside.

The next blow fell when Timothy Sharp, proprietor of our leading livery-stable, bought a cab with rubber-tired wheels.

Up to that time, even counting a hair-cut and shave, a shine, and having our pants pressed, the expense of a dance was likely to be under a dollar, but the rubber tires changed that.

Timothy had owned two cabs, the wheels of which were shod with honest iron. The Blue Front Livery, Feed, and Sales Stable also possessed two iron-shod cabs. We had a saying in Midwestia that "r-a-i-n spells cab." If the night happened to be fair, even though conditions were bad underfoot, our girl put on her overshoes and we walked the short distance to the City Hall auditorium, where the big dances were held, where a ten-piece orchestra, replete with trombones, clarinets, cornets, fiddles, and such things, played twenty-four numbers and six extras—to say nothing of the extra extras—before we went home. But if there was a drop of rain on dance night we had to rush around to one of the livery-stables and obligate ourselves to pay fifty cents for the privilege of riding in a vehicle that never was used at any other time, except for funerals and weddings.

Timothy usually grumbled.

"You young sports never come around here and offer me a chance to haul you when it's good weather," he would complain. "I never get to take one o' them cabs out unless it's snowin' or rainin' cats an' dogs. How do you think I like to set out in th' weather while you young squirts is nice and warm inside?"

We did not argue with Timothy. We knew that he was right and that we were cheap. It was not our fault, however, that custom had decreed such a vehicle when the weather was inclement. Frequently we rode in a cab for two or three blocks, just to keep up appearances, and then, during intermission at the dance, we took our girl for a walk in the mud and she never complained about it a bit.

There never was such a thing as having a cab to ourselves. Timothy made a schedule in his head, and he said he would have to start about eight o'clock if he made the rounds. It meant that some couples reached the dance an hour before the orchestra even thought of tuning up. Others arrived an hour late, when all of the programmes were filled. However, there was no other way Timothy could arrange it. One of his cab horses might be lame and have to walk, or the streets might be slippery and he had neglected to have the horses rough-shod. And once he stopped hauling in the midst of an evening, just to drive over to the depot and wait for a member of the United States Senate who wished a closed carriage to convey him the one block that separated the depot from the hotel. Of course, the train was late, and those of us who had to wait on Timothy were in no great good humor when he arrived, smoking a cigar the senator had given him.

When there was a really big dance, around Christmas or New Year's, and when all the boys and girls who attended college were at home for the holidays, the problem of transportation was as hard to solve as is the problem of finding a parking-space to-day. Then it was that the pall-bearers' hack was requisitioned. Intended only for the purpose of transporting a certain number of pall-bearers from the home of the deceased to the cemetery and return, the hack came in right handy during the holiday rush. The seats ran lengthwise, and eight could ride in the thing comfortably. Sitting on laps was not fashionable in those days—in public. There were good people in our community who, when they heard that four couples were riding to dances in the pall-bearers' hack, said it was a disgrace to use such a vehicle, intended for the most solemn and sacred occasions, in conveying giddy young persons to and from dens of iniquity, but Timothy gave little heed to their protests. Some of the girls said it made

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"You young sports never come around and offer me a chance to haul you when it's good weather."—Page 680.

them feel creepy to ride in a thing reserved only for funerals, but most of us accepted it as a matter of course—an emergency measure—and lodged no protests.

Where we registered our big kick was when Timothy bought his rubber-tired cab and let us know that the price of a ride thereafter would be an even dollar. Another case of one hundred per cent increase in the cost of entertainment! Another high-handed and unwarranted raise with no public-service commission or other regulatory body to which we might appeal for a decrease in the new schedule. Sad indeed was our lot when the rubber-

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tired cab went rolling down Washington Street's new asphalt pavement, with no noise except a pleasant, expensive hissing sound of rubber on wet paving and the occasional jangle of the horses' harness.

Women being women, it was only natural that they expressed great interest in the new rubber-tired cab. Society, on rainy nights, was automatically divided into two classes. The element that managed to use the rubber-tired vehicle and the others—who rode in the old conveyances. The almost unanimous demand from those who preferred to ride on rubber brought the Blue Front Livery, Feed, and Sales Stable into competition. It bought two rubber-tired cabs. Timothy had his iron-shod wheels remodelled and rubber added, with the result that no matter which way we turned in our search for suitable methods of locomotion, the price for a round trip was one dollar!

It was about this period, when the younger social set had been well-nigh disrupted by the introduction of the banana split and the rubber-tired cab, that another very important happening occurred in the life of Midwestia. Some of the boys had been reading a technical journal that our tailor left lying around his establishment. Some of us loafed in that tailor-shop and found it a warm, cosey spot to spend an idle hour. There was a stove in the rear of the room where the pressing-irons were heated, and it gave forth a comforting glow. The pants-maker always had a new story, and he could play "In the Shade of the Old Apple-Tree" by striking on his teeth with a bodkin. It was all very interesting. Also the location was such that we could see the busiest corner in town, and if any of our girl friends passed along we could run after them, or hide, as the notion struck us.

Well, some of the boys dropped into the habit of reading this tailoring journal for the lack of something better to do, and they became intrigued with the plates showing the tailor how to cut and fit evening clothes. At first the suggestion of what we called a full-dress suit was freighted with no more danger than the traditional storm-cloud that, when first sighted, is no larger than the hand of man. Somebody merely said that he wished he had a dress suit, to which we replied with alacrity that if wishes were horses they could be traded in on automobiles—then a new-fangled form of vehicle. But this little seed was planted in fertile imaginations. It sprouted and grew. We learned that two of the boys had held a secret session with the tailor, asking for the low-down on dress suits, how much they cost, how much time would be given to pay for them, and so on. Before we realized what was about to come into our lives four of these young men had taken the fatal step. They had obligated their wages and their futures to this tailor, this man who had pretended to be a friend to all of us, and had permitted him to measure them for evening garments.

The original cost was enough, but that was not all. In addition to the original cost there was the matter of accessories. These four boys bloomed forth as do Easter flowers upon occasions, clad in their correct evening suits, and to say that they knocked out the eyes of the feminine contingent would be to damn them with the faintest of praise. There they were, with their dress suits—braid down the trouser-legs, hard-boiled shirts, studs, lawn ties, cuffs, and patent-leather shoes. There they were, about as comfortable as a man who tries to sit down in a suit of armor, but fortified with the feeling that they were the separate and collective answers to the maiden's prayer. We talked a little of riding them on a rail and letting them know in no uncertain terms that any person, firm, corporation, or co-partnership that attempted to be overly swell in our community would find that no welcome sign existed anywhere for him. That, we were advised, would be but the admission of our own shortcomings, the exhibition of a crude and crass spirit of jealousy, and the crowning act in a feast of sour grapes. After all, we permitted them to live.

There was some confusion among these four at the start. Shirts were made with detachable cuffs in those days, and round cuffs at that. We had to anchor the cuff to the bottom of the shirt-sleeve, adjust it to the proper length and then "shoot" it as often as was deemed necessary, to the end that it would show, no matter at what angle the arm was held. The four owners

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of dress suits wished to have a picture taken, but upon arrival at the studio of the photographer it was discovered that only two of them owned cuffs. The others held in such manner that all the world could see. So the picture was taken and, moreover, a print placed in the photographer's display-case at the foot of the

There was no avenue of escape when we stood before the candy-cases, urging our girl in a half-hearted way to make her own selection.—Page 684.

had lacked the money, up to that moment, to complete their wardrobes. The photographer, however, knew a way out. Four cuffs, after all, were enough to cover four wrists. Each boy stood, with one cuffless arm behind his back. The other, displaying a generous amount of cuff, was stairway leading to his establishment. It mattered little that somebody smashed the display-case one night and stole the picture. There was no real way in which the dress suits could be kept a secret.

When the next dance came along these four young swells were there, almost with

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their hair in a braid. They were present in what we called their monkey suits, faultlessly attired, bowing in a manner Chesterfieldian, and increasing the heart action of the girls to a dangerous degree.

"Why don't you get a dress suit?" our girl inquired. Nor was she alone in submitting such a questionnaire.. A council of war developed an alarming situation. All the other girls—except the fortunate four who went with the fortunate boys who owned dress suits—were asking their escorts the same question.

The most exciting political campaign we remember was in a little place where hogs had been permitted to run at large, to root as they would, and to grunt about the public square as if they owned it. Three candidates for town trustee made their race on a platform that pledged them to the passage of an ordinance requiring all swine to be housed upon the premises of the owner, or elsewhere. No more were hogs to enjoy personal liberty if these men were elected. Three other candidates for places on the town board appealed to the people's sense of justice and declared that if they were chosen at the polls the hogs could run where they liked. The battle-cry was shortened and consolidated to: "Hog up or hog out." The hog-uppers won and the town was torn by dissension for several years, but even this political struggle was tame when compared to the two factions that formed in Midwestia.

Those of us who held our freedom dear and who did not roll in wealth demanded the right to dress as we willed. The other element said that the dress suit was the thing and that any of us who refused to don them were treating the ladies in a manner most discourteous. Prior to the coming of this dress-suit blight an ordinary suit of clothes was good enough for any dance. We wore collars three inches high, to be sure, and we bought a new cravat occasionally. We had our pants pressed and we patronized our barber, after which we showered our respective vests with high-powered, extreme-violet toilet-water. We smelled like a rose, or a violet, but not the shrinking kind. We spent hours parting our hair exactly in the middle and anointing it with sticky liquids in a vain effort to make it behave. We did all these things as a token of our esteem for the ladies. Why, we asked, should we be required to do more? Why should we be forced to attire ourselves as butlers, waiters, and the like and go flapping about with swallow-tails?

Sad, indeed, were those terrible days when the struggle was on. Some of the weaker brothers held on with no more tenacity than a ripe mulberry. They were almost persuaded at the start. Others there were who fought to the last and went down with colors flying, but the day came—or rather the night—when practically all of us surrendered and had our measures taken. The cost of society had mounted by leaps and bounds and had become a matter of competition rather than the pleasant interchange of small talk, so dear and so economical in the past.

It was only another step—one that might have been anticipated—when Pete, the Greek, began to discourage the practice of buying chocolate candy and bonbons in paper sacks and suggested in a most indecent and mercenary manner that we buy boxed candy instead. There was no avenue of escape when we stood before the candy-cases, urging our girl in a half-hearted way to make her own selection. Pete could have grasped a paper sack and held it open, ready to drop in such candy as she selected. Of course he could have done that, but he too had been bitten by the bug that compels its victims to seek riches and yet more riches. Instead of being our friend and helper he brought forth a box—a whole pound box—adorned with a picture of a girl who was seated in a canoe idly dabbling one hand in the water while she held a parasol with the other. "Lazy Days," we believe that picture was called. It was not lazy days for us. We had to get out and dig for the extra money that must be forthcoming when our girl, as we might have suspected, selected the box of candy in preference to the sack that would have done just as well.

The candy was no better when Pete placed paper lace inside the boxes. It reminded us of the manner in which our undertaker decorated the interiors of his best caskets, but it did not persuade the girls to turn away. The candy was no better

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when Pete bought some glass paper—the kind you can see through—and wrapped the boxes in that. The candy was no better when Pete attired each chocolate in a little frilly petticoat, but *it cost a lot more!*

Pete raised the price of chocolates from thirty-five to forty cents a pound, then up to forty-five, and finally to fifty. He even denied that he was making "four-hunner per cent profit," because, as he explained, it cost more for glass paper, boxes, partitions, petticoats, pink ribbon, and the like.

But why go on?

You get the drift. Perhaps you lived in a town like Midwestia and had similar experiences. If so, dear brother, you know. You understand the heartaches and the empty purses. You know all about what started the revolution, and you must be assured that if you, and you, and all of you—yea, and all of us—had been willing to fight for the old order in those days things might have been different now. We surrendered because we feared that somebody would laugh at us, that we would be wholly uncomfortable battling for a principle or a cause. We bought banana splits to maintain our social position. We rode in rubber-tired cabs because society demanded it. We poured ourself into a soup-and-fish and suffered the tortures and agonies that went with a boiled shirt, because we wished to march in the procession and sit with the elect. We bought candy by the box when a sack would have sufficed. It is no wonder in these days that the generation we call our sons and daughters is going ahead where we left off, is struggling with the problem of a sport roadster or a closed car, with plus-fours, golf shoes, English trousers, step-ins, slip-ons, full-fashioned all-silk chiffon stockings, twenty-dollar dancing-pumps, permanent waves, cover charges, fifty-cent sandwiches, blow-outs, white linen knickers, cigarette-lighters, and fraternity houses that cost $100,000 each. The frat that has a $75,000 house in the quadrangle is going to start a building campaign next fall and has plans in the making for a house that will cost $150,000. Not because the Phi Slappa Thighs need a new home, but because the Gammer Gammer Delters are just moving into a mansion that cost $101,463.79. You have to keep up with competition and be a little better than the fellow next door.

Pete, the Greek, will go to his reward some day. He's not a bad fellow as such fellows go. Perhaps he had a right to be the author of the banana split, the most important event in all the history of Midwestia. But there is one thing about Pete for which we entertain a secret yearning. We hope that when he reaches the gate St. Peter will ask him to wait a moment. Then we sincerely trust that St. Peter will bring out a pair of perfectly good wings, dust them with grated nuts, dab some fruit juices on them, add a lump of celestial ice-cream, and charge Pete just twice as much for wings as he ordinarily charges anybody else.

Vindication

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

"The foolish mob ignore me now," he mourned;
"Applauding mediocrities and schemers,
They scorn me, as the world has ever scorned,
While yet they lived, its prophets, poets, dreamers;
But on these walls wherein, by all forgot,
I toil in want and sorrow, men hereafter
Shall place memorial tablets!" "Yes, why not?"
I owned, and turned away in silent laughter,
Remembering a little boy who said,
"Just wait! You'll all be sorry when I'm dead!"

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A First Citizen of the Scientific World

BY HARRY S. SHERWOOD

ILLUSTRATION FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT

THE part Americans have played in the great achievements of medical science in the last half-century forms one of the most creditable chapters in the history of this country. One of the major figures in that accomplishment is Doctor William H. Welch, for thirty years professor of pathology in the Johns Hopkins University, a man the influence of whose mind has been felt on the continents of Asia, Europe, and America, and whose work has been of incalculable benefit to the human race, especially to that part of it dwelling in the United States.

To those who are familiar with the manner in which the discoveries of Louis Pasteur, the French chemist, and Doctor Robert Koch, the German physician and teacher, led to the adoption of the germ theory of disease and later to the birth of the science of bacteriology, it is sufficient to say that Doctor Welch was one of the first, if not the very first, to bring the results of the labors of these men to America, to kindle the enthusiasms of students of medicine and practitioners in this country about them, and to start the process of transforming the practice of medicine. The work was begun almost fifty years ago. Throughout all that long period Doctor Welch has remained the master and the counsellor of men who have constantly increased the area in which the new and cleansing sciences have operated to free men from the handicaps of disease and to make lands and cities habitable which were not habitable before.

Endowed with a body of unusual ruggedness, Doctor Welch has survived in complete physical and intellectual vigor to see the results of his labors, and of the labors of other pathologists, written large in the history of civilization. Having conducted two tasks of major proportions to completion, the organization of the Hopkins department of pathology and of the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, he is now, at the age of seventy-seven years, in Europe beginning work on a third: the creation at the Hopkins of a department of the history of medicine and a medical library, both of which are expected to establish new standards in their field.

To get the background of Doctor Welch's life, one must consider the state of American medicine in the first twenty years after the Civil War. The germ theory of disease and bacteriology was then unknown. The use of anæsthetics had begun in surgery, but there were no operating rooms and no hospitals as we know them to-day. While a form of protection of the patient from infection was practised by some surgeons, it was founded on an instinct of cleanliness rather than on definite knowledge of micro-organisms. Lister used a means of protection based on the methods of Pasteur before the causes of infection had been found. Jenner, in his method of vaccination for smallpox, had touched on one phase of the great revelation which was to come later. But the definite knowledge that particular diseases were caused by particular organisms was not in the possession of medical practitioners. Medicine was one part diagnosis and another part the use of drugs. Cupping and leaching were still in favor. The physician knew little of the millions of organisms which dwelt below the surface of the knowledge of man, in that world of minute things which could be seen only through the microscope, a world from which epidemics arose like the plagues of the ancient world, which were in many cases to sweep communities, to kill thousands, to let thousands of others live unfitted for the struggle for existence. In time of peace

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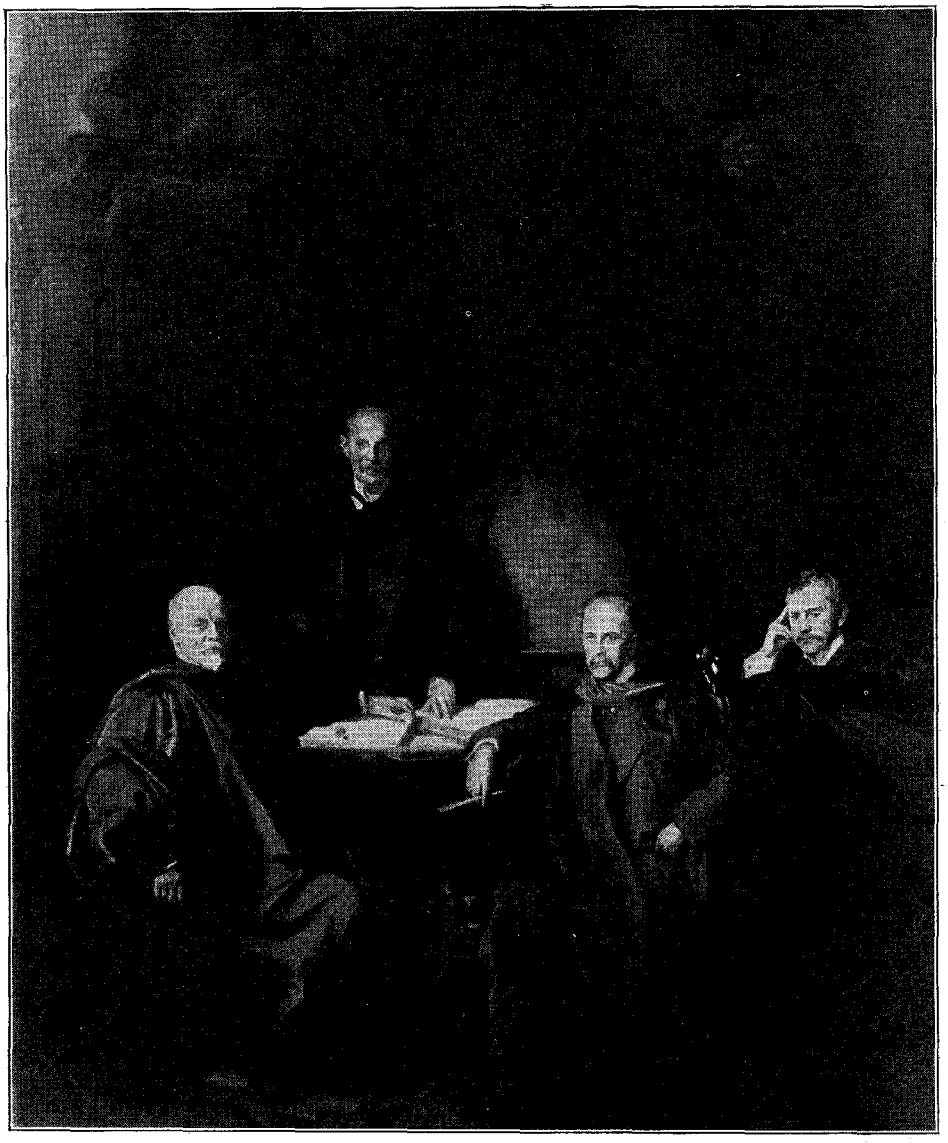

Doctor William H. Welch, Doctor William Stewart Halsted, Sir William Osler, Doctor Howard A. Kelly.
Painted by John Singer Sargent in 1905; hanging in the reading-room at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

and in time of war these epidemics stalked tragically through human society. When men were concentrated in camps in time of war, thousands died of camp fevers, the causes of which were unsuspected. In times of peace men and women, chiefly those dwelling in cities, died in great numbers. Man struggled through life as through a disease-infested swamp, these unseen, unknown organisms finding lodgment in the body, hauling him down, killing or maiming him. Medicine struggled after man, heroic, devoted, but weak and futile.

It was at this period, when Pasteur and Koch were making their discoveries in their separate laboratories, when the microscope was revealing that great chapter in the history of the race, that Doctor Welch came to manhood and began his work. Born in Norfolk, Conn., April 8, 1850, the only son of a family whose sons

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had been physicians for generations, Doctor Welch thought for a time of abandoning the family tradition and devoting his life to teaching Greek. He graduated from Yale in the class of 1870, the second man in a class of one hundred and fifty. For a time, he taught Latin and Greek in a school in Norwich, N. Y. He studied chemistry in Sheffield Scientific School, taking his degree of doctor of medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons (now Columbia University) in 1875. He spent the four years following his graduation studying in the Universities of Strassburg, Leipzig, Vienna, Berlin, and Breslau. It was in the laboratory of Cohn, the great German botanist of that time, on certain afternoons that Doctor Welch made contact with the new science, was fired by it, and actually began his life work. Cohn was a member of the faculty of Breslau University.

Pasteur working in France and Koch working in Germany were penetrating into that sub-visible world in which dwelt the tiny creatures, more deadly than wild beasts, which cause tuberculosis, diphtheria, scarlet fever, cholera, yellow fever, cerebro-spinal meningitis, a dozen other deadly maladies, including the rabies, with the treatment of which Pasteur's own name is associated. They began the process of exposing these enemies of man to attack. Pasteur was not a physician. Koch, who later isolated the organism of tuberculosis, was a physician. He devised the method of staining bacteria and smearing slides used under the microscope. His first work was done in the study of anthrax, the cause of which he found. Doctor Welch saw Koch demonstrate his theory of the cause and the spread of anthrax, saw and heard him in the laboratory of Cohn in Breslau. Doctor Welch was one of a small group of students who shared this thrilling experience of seeing what was really the birth of a new science of immeasurable power in saving the human race from suffering, wounding, and death. That first afternoon, when Koch talked and demonstrated in Cohn's laboratory, must have been a soul-stirring time, for, while the men who heard him could not foresee then all that would happen in time and the affairs of men growing out of those hours (as one, awakening on a day of great adventure which has been planned, cannot tell exactly and in detail what the day is going to bring forth), they did know beyond peradventure that they were witnessing the dawn of a day which was going to be a glorious one for their profession. They saw the future dimly, as one sees the day vaguely in the morning.

From that experience Doctor Welch, who some years later met Pasteur, returned to America with the whole of the continent on which he had been born a blank page on which he could write. Those who know him best say that, knowing the value of what he possessed as extremely few others knew it, he had all the impatience of a young man, with a young man's enthusiasms to get to work, all the capacities of his finely equipped intellect, and all the energies of his splendid physical powers. That was in the year 1879. He was then twenty-nine years old, a bachelor (he is still a bachelor), and able to give his undivided attention to science.

There was a period of a few months while he looked about him, trying to determine how he would begin. The first opportunity came in the form of an offer of a lectureship in pathology at Columbia, where he had taken his degree in medicine. His first concern was to learn whether it carried with it a laboratory. Laboratories were not so common in those days as they are now. This position did not include a laboratory, and he declined it. A short time later an offer was made to him by Bellevue Hospital Medical College, which did include a laboratory. He accepted this, and began at once to teach the new cellular pathology as taught in Germany. He was not content with teaching in day classes men who were still seeking their degrees in medicine. He opened night classes and taught men who had graduated and who were out in practice. Thus was begun by Doctor Welch and by others the process of spreading through America that enlightened knowledge which was to free the people of this country from those ancient enemies which had weighted them and which was to give strength and sureness to the medicine which had been weak and uncertain. The manner in which the doctor's life and his

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influence expanded with the expansion of knowledge of the bacteriology of disease is one of the most impressive chapters in American civilization.

He was teaching at Bellevue when Daniel Coit Gilman, the president of the Johns Hopkins University, having launched the philosophical department of the great new school of research, turned his attention to the organization of the school of medicine. A story explaining how Doctor Welch happened to join the faculty of that school is told by one who has known him for years: a friend of Doctor Gilman was in Europe. A part of his business there was to find a man to fill the chair of pathology of the new medical school. This man went to see Cohn, the same Cohn in whose laboratory Welch had met Koch. Supposing that it would be necessary to invite a European to fill the chair of pathology, he asked Cohn to name such a man. It is said that Cohn asked why a European, why not Welch, of Bellevue; there was the man of all men for the position. Cohn's visitor, returned to America, told Doctor Gilman of the conversation, and Doctor Welch was invited to join the Hopkins faculty. It is said that it cost the latter much heartburning to tear himself away from New York associations, but that the possibilities of the school then being organized appealed to him so strongly that he could not resist. He became one of the four original members of the faculty of the medical school. The others were: in the chair of medicine, Doctor William Osler, who years later left the Hopkins to become regius professor of medicine at Oxford University (England) and who died soon after the end of the war; in the chair of surgery, W. S. Halsted, who became famous wherever the science of surgery is practised, and who died about four years ago; in the chair of gynecology, Doctor Howard A. Kelly, who has been professor emeritus of that branch for several years, but who is still in active practice in Baltimore.

When Doctor Welch joined the Baltimore institution, no building of the great community of healing which now covers acres in the most urban section of that community had been erected. The community existed only in the imaginations of the men whose hearts and lives were in it. Doctor Welch assumed his burden in the work of organizing, involving returns to Europe to stimulate the flow and communication of knowledge from that continent, then the source of knowledge, to this. The pathological laboratory was opened in 1885, and from that time on Doctor Welch's days were devoted to the work of training men who would go out to other schools, to research work of various orders, to general practice, with the knowledge which was to transform medicine from the thing of cupping and leaching and physicking to the strong, vital science of to-day, with its government measures for the protection of health in wholesale, in the form of sewer systems, filtration plants, control of milk supply, vaccination for typhoid, its anti-diphtheria serum, all the complicated technic of modern prophylaxis and preventive medicine.

Having taught the new pathology at Bellevue, Doctor Welch went to Europe immediately after associating himself with the Hopkins and studied the new science of bacteriology. The Johns Hopkins Hospital was opened in 1889 and the Medical School was opened in 1893.

Of course the modern medicine was not then mapped out, so that the physicians proceeded from one conquest to another. Many discoveries remained to be made. But with the increase in the number of men who had studied under Welch and under other teachers who had followed his lead, the reaping of the harvest from the seed they had sown began. Walter Reed and James Carroll, the men who made the discovery that yellow fever was caused by the bite of a mosquito, studied with him in the early nineties. Their work made possible the building of the Panama Canal, and removed the scourge of yellow fever from Southern cities which had been plague-ridden for months each year. It wiped one terrible malady off the list of those which had made the days before those afternoons in Cohn's laboratory days of terror. Simon Flexner, now the director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, where many of the great discoveries of bacteriology and of the treatment of diseases caused by organisms have been made in the last

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twenty years, was associated with Doctor Welch for eight years, from 1890 to 1898, and shortly after leaving him began the organization of the institute. Doctor Welch has been the president of the institute since its founding in 1901. Hundreds of men went out into the country to work into the minds of politicians and members of the governing classes realization of the benefits, rather of the necessity, of establishing sewer systems for the disposal of the waste from the human body, filtration systems for the purification of water, means to control the milk-supply, all the elaborate measures for the guarding of the health of populations.

While this was being done by his students and the students of other teachers like him, Doctor Welch attacked these problems in the city in which he lived. He became a member of the Board of Health of Maryland in 1898. He was one of the factors in bringing about the construction of the Baltimore sewerage system, transforming the city, which then had a population of about 500,000 and which now has a population of over 800,000, from a cesspool of outhouses and wells in the back yard of every dwelling to a modern sanitary city. Interviews which he gave to the public press of Baltimore furnished the first impulse toward the construction of the excellent plant for the filtration of the city water-supply. He was the chief influence in that community in making an end of the ancient order of milkmen who sixteen or twenty years ago drove their wagons up to the front door, thrust a long-handled dipper into a milk-can, and sloppily poured milk into the upheld pitcher (while the fly deftly inserted the typhoid organism into the milk). This old institution was replaced by the modern bottle of Pasteurized milk with which the modern milkman clatters up the steps of suburban cottages in the early morning hours. Doctor Welch and his associates have introduced a system of guarding the public schools against contagious disease. The politicians of Baltimore have been taught that the Health Department must not be interfered with by them. The influence has been extended outside Baltimore to the State. The old politically minded county health officers who gave a part (and a small part) of their time to such duties, and who made no pretense of being scientific, have been replaced by men who have real zeal for science and who give their whole time to their work. A corps of sanitary engineers, supervising the construction of sewerage systems in the rural districts and doing other sanitary work, has been created. In rural Maryland the farmer whose house is not equipped with a bathroom and a sanitary toilet is ashamed of that fact. In Maryland people no longer go to the country for their summer vacations and return in the fall to die of typhoid fever with which they were infected while seeking health close to nature. What has been done in Maryland is typical of what has been done by men trained by Doctor Welch, or by others who taught what he brought to America as the new bacteriology, throughout the country.

Doctor Ira E. Remsen, the chemist of the Hopkins, was a member of the Baltimore sewerage commission and a major factor in the actual building of the system. Other Hopkins men aided in this great development of urban life.

While that page of a continent, blank when he began, was thus being filled with the achievements of modern medicine, the Hopkins Medical School grew from mere ideas in the minds of Doctor Gilman, Doctor Welch, Doctor Halsted, Doctor Osler, Doctor Kelly, and their associates, to tons of brick and mortar and steel and concrete and stone standing on the hills of the northeastern section of Baltimore, spreading over acres and forming a real city of science known throughout the world. It is a curiously stimulating experience to stand at the windows of one of these buildings in the afternoon when the sun is setting, to look out over the thousands of two and three story homes which surround the medical community, and to think of the power which men of brain exercise on future generations; curious also to think that living across the width of a city street from laboratories which draw scholars from the farthest corners of the earth are men who have not the faintest conception of what is being done under their eyes.

The latest addition to the group is the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and

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Public Health, the first institution of its kind in the world, and now being made the model for others like it to be established in London and on the continent of Europe. It is at once a monument to Doctor Welch, a mark of the realization of the dreams with which he began his career after those sessions in the laboratory of Cohn in Breslau, and evidence of the appearance within the field of medicine of a new science, that of public health as distinguished from general medicine. Established less than ten years ago, and devoted to training those who plan to devote themselves to public-health work to the exclusion of general practice, after the manner of those full-time public-health officers in Maryland, it gives degrees in public health and draws to itself students from all lands. After the war Europeans came to it in large groups to study sanitation and epidemiology and all the difficult technic of protecting the health of populations in mass which has been built up since Doctor Welch began his work in Bellevue in 1879. Students now come to it from all lands. The men of the Rockefeller International Health Board who have been carrying the science of sanitation and public health to the backward peoples of Europe and Asia return here to study and go back to the cities and the jungles of the East to try to write on those countries what has been written on this. The institution is in close association with experiments which the International Health Board is conducting in this country, with the work of the United States Public Health Service, and with all public-health activities. Doctor Welch was the director of the school from its establishment until about a year ago, when he resigned to undertake the organization of the department of the history of medicine and the library. The School of Hygiene was made possible by money provided by the Rockefeller interests, and those interests have offered to give a large part of the costs of establishing the department of the history of medicine and the library on condition that the Hopkins itself raise certain sums.

Doctor Welch is a member of the International Health Board.

Through his association with that body he has been led to make two trips to China, each of which involved long journeys through that country, and both of which had for their purpose aid in giving China modern medicine, displacing the old, unscientific practice which has prevailed there for centuries. A beginning has been made in the establishment of the Pekin Union Medical College and in other ways.

Looking back over the fifty-two years which have passed since he took his degree in medicine and the forty-eight which have passed since those afternoons in the laboratory of Cohn, Doctor Welch can feel that he has had a part in all the accomplishments in America since that time which have made its people less the hopeless victims of disease and which have raised a generation free from many of the life-hazards and the handicaps which their parents had to face, which have transformed civilization of the North American continent and made it possible for that civilization to be established where it could not be established before, as at the Canal Zone.

Working with Halsted and others, he has had a part in making modern antiseptic surgery possible. One of his earliest papers dealt with measures to protect the patient from infection during an operation.

He has been known as a teacher rather than as a discoverer. But those who know him intimately know that he has aided many men in the preparation of papers and has refused to permit his name to be associated with the work. He has possessed superlative qualities as a teacher, say his associates, qualities which have put the zeal for science which he possesses himself into research workers in all quarters of the country. But his character is too big to be confined within the limits of a teacher. He is a man of the broadest and deepest general culture, in addition to the most attractive social qualities. And these things have made a scientific statesman out of him in spite of himself. While he has not, of course, sat in any legislative body, he is sought as a speaker at all orders of functions, and has inevitably, although totally without any disposition to attempt to popularize science, spoken frequently on scientific subjects and increased the sum of knowledge of

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such matters possessed by the unscientific public. His advice has been sought by public men, from Presidents of the United States and members of both houses of Congress, down to city councilmen. In this manner he has aided in the passage of laws which have made possible the legal machinery necessary to enforce public measures.

In Baltimore, and in many other quarters of the earth, his face and his figure are all he ever needs in the way of credentials. A bachelor, he has carried through his long career at the Hopkins the habits of the days of his youth. He has no relative in Baltimore, and his time, when he is in that city, is divided between the Hopkins, his rooms at 807 Saint Paul Street, in the older section of downtown, the University Club, of which he is the president, and the Maryland Club, of which he is one of the most distinguished members. Of course, his friends in this city, both in the medical profession and in all other occupations, are legion. But one is as likely as not to find him some evening dining alone in a white-enamelled restaurant of one of those chain enterprises which seek the coin of the middle classes, and to find him thereafter walking to his rooms, his club, or the meeting of which he is to be the presiding officer. He does not own an automobile, and his short, broad-shouldered, slightly corpulent figure, with the splendid head, with its closely cut white hair and closely cut white mustache and Vandyke, is frequently seen among the pedestrian crowds on Baltimore streets. That figure and that head have been reproduced many times, in oil, in bronze, and in marble. Portraits, busts, bas-reliefs of Doctor Welch decorate the Hopkins buildings.

In his rooms on Saint Paul Street the bachelor character of his life is emphasized by the manner in which the books cover the walls from floor to ceiling, even crowding his bed, and by the pamphlets and papers which cover the tables. The books are not gaily dressed volumes. There is no color in their bindings. They are volumes on medicine and reports, and they are bound in calfskin. When the doctor lies down to sleep he is surrounded by the written words of his confrères in medicine throughout the world, from the Greeks to the present time. He spends much of his leisure at the clubs, where he is known as a chess-player of devastating powers and as a charming conversationalist. A story has been told of him in Baltimore for years to the effect that he does not employ a secretary, and has devised a simple method of disposing of the large mail a man of his eminence receives. He is represented as tossing his mail, unopened, on table or desk, at his rooms or at his office, until the whole surface is covered, of then spreading a newspaper over the collection, and beginning the formation of a new stratum, and continuing to build strata until a wrathful housekeeper sweeps all away when her patience has been exhausted. It is regrettable that a tale of such picturesqueness must be destroyed. But, having seen both his rooms and his office and having met his secretary, I know that it is not true. The story may have had its origin in the fact that he does not answer requests for facts about his life or for photographs. He receives such requests constantly, and always throws them away unanswered. The photographs, of course, are obtained and are often printed in the Baltimore newspapers, each of which has a considerable gallery of them. Some have been "snapped" when the doctor has appeared in groups at Hopkins celebrations or at other ceremonies. The doctor has been "snapped" as he strolled along the street. They show him in street dress, in cap and gown, in the uniform of a brigadier-general, for at the opening of the war he entered the army with the rank of major, rising to the rank of colonel, and being made a brigadier-general in the reserve when the struggle ended. No photograph does complete justice to him, for none can show the strong although kindly eyes which reveal the years of wisdom obtained on the American, the European, and the Asiatic continents. Nor can they convey the rich, deep-lunged laugh (no one enjoys a joke more than does he) or the rich voice. They come from a powerful body which shows no signs of diminishing physical power in spite of his years. The doctor has always been very fond of swimming, by the way, and is still strong and bold in that sport.

At no time did the public get so clear

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an impression of how much a citizen of the world Doctor Welch was as they got at the beginning of the World War, in the years that struggle continued, and in the years immediately following it. He had been given honors by universities and learned bodies in this country, in England, and in Europe, had been decorated by a number of the sovereigns of Europe, including several German princes, had been made a member of the Legion of Honor of France and a member of the Order of the Rising Sun of Japan. He had continued his annual visits to England, France, and Germany throughout thirty-odd years. He had friends in each of those countries. His sympathies were with the Allies, but his close association with many Germans of his student days must have made that stand difficult for him. His first reaction to the struggle was to say that it would make international scientific meetings impossible for many years to come. His next was a statement to the effect that the war would not end quickly. He continued his visits to the other side in the whole period of submarine activity, plunged into the work of placing his own scientific resources at the command of the United States Government when this country entered the struggle, and did much which is undoubtedly hidden in the archives of the Federal Government in Washington, and much more in the matter of conference of which there is no record. When the conception of the League of Nations was given to the world, he ranged himself behind President Wilson and made many speeches advocating participation by the United States. He continues to make such speeches, and on each trip abroad he visits Geneva to watch the assembly of the League at work and to meet the men who are drawn to that city by the parliament of the world.

Now, when the cycle from the introduction of the germ theory of disease into medicine to its entire acceptance by practising physician and public health officer alike is completed, when it is written into the history of civilization with all its benefits, this remarkable man does genuinely appear to be in unimpaired physical and mental vigor. He looks forward to the future of medicine with vision as clear as the vision with which he looks backward on its splendid past in the span of his life. I once asked him in what field the conquests of medicine would be made in the future. He answered that the greatest work of the science would be in what he described as "personal hygiene." He defined personal hygiene as the science of living in a healthy manner, so that the powers of the body to resist disease would be built up to their greatest possible strength. This would be done by proper diet, by sensible clothing protecting the body from heat and cold as far as that was possible, by obtaining normal quantities of sleep, by exercise in the open air. He emphasized the value of the open air and of sunlight playing directly on the body, calling attention to the fact that sunlight, when passed through window-glass, was stripped of the ultra-violet ray, which is highly necessary to the health. The accomplishments of medicine in the last half-century were of negative order, Doctor Welch explained. Those to be made in the future will be positive in character. While the average of human life had been increased by modern preventive medicine, said Doctor Welch, this did not mean that the length of life had been increased. The great work of medicine, in accomplishing what is called the increasing of the average length of human life, had been in reducing the deaths of infants. If the deaths of infants in the first years after birth were reduced, the average of human life was increased, he explained. Medicine could do little in actually increasing man's years on earth. Each human creature, he explained, was born with a certain expectancy of life arising out of the strain from which he came. Medicine might add a few years to such expectancy. But it hoped to bring men to eighty years in the possession of mental vigor and health corresponding to the age.

The last speech was a particularly striking one to hear from the lips of Doctor Welch, while one looked into his eyes, and remembered that he was himself within three years of that age as he spoke. He left America a few weeks ago to revisit the scenes in Germany of those student days forty-eight years ago. He spoke of going to the University of Leipzig because of the splendid library of medical history there, and spoke with the en-

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thusiasm with which he might have spoken forty-eight years ago of bringing the science of bacteriology to this country. The purpose in establishing the chair of medicine and the medical library is to give the graduating physician a cultural background in relation to the science to which he devotes his life. Hopkins men grow eloquent when they speak of it and of Doctor Welch in connection with it. They say that Doctor Welch, because of the rich life he has lived, is equipped as perhaps no other man in America is equipped to undertake the organization of such a department; he has lived the medicine of the last half-century, they explain.

It will be remembered that twenty-odd years ago Doctor Osler achieved a fame which was extremely embarrassing to him by suggesting in an address delivered in Baltimore that men of sixty years should be chloroformed. It was said to a select audience at the Hopkins in one of those lighter moments in which scientists sometimes indulge themselves, and was meant to emphasize the idea that man achieves his greatest labors in his youth when his energies are freshest. Doctor Osler was not conscious of the great audience of newspaper readers as he spoke. But the story was carried by all the newspapers of the country and was discussed seriously for years.

When Doctor Welch left for the long period of study abroad in which he is now engaged (he will spend the greater part of the year in Europe), one of the Baltimore newspapers called attention in its editorial columns to the fact that Doctor Osler, who made this radical suggestion of the uselessness of the man of sixty years, has passed on into the company of the dead, while Doctor Welch, at seventy-seven years, seemingly possessed of the secret of eternal youth, begins one of the largest labors of his tremendously effective and useful life.

Ebb Tide

BY LEIGHTON PARKS

Author of "What is Modernism?" "Turnpikes and Dirt Roads," etc.

ONCE upon a time I spent a summer in Sandhurst, Mass., then a simple village, from which most of the youth had departed for the cities or for the rich farmlands of the West. A few children were to be seen in the elm-lined street, and many old men gathered about the post-office or sat on the old wharf gazing on the placid waters of the little inlet which opens out into the wider waters of Buzzards Bay. They were, for the most part, silent men. Was this because the brain had atrophied? It may be, but I liked to think, as I looked at them, that they were dreaming of the long-gone days when they sailed the clipper-ships around the Horn, or of the strenuous life on the Banks, or of Arctic seas and spouting whales. If Sandhurst was not a deserted village, it was, as an old sailor remarked, "at ebb tide."

It is now flood tide all along that coast, for Sandhurst has become the fashion, and as a result the goodly company of literary, artistic, and professional men and women whom I found there have, like the frontiersmen who fled before the rising tide of population, moved to less-frequented spots.

Most of the men had some summer work to do, and this occupied the mornings. In the afternoons some drove in buckboards over the sandy roads through the pine woods, and all who have enjoyed that experience will testify that no Rolls-Royce on balloon tires surpasses in comfort those ancient vehicles. Others would sail, the prudent in the cove, the more venturesome out into Buzzards Bay. On

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days when the wind failed and the heat made any exertion a burden we would sit on the broad piazzas and think—and sometimes, "jest set." In the evenings there would be gatherings in one another's cottages, where the young would act charades and their elders would talk books or politics, and at an early hour return home and "so to bed."

It was not a life of feverish excitement, and perhaps some would call it dull, but we who were privileged to enjoy those days of peace found ourselves, at the end of the summer, refreshed and inspired, and so prepared for the winter's work.

There were two churches in Sandhurst: the old White Meeting-house, which had served the community for generations, now, alas, "a world too wide for its shrunk" congregation, and a little Episcopal chapel. The latter was well attended. A few of the "natives" came, chiefly drawn by curiosity, I suspect, but the cottagers turned out in full force; for, though representing many different denominations, they found a bond of union in that liturgy which Emerson has called "the anthology of the piety of the ages." That there was but one service—at five o'clock in the afternoon, may have had something to do with its popularity. There was no settled parson, the minister from Mattapoisett coming to us after his morning duties. This was a Mr. Mathews, a young Canadian, who had what used to be called "unction." He read the service reverently, the Bible dramatically—not theatrically—he *prayed* the prayers and preached "acceptably."

But there was one person in the chapel more interesting than the minister, an old man who sat in a wheeled chair at the head of the aisle. No one could enter that place of worship without noticing the noble head, the intense interest, and the reverent bearing of that old man. "Who is he?" a stranger would ask, and would be told that he was Admiral Howland, the patriarch of the settlement, the first to discover Sandhurst. He had built a comfortable house close to the shore, and on the lawn had set up a flagstaff from which the banner of the nation flew. Then, like King David, when he had built himself an house, he set to work to collect funds, to which he himself liberally contributed, to build the chapel in which we now worshipped. He was given to hospitality and, though now tied to his chair as the result of a slight stroke, delighted to see his friends, specially those who welcomed stories of his hero Farragut—"The inheritor, sir, of the spirit of Nelson, a man who did not know the meaning of fear."

When there were no visitors he would sit for hours looking out over the waters of the cove, and, doubtless, like the old sailors on the wharf, would live again the time when he had sailed the seven seas, or recall that day when he stood beside Farragut, in Mobile Bay, when the torpedoes were bursting on every side.

The admiral was an old acquaintance of mine. In my college days he had come to the old college town, after his retirement from the navy, and to his house would come frequently three charming nieces, and consequently many of the college boys flocked thither. Then there would be dancing and planning of picnics and talk about books and of the great things we were going to do when we at last burst upon a waiting world. I fear at times the noise of shouting and laughter was more than the old man liked, for often we would hear a gruff voice call out, half humorously and half growlingly: "Silence on the quarter-deck." Moreover, the admiral did not approve of late hours, and at half past ten exactly we would hear: "All lights out!" And laughing softly we would creep down the stairs and make our farewells on the steps outside.

When I called to pay my respects we talked of the old days when he was finishing and we boys were beginning the work of life. I then turned to the present and told him how much I thought we were indebted to him for the chapel, and how fortunate I thought we were to have so acceptable a minister as Mr. Mathews. He agreed, remarking: "He is, indeed, a worthy man, and what is more a gentleman, which, next to piety, I consider the most essential thing for a clergyman of our church. Moreover," he continued, "he is free from that pernicious habit of attempting to use technical illustrations, which too often illustrate the preacher's ignorance more than the text of his discourse. You would hardly believe it," he

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continued, solemnly, "but I had the misfortune to listen, about a year ago, to a sermon, by a worthy man, no doubt, but one lamentably ignorant of seamanship, in which he said that often, in a fog, a sailor would take an observation of the sun and so determine his position on the great deep. How the devil, sir—I beg your pardon—the habits of our foolish youth cling to us in old age, like barnacles to a ship after a long voyage—what I was about to say was: how can one shoot the sun in a fog? But something worse was to come. 'I beseech you, brethren,' he went on, 'to provide yourselves with a quadrant, that you may see the Sun of righteousness and so pass safely over the vast sea of life.' A quadrant, forsooth!" exclaimed the admiral; "why, any sailor in the fo'c's'le, could have told him that a quadrant has not been seen for forty years; every officer is now supplied with a sextant."

Needless to say, I found this lecture on homiletics far more amusing and quite as instructive as many I had heard from "worthy" men.

On another occasion I heard from the admiral a lecture on pastoral theology which gave food for thought, for, though he would not allow the parson to speak of seamanship, and, like many of the laity, insisted that the rule *"Ne sutor ultra crepidam"* must be strictly observed by the clergy, he did not hesitate to instruct the cleric. On this occasion we had been speaking of matters of local interest, when he suddenly said: "You know that my wife is a Roman Catholic?"

When I said that I did, and was glad to think that Mrs. Howland had found comfort in that church, he replied: "It has indeed brought her comfort, and not unnaturally she would like me to join her in that communion. But our church is the church of my fathers, and I should feel as if I were fighting under another flag if I were to leave it. Nevertheless, the Roman Catholic Church represents a noble religion. There you find discipline and obedience. Some foolish people talk as if obedience to superiors were a humiliation. Far from it; it is an ennobling act. It makes a man a man. One does not have to weaken his will by puzzling what he ought to do next—he does what he is told to do, with all his might, and leaves the consequences to those who have given the order. Doing one's duty without question and leaving the responsibility to the commanding officer is the way to get things done. Then there is another thing which is, perhaps, more important still. You never knew my first wife, did you?" he suddenly inquired. When I told him I had not, he continued: "She was a lovely woman, and like—I forget his name—walked with God. It was she who brought me into the communion of the church. But I was a lieutenant-commander before I was confirmed. I do not like to think of it, even now, for I came near showing myself a coward. It is no easy thing for a mature man, especially if his life has not been an example, to stand up in the presence of the congregation, many of them knowing of the 'perverse and foolish' things that he had done, and, with young men and innocent girls, be confirmed. Had she not been present and encouraged me with her smile—though her eyes were filled with tears—I think I should have drawn back. The old church is wiser. She knows the human heart and brings her children to confirmation before they have become self-conscious, or have committed grievous sins. Then, if later they wander away—and who does not?—they know where their Father's house is, and that there is a welcome for them. It is like giving a boy a latch-key. He may go out at night and do what he ought not to do, but later, when he is sick of his folly, and wants to go home, he does not have to ring the door-bell and explain to the whole family, perhaps in the presence of his sisters, where he has been and what he has done; he simply slips quietly in, and in that atmosphere of purity and love kneels down and says his prayers and starts fresh."

This was the last word of wisdom I was destined to hear from the lips of the old man, for soon after he had a second stroke and, as a result, again took to his bed. Moreover, his mind was, at times, clouded, and if annoyed he would revert to the speech of his unregenerate youth. There were days when he did not recognize his friends and spoke to his daughter as if she were her mother—his first wife. Still his body was as sound as the timbers

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of the old *Hartford*, Farragut's flag-ship, and sometimes he could be lifted into his chair and wheeled on to the piazza. The only person he seemed glad to see was Mr. Mathews, who would come over from Mattapoisett to read and pray with him.

One day I met Mr. Mathews in the village and noted that he seemed troubled. I asked him what troubled him and he replied: "I have just had a most distressing experience. This morning I was in Boston, and going into Leopold Morse's store was shown a new kind of hammock, different from any I had ever seen. Thinking it might interest the admiral, I stopped off here and called to see him. I said: 'Admiral, I was in Boston this morning and was shown a hammock, and I thought you might be interested in hearing about it. I do not know that I can explain its working clearly, but I will try.' To my surprise, I might say to my horror, he flew into a rage and cried: 'What the devil do you mean, sir? Do you intend to insult me? Damn it, do you think I am a midshipman that you come in here to explain to me what a hammock is? I will not detain you, sir. Bo'sun, call the gig to the foot of the ladder; the chaplain is going ashore.'"

I fear my laughter was as boisterous as in my college days, and perhaps on that account I failed to comfort my colleague. He shook his head mournfully and remarked he feared the admiral would never be willing to see him again. I assured him that the incident would soon be forgotten, and that the admiral would welcome him again. But in this I proved to be mistaken.

A few days later I heard that the admiral had again taken to his bed, and hoped, as did all who loved him, that he would not be called on to suffer much longer. The following Sunday I stopped Miss Howland to inquire for her father, and she told me that he was evidently sinking. She then asked me if I would not see him. I said that I would be glad to come in as a friend, but that as he was Mr. Mathews's parishioner, I thought he should be asked to minister to her father. She smiled rather ruefully and said she had suggested that her father should send for Mr. Mathews, but that he had replied that on his last visit he had shown lack of respect for his rank, and that he did not wish to be subjected to such treatment again. So I accompanied her to the cottage and was admitted to the sick-room.

As I looked at him I doubted if he would know me. But his daughter said: "Father, here is a friend whom I think you will be glad to see." He turned his head and looked at me, but there was no speculation in his eyes. But he spoke—and oh, how changed was his voice! "I am sorry that I am not able to receive visitors to-day; I am not quite well. I think I have a touch of fever. This West African coast is very unhealthy."

I took his hand, and telling him my name, said: "Admiral, I think you remember me, do you not?"

Imagine my consternation when, having gazed at me for a moment, he groaned: "Only too well. Only too well."

This could hardly be called an auspicious beginning to a pastoral visit, but I determined to try again. So I said: "Admiral, we were all sorry not to see you in church to-day, and so I came in, thinking you might like me to read a part of the service to you."

"That will do, sir," the admiral sternly muttered. "I remember well that you were always fond of your jokes; but religion is not a subject for joking, and, if you are not ashamed of it, I must tell you that I find it offensive."

I could have wept. I thought of "the sins and offenses of my youth." But I could not turn back now, so I continued: "Admiral, you remember me as a foolish boy, but I am now a clergyman, and would not dream of making fun of religion."

"You are a *what?*"

"I am a clergyman."

"Then why do you not dress like one?" he retorted. "Why are you not in uniform?"

This was a poser. I had never had clerical clothes, but I did not think this was the time for sartorial discussion, and so hedged. "I am on holiday at present, and am dressed for the summer."

"I am aware that some of the young officers like to change into mufti when not on duty," the admiral replied in a somewhat mollified tone. "But I cannot say it meets with my approval. I fear that they

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may be ashamed of the uniform, or else intend to do something unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," muttering to himself. "But chaplains are not of the line."

Peace having been restored, or at least a truce having been arranged, I read the psalms for the day and said a few prayers, the admiral joining in the Lord's Prayer with the reverence and simplicity of a little child.

Each day for more than a week I visited him, and heard no more about my frivolity or my clothes. One morning I asked him if there were any particular passage he would like me to read him, and he said he would like to hear about the great battle against Sisera. So I turned to the Book of Judges and began to read Deborah's great battle-hymn. It was like the sound of a trumpet to an old war-horse. At the stirring words "Awake, awake, Deborah: awake, awake, utter a song: rise up, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive," the admiral cried, in a loud voice: "Ah, ah! now they will have them!" And when the song broke forth, "The river Kishon swept them away, that mighty river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength," he raised himself up in bed for a moment and shouted: "All hands to receive boarders" in such a tone that Miss Howland and her mother rushed into the room to see what had happened. After that, you may be sure I read no more in the Old Testament. I saw the wisdom of the great apostle to the Goths, who would not translate the fiercer passages from the wars of Israel, deeming them unfitted for such a warlike people. There was too much of the Goth in the old sailor. Henceforth we turned to the loving words of Jesus and the comforting message of John.

Then the day came when the doctor told us that life's long voyage was about to end. The old man seemed brighter than he had been for several days, and his mind quite clear. Though no one spoke of his approaching death, I think the admiral knew that the end had come, and asked to receive the communion. After he had received the viaticum he fell asleep, and I thought it likely that he would pass into a safe harbor without regaining consciousness. It was nearly midnight when I left the house, saying I would return early in the morning, but I had hardly fallen asleep when I was aroused by a violent knocking at the front door, and, looking out of the window, asked who was there. "It's me, sir; Miss Howland wants that you should come as quick as you can."

"Is the admiral dead?" I asked.

"I don't think so. But a man has come over from Fall River, and Miss Bessie told me to get you as quick as I could."

The messenger was an old sailor who had served his time in the navy, and, being discharged about the time the admiral retired, had followed his old commander to Sandhurst. He was the owner of a catboat in which he took parties out fishing and taught the children of visitors to sail. In the winter he hung around the admiral's cottage and did odd jobs and gossiped with his old captain. Many a glass of grog did the admiral order to be served his old boatswain on cold winter nights.

Miss Howland met me at the door of her house, and I saw at once that she was greatly agitated. "My stepmother sent to Fall River for a priest, and he has arrived and is preparing to baptize my father; but I have forbidden him to enter my father's room until you arrived, for no one knows better than you that father had no desire to be admitted into the Roman Catholic Church."

I found myself in a difficult position. If the admiral had regained consciousness since I left him and had expressed to his wife a wish to be united with her in the church of which I had heard him, more than once, speak with admiration, I had neither the right nor the desire to prevent the priest from fulfilling his office. On the other hand, if he had remained unconscious, I knew that no priest with right feeling would be willing to baptize a man, even *in extremis*, without some evidence of faith.

I asked, therefore, if the admiral had regained consciousness, and when Miss Howland assured me that he had not, I said I would explain the situation to the priest.

If I had been surprised by the sudden summons, I was still more surprised, on entering the parlor, to find, not a stranger, but my old friend and classmate, Wood.

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Wood had been one of the best scholars in the seminary, and one of the most popular. In our senior year he had suddenly withdrawn from the school, and soon after we heard that he had been received into the Roman Catholic Church and was to be "priested."

He greeted me with the same genial smile which I remembered of old, and inquired what I was doing there. I explained that I was passing the summer in Sandhurst, and had been in pastoral care of the admiral of late. "So," I added, "I think I ought to ask what *you* are doing here."

He laughed softly and said that he had been taking the duty of Father Rotch at Fall River, he being sick, and that Mrs. Howland, who was an old friend, had sent for him, saying that she believed her husband desired to be received into the Catholic Church.

I said: "You would not baptize an unconscious man, would you?"

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Well, Wood," I said, "I am glad it is you and not a stranger, for he might think I was prejudiced. But you know me and know that I would not deceive you, and I give you my word that I administered the communion to the admiral only a few hours ago, and I am assured that he has not spoken since, and is now lying unconscious."

"I am sure," he replied, "that you would not willingly deceive me, but I cannot be sure that you are not deceived yourself. Consider my position. I must make a report to the bishop, and when I tell him that I was summoned by a devout Catholic to baptize her husband, *in extremis*, but failed to do so because a Protestant minister told me that in his opinion the dying man was not prepared for the sacrament, what do you think the bishop will say? How do you think I shall feel?"

"I admit," I said, "that the position is a delicate one, but you must remember that I also have a duty to the admiral, and to his daughter. But I have no wish to prevent his baptism if he desires it. Even if he could be roused, which I doubt, I fear that if he found a stranger in his room it might lead to a *crise*, which would be as painful to you as to me. What I suggest, therefore, is this: Let me go into the room; you stand by the door where the admiral cannot see you but where you can see him and hear every word that is spoken, and if you are satisfied that he is in a condition to understand what he is doing, and that he desires to be baptized, I will immediately withdraw."

To this he agreed and I entered the sick-room.

At first I thought the old man had died. His breathing was scarcely perceptible. I took his hand and said, gently: "Admiral." He did not open his eyes, but murmured: "Is it my watch, so soon?"

"No, sir," I replied. "You are not on shipboard; you are in your own house. There is a priest here who has come over from Fall River, understanding that you wish to be baptized into the Roman Catholic Church."

"What did you say he wanted?"

"He has come to baptize you."

At last the significance of the words seemed to penetrate the clouded brain, and the effect was far different from anything that either the good priest or I had anticipated.

"Baptize me!" cried the admiral, in a voice that it would have seemed impossible could issue from the lips of a dying man. "Baptize me? Why I was baptized more than seventy years ago and, damme, it would be as much as a man's life was worth to try and baptize me again. Hand me my pistols."

"Oh, Richard!" cried Mrs. Howland, who appeared in the doorway at that moment. "Don't talk like that. It is dear Father Wood, who has come to insure your salvation."

The familiar loving voice calmed him, and he said, in a gentle voice: "My dear, please thank the gentleman for calling, but say I am not well enough to see him to-day, and kindly offer him a glass of wine."

When I returned to the parlor I found Wood folding up his stole. He shook his head sadly and remarked: "I am satisfied. No doubt, had I been called sooner, I might have been of service, but now it is too late."

I returned to the sick-room. The admiral was again sleeping, and, thinking the end was at hand, I went out and

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brought in the old boatswain, that he might be with his captain at the last. He looked at the dying man and said, more truly than originally: "It is what we must all come to. Well, he was a fine officer; a bit hasty at times, perhaps, but just and kind to the men."

So we stood, he at the foot and I at the side of the bed for nearly half an hour. The door blew open. Hatch walked over to close it. Whether the familiar step of the sailor on the bare floor called back the spirit from the dim region into which it was passing I do not know, but suddenly the admiral said, in a quiet voice: "What is the time?"

"Just gone seven bells, sir," the boatswain replied.

"Is it flood tide?"

"Yes, sir."

"When does the ebb make?"

"At eight bells, sir."

"Ah, tell Mr. Griswold we will pass down the river with the ebb."

"Aye, aye, sir," came the ready response. Then Hatch whispered to me: "He thinks he's captain on the gunboat blockadin' one of them rivers in North Carolina."

Again there was silence. Then, as the clock struck four, the admiral gave a sigh, as of relief, and Hatch cried: "He's gone out on the ebb, as I knowed he would."

It was a mild September evening when the coffin, covered by the flag, on which were placed the admiral's sword and cap, was borne high on the shoulders of the six sailors who had been sent from Newport, and laid in the little churchyard beside the chapel which the devout old sailor had built and which he loved. When the service was concluded it was Hatch who spoke the *mot juste*, repeating the cry which he and the admiral must have heard a thousand times, and hearing had taken new courage: "All's well!"

Father Wood came over for the funeral and stood beside Mrs. Howland at the grave, and then accompanied her home, and doubtless comforted her. Afterward he came to my house for tea.

"What did your bishop say?" I inquired.

He smiled as he replied: "The bishop is not only a wise administrator and holy man, he also has a keen sense of humor, an inheritance, doubtless, from his Irish parentage; and when we had talked seriously, and he had expressed his approval of my conduct, he said: 'Wood, what a scene that would make on the stage—if it were proper to present such a scene—you peeking through the door; the Protestant minister asking the old man if he wanted to be a Catholic, and he calling for his pistols to prevent him from being saved. If we read it in a book we would not believe it was true; we would say it was impossible.'"

"Yes, sir," I said; "but it comes under Tertullian's rule: *Certum est quia impossibile est.* But I was present and can testify that it is true."

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When the Lotus Blooms

BY NORA WALN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

FIVE broad stones make landing-steps. When spring freshets swell the Pearl River, all five are beneath the swirling current. Now that June lay torrid over south China, four were dry. Far below the steps, faintly discernible through limpid yellow water, lotus spikes pierced the mud of the river-bottom.

Above the steps a granite boulder fifteen feet square, sunk into the earth by Su-ling's paternal grandfather seven generations past, makes the landing-place. Above the boulder rise great red gates set in huge pillars of painted wood, flanked by stone tortoises twice a man's height. From the gates high gray walls, with thick, sharply pointed glass set in mortar on top, encircle protectively the ancient family dwelling of the Tchangs. Only the roofs of the mansion can be seen from without—azure tile roofs curved and serrated, which flare up at the cornices, displaying bright mosaics under the eves.

Back of all, towers the barren majesty of White Cloud Mountain—viewed from the river—a symbol of Tchang character.

A teak-wood boat, shaped above water like an American covered wagon, propelled by eight sweating coolies in a paddle treadwheel behind, glided up to the steps. A withered boatswain poled the craft to position. His little son sprang ashore and set the heavy-toned door-bell clanging. His stolid old wife slid out a broad board gang-plank.

A heavy comely matron, dressed in thick, dignified trousers and coat of dove satin, crossed with careful feet. She set down a lacquer jewel-box.

Behind her came an equally elegant "boy." He directed the boatswain in the landing of two gorgeously decorated Chinese travelling-trunks.

Lastly, with dainty steps and prettily swaying body, came their mistress, Mai-lui Ping. Her costume conformed to the Chinese custom of coat and trousers, but was fashioned of stiff modest taffeta in a vain attempt to hide her supple figure. Her black hair hung in a plait to her knees. Her long eyes sparkled beneath brows as daintily curved as the spread wings of a butterfly. A plum-blossom glow played hide-and-seek in the golden purity of her cheeks, as, followed by the "boy" and the amah, she hastened to meet her maternal aunt now bowing graceful greetings in the open gateway.

Mai-lui answered the words of formal welcome with the polite phrase: "The people of our humble hut send me with greetings to your exalted selves."

Behind her the accompanying servants of the Ping household touched the landing stone three times with their foreheads.

Mai-lui's question as to whether her cousin had yet arrived from America was self-answered by a commotion at the landing. The slow, unwieldy Ping boat was clumsily getting out of the way of a chugging gasoline launch.

Almost before the launch touched the steps a girl leaped ashore—a slender young girl with the genteel beauty which has for generations distinguished the Tchang women, but a girl dressed in exact replica of her American contemporary. A sleeveless orange voile dress, over slimsy underwear, stopped at the knees to reveal a pair of shapely legs in flesh stockings. Flat-heeled, patent-leather, single-strap pumps and a crush white hat pulled down to her eyes completed her attire.

Her many relatives, gathered now about the landing and entrance courtyard, stared with blank-faced astonishment. The rouge outlining her mouth was her only kinship in costume with the other women of her family. She pulled off her hat almost defiantly and fanned herself

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with it, exposing her shining black hair, cut, so the onlookers thought, exactly like a Buddha bonze.

Her father, corpulent, no longer young, but with an intelligent, fine, smooth face, climbed from the launch wearily. His eyes met the eyes of Su-ling's mother, and his tired look softened to one of puzzlement.

Su-ling's mother came to her daughter and bade her a loving welcome home. From her the household took its hint; beyond that first awkward staring moment they never gave a sign of surprise at anything the daughter of the house did or said. And Su-ling, responding to the greeting, found again her native tongue, which she had not used for five years.

Many hours later Mai-lui lay wide awake on her bed, reviewing the events of the "Welcome Home Feast" given her cousin. She was intensely thrilled, and a trifle frightened, by the result of an "American college education."

For the first time in her life Mai-lui attempted to look at her world objectively to see how it might appear to one who had lived differently for five years. She had felt the pain in her cousin's eyes, as they met hers, when Aunt Tchang had showed them over the "Garden of Orchids" and introduced Uncle Tchang's latest concubine. She had seen the bitter set of Su-ling's chin when she was asked to admire the rosebud charm of that concubine's contribution to the family—a chubby boy just learning to walk.

There was a tap at Mai-lui's door. It was pushed open and a path of moonlight shone across the floor. Then all was dark again. A warm hand found Mai-lui. There was a suppressed giggle, and Su-ling sank down on the bed.

"I thought that I should find you awake—you dear, beautiful cousin," Su-ling whispered.

Whispering together in the dark, just as they had always done when they stayed under the same roof, Mai-lui reflected that it was as though her cousin had never gone away.

"You are to be married," Su-ling questioned, sliding the engagement bracelets on Mai-lui's wrists.

"Yes, at T'ien-k'uang-chieh (Feast of Heavenly Gifts—sixth day of Sixth Moon)."

"You can stay here until then—we must have many good times together."

"I must return three weeks from tomorrow. Do you remember the time we slipped over the wall and went to the Dragon Boat races? You stole old Lui's padded coat to protect us from the glass on the wall."

"Oh—I do—and what a time we had getting back! How your amah sputtered and threatened to tell when she caught us—you gave her earrings to help her forget. We must have more fun."

"I am too old now—I am soon to be married."

"You make me laugh—girls in America have loads of good times even after marriage. I must show you a new dance called the Charleston." Su-ling exhibited a few steps.

"Oh—what fun—I must do it, too." And a minute later Mai-lui was imitating her cousin and humming the tune.

Exhausted, but laughing, the two dropped down to rest.

"You must do it to an orchestra with real music. I am sure there is one in Canton now. I heard when we were coming down from Shanghai that there are over two hundred returned students gathered here, helping in the offices of the new Nationalist government. You can bet they have gay times. We must find Lui's padded coat, my pretty one."

"I wouldn't dare—suppose the family of my betrothed heard——"

"I am glad that my affianced died young—else they would not have sent me to America, even though mother was much taken with the idea when Miss Slater, of the Mission school, talked to her about it. What is your fiancé like?"

"I have had only one glimpse of him, from the back. I hid in the cypress grove when he worshipped at his ancestral tomb. He is fat, but tall, and not more than middle-aged. I am glad that he isn't old—I can compose myself to fat better than to old age. He is very wealthy, and I adore beautiful things—costly things—jade ornaments—perfectly matched pearls—I'd like one of those Swiss watches, tiny, you know, and set with diamonds all around the face. I think he will be kind. His old mother is a darling and my mother's first friend. It is a big

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family—sixty-four persons within the compound."

"It is horrible—horrible, my darling. I can't bear it. You, brought up in a cloistered, old-fashioned home, know nothing about life. You ought to have your chance at love like all the Western girls do. It isn't fair to shackle you with a fat, middle-aged husband." With an abrupt kiss Su-ling flung herself out of the room.

Mai-lui lay awake until dawn, thinking of the things her cousin had said.

The morrow was a long, hot day, passed in the usual manner of wealthy Chinese households. A cup of morning rice gruel in each bedroom. Then an idle two hours or more of toilet-making. Amahs brushed, oiled, and arranged the long hair of their reclining mistresses. There was much discussion over the painting of an eyebrow, or the way of twisting flowers into a coiffure, or the length of earring most becoming to a particular type of face.

Su-ling, simply clad in a few garments of the pattern of the day before, paced restlessly about the women's part of the dwelling, like a caged bird. She tossed a ball for a short time with two of the small boys in the "Garden of Children." On request she brought out her vanity pack, with its powder and enclosed lipstick. She shrugged her shoulders petulantly when the new concubine stated disappointment that it did not also hold cigarettes. The concubine had seen one advertised by the Wing-On Company at Shanghai which held cigarettes as well.

"I don't smoke," Su-ling said shortly.

"Don't smoke!" Half a dozen voices took up the chorus. "All women of leisure smoke—either cigarettes or a water-pipe—it looks elegant to do it."

"I have been too busy to be elegant," was the retort.

"You will have plenty of time here. Your mother keeps all the reins of housekeeping and family management in her own hands. Of course you will be getting married soon—when your father has time to find you a husband."

The gong rang for the women's lunch. Mai-lui walked with her cousin to the table, and sat down beside her. The women ate without speech, as is Chinese etiquette, only the sucking and the smacking of lips showing their approval of a dish. When they had eaten to their fill, they all belched shamelessly—they had been taught thus to show that they had enjoyed the meal.

After food, the women settled down to sleep, to smoke, to play cards, or to majchong.

Su-ling took a bowl of rice and asked Mai-lui to come with her to feed the goldfish in the water-lily pond.

"I can't stand it here!" Su-ling exploded before they were out of earshot.

"It is different from what you have become accustomed to have, but you will get used to it again. Your mother is very puzzled; she cares for you first of all her children. She has so looked forward to your homecoming—you must try to talk with her."

"Mother is a dear, but she is old-fashioned. I do not know how to talk with her. She is a victim of Christian missionaries; she quotes what they say without thinking at all herself; when I am alone with her she turns the subject always to religion. I got past all that long ago. I can't be prattling hymns and prayers. I have lived in the West and seen the deceit of religion. In the colleges the young people mostly think as I do—more about science and reason and living now on this earth."

"We all think your mother very kind and thoughtful for others since she embraced the Christian faith. Before you went away you said you would never worship in the Temples of Mercy again—you thought then that it was blind—but I am glad that you are coming back to us."

"Fool—of course I am not going to burn incense—I just mean— Oh! I can't make you understand what I do mean. Just think of me as a groping spirit so far as the next world is concerned, but a burning, passionate Nationalist in this one."

"You aren't going to join the new party? Dad says that they are impracticable, dangerous people, hand in glove with the Russians, and simply ruining the silk trade."

"How like Uncle Ping to think of the silk trade before the unity of China. I am of the movement, cousin, author of an article in this week's *Gazette* which bristles with phrases urging national autonomy for all the people of our country. Next

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week I shall write on labor-unions, urging our workers to band together for self-protection. Suppose the dear authorities of this roof-tree knew that—would they cast their darling daughter into the street?"

"Our fathers have made their money in trade—" Mai-lui began.

"Yes, they have made fortunes from the toil of suppressed, downtrodden laborers. They have made it in trade with the West. They would like conditions to remain as they are—with perhaps a little more oppression to keep the masses down. Traders from the West—and bondholders in both countries—want things to remain as they are. But we, the new generation, the new order of things are here—and we shall rock the foundations of their stability."

"But why all this feeling now between China and the western world?"

"You mean, darling, all this feeling between the Young China and the old or middle-aged West. May I whisper in your ear that the youth of the West are one with us—the youth of China—in this groping after a different basis of life? They, too, have kicked off the shackles of old convention—and dropped the albatross of inherited thinking."

Five days went by, long days for Su-ling, who chafed within the confines of family life; hot, heavy days, monotonous and weary. Winged days for Mai-lui, who found life exciting here, with the companionship of her cousin, and family life lively compared to her up-country home, and each night there was the marvel of Su-ling teaching her to dance the fox-trot, the tango, the Charleston, to softly whistled tunes in a moonlight-patterned sleeping-room.

"But of course you do not dance with another girl," Su-ling would explain.

"Not men—with their arms around girls like this?"

"Yes, foolish pigeon, the Westerner is ahead of us in good sense about such things. Comradeship between men and women is believed in. They walk together—talk together—play games together—dance together. They think that it is wrong to marry as we do, without having come to love each other first."

"But it isn't nice to love before the wedding-day."

"You are old-fashioned! Looking at it the Western way, it isn't nice to marry without love coming first. I believe that way."

"Do you—and do you love a man you met at college?"

Su-ling felt a rush of color to her face and was thankful for the dim light. "There is one man I like, but he is just a friend. I want you to meet him."

"How can I meet him?"

"You will meet him because he has just come to Canton—he is a worker in the Nationalist movement. You and I are going to a dance with him, at the house of Mrs. Sun Yet Sen, to-morrow evening."

"I can't come!"

"Don't be a fool—you want to see something of life before you marry. You will be caged tightly enough afterward; even the Nationalist party will find it impossible to batter down the walls of your prison once your fat, middle-aged husband bites into the peachiness of your beauty."

The snoring Lui's bed-cover cushioned the glass on the wall for the night excursion. Wong-ko T'ien met the girls at the "Bridge of Flowing Flowers." They journeyed through the streets each in a curtained sedan-chair, borne high on the shoulders of two coolies.

Su-ling found beauty in Canton's half-forgotten streets. Gaily colored lanterns hung above doorways threw glimmering light on the long, floating banderoles of grape purple, ocean blue, misty gray, and fiery red paper on which the Chinese merchants write their advertisements in decorative ideograms of glittering gold. Candles burned in the niche of the "God of Prosperity" at the front of each of these old-fashioned shops. A covering of oiled paper and bamboo roofed the narrow passageways, giving mystery and seclusion to the streets. Through doors left open to admit the cool evening air, Su-ling caught glimpses of people at work—workers who bent with infinite artistic patience over intricate ivory carving, over bowls on which they drew free hand from memory lovely designs, over hand-looms from which fell exquisite silks.

The chairs turned into one of the wide macadam roads cut straight as arrows through ancient Canton by the young

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progressives. Wong-ko turned in his chair and called his guests' attention to these streets, pointing with pride to the many-storied concrete buildings, the motor-bus service, the traffic signals, the brilliant electric light.

"New China," he said pridefully. "The machines in the new factories under construction will each do the work of a hundred hand-toilers such as we have just passed."

Mai-lui enjoyed the party. For the first time in her life she saw men and women gathered together in pursuit of happiness. She was astonished by the self-assured poise of the young girls and the calm way in which the young men took them for granted. She sat in a corner for the first dance, while Su-ling and Wong-ko circled the room in a fox-trot.

The majority of the girls were dressed like Su-ling, in floating wisps of chiffon or georgette which fell scantily to the knee, and revealed their young bodies with simplicity. Most of them had their hair cut to the line of their heads. There were other girls in modified Chinese dress—shortened tight-fitting coats of lovely brocades with transparent skirts falling full to the ankles, through which snug long trousers of the same material as the coat gleamed. Mai-lui, clad in old-fashioned Chinese coat and trousers, found herself a part of a very small minority.

The men, almost without exception, wore either the uniform of Chang-kai-shek's army or were in Western dinner-jackets.

Su-ling and Wong-ko returned to Mai-lui's corner. Su-ling was claimed by another partner. Mai-lui was left alone with a man for the first time in her life. She looked up shyly into deep brown eyes.

"Come," Wong-ko said, holding out his hand.

She stood up, and his arms held her in the accepted manner of the Western ballroom.

At first her feet were awkward. A nervous consciousness of her closeness to Wong-ko's vibrant young strength stiffened her body. But she was a born dancer, and soon the syncopated throb of the music swept through her. Su-ling had taught her the rudiments of the steps thoroughly. Time sped on golden wings through eight dances—in the intervals of which Wong-ko interpreted the English conversations about them for Mai-lui's amusement. English was the tongue of the party—the common tongue of foreign education which served to bridge the difficulty of a dozen different native dialects.

Su-ling interrupted them at last, fetching another partner for Mai-lui.

"I did not intend you to take care of my country cousin all evening," Su-ling said as she danced again with Wong-ko.

"I enjoyed myself," he answered briefly.

Seventeen days remained of Mai-lui's visit. Su-ling did not need to urge excursions abroad. Every evening on which they could safely escape they met Wong-ko and other young people somewhere. Often they danced. Once they climbed White Cloud Mountain and ate supper high above the twinkling lights of the city.

On the last evening of Mai-lui's visit, Wong-ko and the two cousins floated alone in a canoe around the island of Shameen, drifting far up one of the little streams which feed the Pearl River.

When they parted from him at midnight, he brushed the satin cheek of each cousin with an audacious kiss, bounded into the canoe, and was gone.

The following morning the paddle treadwheel boat carried Mai-lui back to the Ping family dwelling above Samshui, into the women's quarter of which until now Western ideas had never penetrated.

Su-ling locked herself in her sleeping-room and sat down to write an article for the Nationalist publication. A persistent tap-tap, tap-tap, which had always been a secret code between Su-ling and her mother, sounded on the door. Reluctantly she pushed her writing materials into her bed and opened the door for the friendly chat about her cousin's visit which she knew was expected.

"I am so glad that you two got along together so well." Mrs. Tchang settled down comfortably on the broad bed. "I was a trifle afraid that you would find Mai-lui dull because of her narrower life. I hope that you won't be lonely now that she is gone."

"I shall be all right," Su-ling answered, realizing with a twinge of conscience that she was glad to have Mai-lui go, so that

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she might have Wong-ko again to herself.

"Mai-lui looked well. I think her face has been shining with an illuminated happiness. She can't be dreading her marriage as I did. It is strange now when I compare my fear before my wedding and my years of sublime happiness with your father."

Su-ling's mother droned on in the tropic heat. Su-ling knew that she ought to be making an effort at conversation, but she could not bring herself to fling back her opinion concerning what her mother called sublime happiness with a man who had children by four concubines.

Youthful intolerance could not cross the chasm which yawned between them, but her love had turned to pity, which would not let her sting her mother with a sarcastic tongue. She knew that her mother read her Bible regularly and gave money to the two American missionary ladies near by. She wondered why the missionaries had not taught her mother to revolt against submission to Chinese custom. For an instant the idea her mother was really strong—stronger than any outside influence—flashed through her mind.

"You are sleepy, my little half-moon; I will send old Kui-nini to fan you while you sleep." Mrs. Tchang slipped out of the room.

Kui-nini came. It was delicious to be fanned and to lie with eyes closed and dream.

In the cool of early evening Su-ling looked in the niche by the back gate, which was her secret letter-box, without expectation. Her heart lost a beat when she found a note from Wong-ko, asking her to meet him at the Five-Storey Pagoda.

Nine o'clock is bedtime in the early-rising Tchang household. At that hour all lights are extinguished in the women's quarters, and all doors and windows closed in the little houses, each a single room, which make the four walls of each inner court. When Su-ling heard peaceful breathing from the houses on either side of hers, she slipped out to join Wong-ko.

She had dressed with unusual care, slicking her blue-black hair to the mould of her shapely head in the way he had so often admired. She touched her eyebrows and the tips of her pink ears with the delicate Lotus perfume, compounded a hundred years before by one of her ancestors.

She decided on a dress of blue crepella Wong-ko had called "divine."

Her heart fluttered as she caught sight of Wong-ko waiting for her. He took her hand to help her from a sedan-chair, and she felt that he must know that she trembled. They had been companions during two years at a co-educational college. Their ideas about a new future for China were fundamentally the same. They made a good team at tennis. They had both learned to ride. No word of actual love had yet been spoken between them, but all their friends coupled their names together.

He did not speak until they had climbed to the top of the pagoda and found a comfortable place to sit, looking over the low roofs of the city.

"Lotus," he began, using the pet name by which she was called by her most intimate friends. His voice faltered, he cleared his throat and began again. "Lotus, we have been pals a long time—would you—could you tell me something which matters more to me than anything else in the world?"

"Perhaps—if you tell me what it is," she answered gently.

"Do you think that your cousin loves me—or begins to love me just a little?"

A chill turned Su-ling to ice, but she heard her voice answer: "Mai-lui is engaged to be married in less than two weeks' time. You know custom in old-fashioned proud Chinese families. Arrangements which extend over many years and entail many people have been made. The word of Mai-lui's father has been given. Mai-lui is a dutiful daughter—she could not break her father's word without deep disgrace to her family name. I led her astray here, but alone in her home she is a thoughtful, obedient child."

Wong-ko rubbed a bit of broken stone screechingly up and down, cutting a groove in the stone balustrade, until Lotus was ready to scream with nerves.

At last he said: "Old China is a thing of the past for us—it would be for Mai-lui also if I knew that she loved me. Her roots are set deep in family convention, but love always finds a way."

"Or a servant to find a way for it." Su-

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ling spoke with a lump in her throat. "I must go now."

But he did not let her go until he had learned the name of Mai-lui's fiancé. When he discovered that the man was his

Mai-lui was left alone with a man for the first time in her life.—Page 705.

own maternal uncle, he gave a low whistle through his teeth.

"That conservative old skinflint securing for himself Mai-lui's fresh young life. Lotus, it is terrible; we must do something. You agree that it is terrible, don't you?"

She had to agree that it was terrible.

In her room she cut her midnight-blue frock into ribbons with her manicure scissors.

For one week she did not go near the secret letter-box. Only four days remained until Mai-lui's wedding. The Tchang family were going en masse to the ceremonies, Su-ling with them.

Elaborate baking and cooking was in progress in the kitchen to augment the great feast at the Ping dwelling. Su-ling's mother had insisted that she be permitted to help with preparations for her only sister's daughter.

A kite fluttered over the wall of the "Garden of Orchids," and fell near Su-ling's feet as she sat in the doorway of her sleeping-room one tropic morning. She saw the twisted bit of white paper fastened to it, but she made no effort to pick it up until one of the amahs saw it and desired it as a toy for the children. Swiftly Su-ling reached the kite—unobserved detached the note—and handed the plaything to the woman.

Wong-ko, blind to the cause of her silence, begged her to believe him when he said that he meant no dishonor to the good name of her relatives to come from his love for her cousin. He had found an honorable way—and he wanted Su-ling to help him. He made his request "because of their very long friendship."

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That night Su-ling met him again at the Five-Storey Pagoda. Wong-ko's step was elastic. His eyes shone with happiness.

"I have been on a visit to my maternal uncle," he began before they were seated. "I have made friends with him. I find he has a delicate taste in girls. When in Hongkong on business he spends his spare hours at the Hongkong Hotel, sipping cups of tea while he watches the dancing. He is an authority on the latest cut in gowns and the latest quirks in dances. He has gathered many a story to astonish his friends on what he calls the "undress" of modern women. He is past fifty, but he has an eye for all that there is to be seen. He saw you not long ago—in a wisp of green chiffon. He says you are a beauty, but he can't imagine how your family will get you a husband since you have exposed yourself in that way. The crux of the matter is my fat uncle is out for all the excitement that life holds for a man—but strong on old-fashioned seclusion for his own womenfolk.

"He is quite definite on that point. He wouldn't marry a girl who had ever made what he calls a public spectacle of herself—that is, a girl who dressed as modern girls dress or danced. Dancing he views simply as a sensual circling of a room in a man's arms."

"In all—he is a nasty-minded old hypocrite." Su-ling had been awakened to deep love for her cousin by this intimate description of the man she was doomed to marry.

"Exactly—but—here is what I have worked out. If he can see Mai-lui dressed as you girls dress, dancing Western dances in public with a man, he won't marry her."

"How is all that to be brought about?"

"I can arrange the dance at Samshui—an orchestra from Hongkong. Our crowd will follow an orchestra anywhere. I will tell them I want to do some advance work and wake up the sleepy town. They needn't know about my interest in Mai-lui. Uncle will come and look on with keen delight."

"You want me to fetch Mai-lui properly dressed for the occasion."

"That's right."

"What happens to the family wedding-party already gathering from far and near—and the feast over which the women have toiled for days?"

"I shouldn't disarrange that—women like festivities. Let my uncle see his bride-to-be disporting herself on the wedding-eve. He is in the midst of a large silk deal with Mai-lui's father which means a lot to him. He will be frightfully upset, but he won't want to spoil his business. I will present myself as the humble nephew willing to sacrifice myself for my exalted uncle. I will take his place in the ceremonies, and the Ping family won't know it until the marriage-cup has been drunk. He is a selfish old thing and will accept my offer."

"But does Mai-lui love you? I grant that you are better than your uncle—you will treat her with modern sense—but I won't help you unless she loves you."

Wong-ko took a broken bracelet out of his pocket. "She sent me this after she went away."

Su-ling's heart was a lump of ice in her throat, but she nodded her head understandingly.

The Tchang family arrived at the Ping dwelling the morning of Mai-lui's wedding-eve. They found relatives already assembled there from far and near. Everything stood ready for the wedding procession on the morrow. There were sixty-three chests of carved cedar-wood filled with rich garments of brocade, fur, and satin—enough to last a lifetime in the China of permanent fashion. In addition to Mai-lui's trousseau there was a complete outfit for every woman in the household into which she was to go.

The furniture for her own apartments stood ready—choice lacquer and black-wood. Two cases of heirloom jewels were openly displayed to dazzle the guests. The air was heavy with the odors of many elaborate foodstuffs.

The wedding-dress fashioned of stiff red satin and stitched with symbolic golden threads, so that it would stand alone, was complete after four years of toil over its embroideries. Beside it stood red velvet slippers with gold threads worked over the toes. A wedding-veil of pearls dropped from a high head-dress. A long band of red satin lay waiting to be wound about Mai-lui's head by her mother—the sym-

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Drawn by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

Su-ling sank down on the steps.—Page 711.

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bol that she bound her to the will of her husband.

Su-ling never quite knew how she accomplished it, but she succeeded in dressing her cousin in a set of her own crêpe-de-Chine undergarments, flesh stockings, and the wispy dress of jade chiffon. Mai-lui refused to have her hair shingled, but it was wound tightly about her head in a smooth coronet. Su-ling pinked the tips of her cousin's dainty ears and hung jade drops in the lobes. Luckily, a pair of high-heeled satin pumps fitted Mai-lui.

Wrapped in long Chinese coats, they went to the dance. Neither cousin spoke of Wong-ko, but Su-ling knew that Mai-lui risked disgrace on her wedding-eve because of the hope of seeing him just once more.

Mai-lui dropped her cloak. She danced with partners from Canton. She listened to the compliments they poured into her ears—but her eyes searched the room for Wong-ko.

Su-ling saw Wong-ko enter the room, accompanied by a large, gross man, when Mai-lui danced with a tall youth. She had an instant of fear that Mai-lui might recognize her fiancé. But Mai-lui had seen him only once from the back. She had no thought of him now—her thoughts were with Wong-ko.

Mai-lui missed step with her partner—she smiled directly at the doorway through which the two men came. She smiled with unconscious "come-hither" in her eyes. Wong-ko returned her smile with a curt nod. His uncle leaned forward with an answering leer on his face, but Mai-lui's eyes smarted with tears so that she did not see.

Then Su-ling saw her cousin throw herself into a frenzy of gaiety. For the first time in her life Mai-lui lost all reserve. She flirted openly with every partner, exaggerating the seductiveness of every waltz. She danced the Charleston with a man Su-ling neither liked nor trusted, in the middle of the empty floor, while the crowd applauded.

Su-ling's nerves were taut as violin strings before they were safely back within the compound walls.

They undressed without speech and lay down—each to her own thoughts. When Mai-lui believed her cousin slept, she crept across the courtyard and went into the room where her wedding-finery lay ready. Su-ling followed and saw her take the wedding-garments up one by one—she saw her drop the band of red satin with a shudder.

Su-ling was on the bed feigning sleep when Mai-lui returned. A gentle hand sought Su-ling's, a slim, soft body cuddled close like a kitten.

"I am afraid—I am afraid," Mai-lui sobbed. "Su-ling, I cannot bear to go."

Su-ling drew her cousin close. A mad desire to go in Mai-lui's place surged through her mind. Her quick wit flashed over the possible success of such a venture. Her common sense discarded the idea. Wong-ko would be caught in his own trap—but he wanted Mai-lui.

Su-ling could not utter words of comfort to Mai-lui. The latter sobbed until they took her away to dress her in the robes of ceremony. Red and swollen of face from weeping, she was sealed in the gorgeous wedding-chair sent for her by her betrothed husband—a chair with a mirror on top to ward off evil spirits.

With pomp and ceremony she left her familiar home to meet a new life. Crowds lined the streets to watch the procession pass. A military band, loaned by the governor of the province, playing Western tunes, broke a way through the streets. One hundred coolies, clad in brilliantly embroidered robes, carried the bride's possessions—her trousseau, her furniture, her gifts of food for the household into which she was to enter, and her wedding-presents. Two hundred banner-bearers, waving aloft streamers of red satin, decorated with gold characters, gave added glory. A native band of stringed instruments brought up the rear.

The fact that Mai-lui Ping drank the marriage-cup in the dwelling of her betrothed with his nephew, Wong-ko T'ien, and not with the shrewd silk merchant, Sung-chang Wai, furnished a theme for tea-shop minstrels throughout the whole of China.

Heavy darkness lay like a mantle of thick black velvet over south China on the night of Mai-lui's marriage. Su-ling, seeking with sensitive bare feet and outstretched hands, unchained the gates and

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found the lowest landing-step of the Tchang dwelling.

The river gurgled an invitation, lapping cool caresses about her fevered ankles.

Mad dreams tortured her—the dreams of a vivid imagination playing in a tired brain. Wong-ko's kiss on Mai-lui's lips—the kiss which Su-ling had known one moonlight night on board ship. The light that shone always on Wong-ko's familiar face when he shared some thought—thoughts that he would now share only with Mai-lui. Pictures of Mai-lui with Wong-ko's child in the curve of her arm—his head bent above her. Side by side with these visions played the picture of barren years—years to be tortured with the pain of friendship with Wong-ko and Mai-lui.

The river was the way of forgetfulness. Many an ancestor in the past had walked that path into another world.

Su-ling raised her hands above her head, as she had seen divers do, and rose on her toes. She was glad that she had never succeeded in learning to swim at college—ignorance would shorten her journey now.

A momentary silence hushed all the creatures of the night—then the Oriental sun, in all the glory of sudden tropic dawn, burst the curtains of the night; and before Su-ling stretched a myriad of her name-flowers, opening to the morning light.

Entranced, she watched the buds unfold to the kiss of day. Slowly the outer sepals loosed their hold—the first layer of petals gleamed pure white, the second layer had a flush of shell pink which deepened toward the centre. She forgot her pain in the midst of beauty, and waited breathlessly for each blossom to expose its golden heart to the sun.

Lifted on sturdy green stocks, above glossy green leaves, the lotus blossoms had no touch of the slimy mud of the river-bottom through which they had passed in the process of growth.

Su-ling sank down on the steps and lifted her face to the sky as unconsciously as the flowers about her. Some time later she took a typed letter from her pocket—it was the offer of a position in the Nationalist party publicity office. She composed a letter of acceptance and planned her career.

Lui, the old gateman, investigating the open gates, found his young mistress sitting on the landing-steps, her pajamas, of forbidden imperial yellow, wet far above the knees with the swirl of the river's current. On a level with her head stretched an expanse of summer lotus blossoms.

Waiting—

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

I HAVE known anguish bitter to the heart,
And questioning of Love's resplendent faith—
I have seen one, divinely young, meet Death
Who bade me stand and let my joy depart
Crushed in its morning; but I tremulous start
With deeper terror when, with indrawn breath,
I listen for a footstep by the hearth,
When only vagrant echoes seem to part
The waves of silence: when I watch and wait
For one who does not come though night is falling.
What endless hours the minutes seem when Fate
Turns a deaf ear to all my piteous calling,
Until my voice is hushed, and I am dumb,
Knowing, though I shall wait, he will not come.

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The Blessed Spot

BY ANNA V. HUEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD DENISON

MRS. PARKER presided over the breakfast-table, her plump hands hovering about the percolator, and her solicitous glance alternating between her husband and Grace Ann. To cajole her daughter's elusive appetite, and to surprise Edward with the muffins he liked best, were joys that made her placid face luminous. Mr. Parker's emptied cup had scarcely touched the saucer before she reached for it.

"Well, daddy, what's the news this morning?"

"The usual thing." Mr. Parker folded his out-of-town paper gravely. "A number of young people caught in the week-end raids. Some of them from good families, too."

Mrs. Parker made a clicking noise against her teeth.

"Reverend Bridges was saying, just yesterday, that if all homes were like—well—like ours, such sad things wouldn't happen to young people."

"Pass the muffins, please, mama." Grace Ann lifted her eyes sweetly to her mother's face. They were large, pale eyes, like Mrs. Parker's own. Her red lips, at once soft and wilful, and her curling yellow hair, were part of a young girl's prettiness which Mrs. Parker had once shared.

"Don't forget to eat your egg, dear. He says we haven't any idea of what goes on, living in a quiet place like this."

"Well, it's bad; but some ministers worry more than they need to." Mr. Parker pressed his lips together in a judicial manner. "I think Bridges is one of them."

"Why, Edward!" Mrs. Parker was mildly reproachful. "It's because he knows. He was right about Nan Morgan before the rest of us even guessed."

Involuntarily the Parkers looked at Grace Ann.

"Nan's working, mama. I saw her at the 'Five and Ten,' yesterday."

They noted with relief that she spoke carelessly.

"That's good. It won't be so hard for you to avoid her then—without hurting her feelings, I mean."

"No, mama."

There was silence, a moment too long, and Mr. Parker broke it with jovial intent.

"Well, girls, what's the plot for to-day?"

"The Ladies' Aid meets this afternoon, Edward."

"School for you, of course, baby. How about a movie to-night?"

Grace Ann looked up quickly.

"I can't, daddy." Then because her voice sounded too vehement in her own ears, she added mildly: "I've got to go to the libarry to-night to look up stuff. Excuse me, please, mama. I've got to hurry."

She slipped about the table noiselessly, her hair making a bright curtain as she bent to kiss her mother.

"Right on the bald spot, daddy."

Before he could reach her she was gone.

"Too-de-loo," she called from the doorway. "You always forget, daddy. You must say Pip-pip."

"Pip-pip," repeated Mr. Parker obediently.

She waved gaily and disappeared down the hall.

"I was sorry I mentioned the Morgan girl." Mrs. Parker's eyes filled with tears. It always happened in moments of strain, as in the sad scenes at the movies. "Grace Ann liked her so much. Of course we all did."

"It couldn't be helped, mother." Her husband rose and stretched comfortably. "Why, you haven't finished your coffee."

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"I thought I'd take it on the porch." Mrs. Parker was faintly apologetic.

"That's a good idea."

His spare figure preceded her ample one down the hallway. The vine-shaded porch was cool and restful and he lingered a moment beside his wife's chair.

"Kinda hate to go," he said. "I won't be home this noon. Kiwanis luncheon, you know."

"That's so. Well, come home as early as you can."

"Sure thing." He bent and kissed her smooth forehead.

Mrs. Parker smiled as he moved reluctantly down the steps. She held her coffee untouched so that when he waved at the gate she could wave back.

When she put the emptied cup beside her chair she rocked for several minutes, a long rhythmic movement that sprang from the balls of her feet. It filled her with a pleasant sense of guilt to sit idly at this time in the morning. She could hear Molly moving about in the house, rattling the silver, and humming in a soft husky way.

Mellow, early summer sunshine filled the street, and all the shadows pointed away from her. Her eyes rested proudly on the lawn, rich and green, with flower borders and cement walks. She knew just how her house looked from the gate, its white, wooden pillars and green shutters showing through the trees. How much she had to be proud of; Edward's factory, with his name in electric lights; his position in town—why they wanted him to be mayor, now; and of course there was Grace Ann.

Her mind drifted pleasantly down the list, ready to enlarge on any part of it; but she roused herself with an effort. This was no time for just thinking, when there was so much to be done. Molly was a good girl; but she needed watching. Besides, she had planned to make a sponge-cake for Edward and Grace Ann.

Time, as always, flew for Mrs. Parker. For a few minutes in the afternoon she even thought she could not make the Ladies' Aid; but she did. There were just minutes enough to hurry into her sprigged dimity dress, adjust her hat with its wavy gray plumes, and pin her coral brooch at her throat. The cake was out of the oven and she would be back in time to frost it for supper.

The great trees which lined the street leaned across it to touch each other in a friendly way. Mrs. Parker enjoyed their shade; but she would have enjoyed it more if she had not been persistently accompanied by a picture of Grace Ann in a hot schoolroom, and Edward in an airless office. They were always in her mind. Even when the reports were read at the Aid, she was thinking of them.

After the meeting, there were refreshments, and pleasant chatting among the ladies. In the best of spirits Mrs. Parker started home, so happily preoccupied that she almost ran into a young couple who were sauntering past her house.

It was the Morgan girl, walking with a boy. Red hair under a gay sport hat, skirts that danced far, far above slim ankles, an impudent laughing voice, and eyes that sought her own, boldly!

Mrs. Parker reddened and said, "How do you do," in a breathless fashion.

The Morgan girl said, "Hello, Mrs. Parker," in a jaunty, amused way; and they passed on.

Mrs. Parker was shaken. She was indignant; but even more she was shaken. The girl's manner was flaunting, intolerable! Ever since she had broken off Grace Ann's friendship with her it had been that way. She had done the right thing, though. Every one assured her of that. She couldn't let Grace Ann go with a girl who was said to be "fast."

When she turned in at the gate the familiarity of her own things reached down and enveloped her. No one in town had such luck with flowers as she had. The smell of freshly turned earth greeted her, of mown grass and honeysuckle. The peaceful loveliness of it claimed her, wiping the disturbing encounter from her mind.

Before the mirror in the hall Mrs. Parker stopped to take off her hat. Her hair, touched with gray, was parted and smoothly brushed; her face, plump and pink, looked back from contented eyes. The years had lined it happily, even where they deepened the corners of her soft, uncertain mouth. When she started to the kitchen she walked lightly, for so

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large a woman, suggesting a comfortable abundance rather than overweight.

"Hello, Miz Pakah." Molly beamed her welcome. "Aigs is on the table foh you."

Mrs. Parker tied a white apron about her waist and set capably to work. She moved with nice precision, a heritage of the first ten years of her married life, when she had done all the cooking. That was past now, for the fortunes of the shoe factory no longer fluctuated. Still there were few days in which she did not prepare some favorite dish. It was Mr. Parker's boast that no one could fool him on "mother's cooking," and Mrs. Parker's joy that this was undeniably true.

The front door-bell rang loudly.

"Some one foh you," announced Molly. "I tole him you was busy but he sez he'll wait."

"Oh, dear! This syrup's about to hair. Watch it carefully, Molly. If it's a book agent, I'll settle him."

As she passed through the dining-room Mrs. Parker stopped to straighten the silver at her husband's place. The napkins were the wrong ones! With so much to see to she certainly had no time for agents. At the farther end of the hall stood a man, and she walked toward him determinedly.

"Did you want to see me?"

"The lady of the house? Why—yes——"

The voice broke off and Mrs. Parker stopped. All the placid prettiness fled from her startled face.

The man's face changed, too. He was a little man with full red lips and quick, incredulous eyes. For a moment his expression wavered between surprise and uncertainty, then it slipped into habitual assurance.

"Well, well! Louella Johnson—" He held out his hand, and like a person under a spell Mrs. Parker put out hers. A soft moist palm closed about it. Her knees seemed made of water and she reached for a chair to steady herself.

"Why—Monty—I never thought I'd see you—here." The climbing vine on the wall-paper, the hall-tree with Edward's coat and Grace Ann's other hat, the shining curve of the banister, all turned strange. A background for Monty's face.

"Well, I sure didn't know you was the lady of the house. Say— You haven't changed much. Married?"

"Yes."

He still wore the yellow diamond flashing in the lion's jaw. The derby in his hand was brown, and his suit was brown, too; sharply familiar, like something taken from an old trunk.

"Nice place you got here." His voice rode smoothly on the shivering silence. "Whose your husband?"

"Edward Parker."

"Shoe man?" Monty whistled. "Say—you did pretty well for yourself, didn't you?"

Mrs. Parker made a valiant effort to pull herself together. Mists of apprehension clouded her mind; but her words came mechanically.

"Come into the sitting-room, Monty, and we can talk better."

The walls marched solemnly past her as she walked down the hall. In the sitting-room she raised a heavy hand and pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, Monty, and—and tell me about yourself." Her thoughts groped desperately. Why was she so afraid? There wasn't anything to be afraid of. It wasn't like she'd ever done anything really wrong.

"Nothing much to tell, Louella. Same old round. On the road most of the time, working hard—but—well, I have my fun." His smiling gaze trapped hers. "Every once in a while I get back to the old town. Pretty dead now. You're gone—most of the old gang's gone. Say, we used to have some great times—didn't we—when you was clerking at the Five and Ten—rowing on the river nights—and goin' over to Houghten's place. But you're what's interesting me, Louella, not myself."

His words were like a too familiar touch. Mrs. Parker wet her lips.

"Well, when I went away to work I met Mr. Parker and we got married. That's seventeen years ago now. Our little girl graduates from high school this month."

His eyes seemed to take in everything—her new Wilton carpet and the parlor suite, her books, with the de luxe editions of "The World's Best Literature," and

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"Stoddard's Lectures," and "Court Memoirs."

"Say—now—you're too modest. Got the best house in town, haven't you? Richest man for a husband? Everybody likes you. Church leader, I bet. Regular big toad in a little puddle stuff, huh?" Monty's laugh was smooth and rich and

"I'm afraid it won't be possible," she said steadily.

The mockery of it turned her sick. Edward might come in any minute now. She saw Monty's eyebrows rise. He knew! Still her voice went on, almost carelessly: "How long are you going to be here?"

"Say, we used to have some great times—didn't we—when you was clerking at the Five and Ten—rowing on the river nights—and goin' over to Houghten's place."—Page 714.

very wise. "Say—you're not trying to hide things from your old friend, are you?"

It was almost as if he read her mind, knew what was in it before she did.

"No, of course not." She tried to smile. "Why should I?"

"Why should you, indeed?" Monty laughed again. "Old friend drops in. Interested in your family. Wants to talk over old times." He waited, smiling. "Wants to meet the husband."

That was it! He would talk that way before Edward and Grace Ann. That was why she was afraid. For just an instant fear looked out of her eyes, stark as indecent writing on a whitewashed wall. Then her mind cleared of the mists.

"Well, I don't know." He pursed his lips as he looked at her. "I don't just know, Louella. It depends——"

"On—on business?" Her mind took a great leap as she said that. There must be some way to get rid of him. There must be!

"Yes. Business—as much as anything." Monty creased his trouser legs carefully and settled himself in the chair. "I got to sell just so much, you know."

"What are you selling?"

"Books. Say, I got the finest collection of stories and information for young people you ever laid your eyes on. A regular encyclopædia of knowledge, the equal of a college education, but written so——"

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"How much are they?"

"Twenty-five dollars a set; but we make a very attractive instalment-plan offer."

Monty was carried away by his own eloquence, and as he talked Mrs. Parker's mind labored with unaccustomed speed.

"How many books do you have to sell here, Monty?"

"Well—four sets at least. I haven't placed any yet."

"Four sets." Unbelievable that this calm voice was hers! Right under her hand was Edward's pipe, and across the table was Grace Ann's sack of candy. A minute ago they would have stabbed her; but now they made her brave. They made her talk sure, and made her stiff lips smile. "I'd like to help out an old friend, Monty. I might buy four sets. I could give them away to Mr. Parker's folks. Then you wouldn't need to bother around here."

That last sentence wasn't right, too bald; but time was short. She had to be bald. Already the sun was climbing up the wall to the enlargement of Grace Ann's baby picture. It was like a halo there.

"Well, now, Louella, that's pretty nice of you." Monty's voice was deprecating and his eyelids dropped to cover his surprise. "Pretty darn generous of you. And I don't mind telling you business hasn't been extra lately. Four sets in a day. It'd be a record."

"Then you could get the 'Hummer' out to-night. It leaves at eight-twelve." This was the end of pretense.

"The 'Hummer.' Well, perhaps I might." Monty's thoughtful gaze slid from Mrs. Parker's face to the diamonds on her dimpled hands. "Yes, I suppose I could; but it occurs to me, Louella, it occurs to me that if I did so well in so short a time the boss would say why didn't you stay longer and do more! Then where'd I be?"

"Oh!" Mrs. Parker's heart skipped a beat, but her thoughts sped on. "How many sets would fix you right, Monty?"

"Six. Yes, six would sure do it."

Six sets—twenty-five dollars each—one hundred and fifty dollars; Grace Ann's graduation dress, her presents, and the party she wanted. But what were dresses, or presents, or parties——

Monty misread her silence.

"I might get by with five, Louella, if you think six is too much."

"No." Mrs. Parker shook her head. "It's six. On one condition. You must catch the 'Hummer' out to-night, Monty. You must promise me. On your honor."

"Sure thing."

They looked, unsmiling, into each other's eyes. A wave of sentiment rolled over Monty and he blew his nose violently. "You always was a good kid, Louella. I wouldn't take this—this order—from you if business weren't so darn bad."

"You wait and I'll get the money." Mrs. Parker's tone was as crisp as her muslin dress. Only one thing mattered—to be rid of him. She fairly flew up-stairs to her dresser. There it was, Grace Ann's graduation money.

Monty was waiting in the hall and she pressed the roll of bills into his hand.

"A hundred and fifty dollars," she said breathlessly.

"Thanks. Bein' as it's you, I don't even count them."

"No; but please go."

"You betcha. Don't worry."

"You'll get the 'Hummer' to-night?"

"Sure thing." Monty hesitated. "This ain't my territory any more, so you likely won't see me again."

Mrs. Parker closed the door behind him and leaned against it. The wall-paper, the hat-rack, and the banisters swam together before her eyes.

"Well, Miz Pakah, fer goodnes' sake, what's a matter?" Molly came down the hallway and stopped short. "You is pale ez a ghost."

"It's nothing, Molly." Slowly the blur resolved itself to the outlines of her own things. "Just a light spell."

The hall-clock struck half past five. Mrs. Parker drew a long breath and started down the hall.

"Goodness! The folks will be here soon. We'll have to hurry."

Four blocks down the street, in the public library, another clock chimed the half-hour. Grace Ann Parker looked at it with a little frown. She sat before it with her slim feet twisted about the rungs of a chair and her yellow head bent over a book. Beside her sat another girl, with

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red bobbed hair and dancing eyes. Under the clock a sign said SILENCE, in large black letters.

"Don't be a quitter, Grace." The red-haired girl's lips scarcely moved.

"But I've worked this libarry stuff till I'm scared." Grace Ann raised her book to a more concealing angle.

"But to-night's special, darling. You've got to manage some way. We can be back by eleven."

"Well"—Grace Ann puckered her small mouth thoughtfully—"I'll come down here and phone and tell 'em I'm going home with Lucy. Then they won't care if I'm late."

"All right. We'll meet the boys at the grand stand and go on down the river. We can have three or four dances at Bright's place, anyway."

Approaching footsteps echoed on the tile floor.

"Good night! It's daddy!" Grace Ann turned the pages of her book.

When her father stopped beside her chair, she looked up with a little start of surprise.

"Well, baby. Ready to stop for a while?"

"Yes, daddy." Grace Ann gathered up some papers, smiling at her father with childish candor.

He was thinking how pretty the two bent, girlish heads were, when Nan Morgan looked up at him, too. Her eyes were amused and unabashed; and there was something knowing about her look that made him uncomfortable. It hardened him a trifle, changing his benevolent expression to one judicial.

"Hurry up, baby."

Nan Morgan pushed back her chair noisily.

"I'm off, too, Grace Ann." Then she added, impertinently: " 'By, Mr. Parker."

She did not wait for an answer; but walked out with swinging skirts, thin shoulders back, and head held high. There were two spots of angry color on her cheeks. On the front steps she met her father.

"Hello, kid." Sam Morgan stopped, somewhat uncertainly.

He was the editor of the town's struggling newspaper, almost never sober, with clothes mussed and ink-stained hands. But his red-rimmed eyes seldom overlooked a bit of news. They rested now on Nan's face.

"S'matter? You look mad."

"Nothing," returned Nan briefly.

"What'cha look that way for? Having a fuss with some one?"

"No." She drew back a little as his breath bathed her face. "Oh, father!"

"Somebody hurt your feelin's," persisted Sam.

The door behind them swung open and the Parkers came down the steps.

"Hello." Sam Morgan tipped back on his heels significantly. "So this is it."

"Don't be a fool, father." Nan pulled her wrist away from his hand and walked down the street.

For a moment Morgan was on the verge of following her, then Grace Ann passed him. She drew aside a little as she went by and his eyes narrowed.

"What's the idea, Parker? Kinda uppity, ain't you? You and your girl?" He planted himself squarely in front of Edward Parker. "What'dja say to Nan to hurt her feelings?"

"I didn't say anything to her." Parker was indignant. "Look here, Morgan, you're not yourself."

"Not myself, huh? Dammit! That's no answer. No, siree! you can't get away with that. You whited sepulchre!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean whited sepulchre. Leading business man—rich—no use for poor devils—tryin' to be mayor and lord it over people. I'll stop that— I'll show you——"

"Wait a minute. Grace Ann, you walk on a bit. I want to talk to Mr. Morgan."

Grace Ann, scared but reluctant, obeyed. Her father waited until she had gone several yards before he continued in a lowered tone:

"See here, Morgan, this is no way to talk."

"No, I guess it ain't. No way to talk to the town boss and pillar of the church. But I know things, Parker—the deal you made with McFadden when the bank went bust. And there's other things folks in this town would like to know—when you run for mayor. Business administration— I'll tell the world."

"Wait now, Morgan. You're wrong."

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Mr. Parker's voice was persuasive. "I can't explain things here, though. I'll tell you what you do. Come up to the office to-night, and we'll talk this out—just you and me—see. I've got a little business idea for you, too."

Morgan grinned and stuck a derisive thumb in Mr. Parker's chest.

"You bet I'll come. I'm a reasonable man, I am."

"All right. Eight o'clock."

"Sure. I'm a reasonable man."

Edward Parker turned away with a feeling of sick disgust. Morgan of all men! Smart, lying, drunken, willing to put anything in that dirty sheet of his. Not that he cared about being mayor; but it would hurt the folks to have anything said against him. Well, he could take care of Morgan, all right. Spend a little money for advertising. Anyway, it wouldn't be long before he'd drink himself to death. Nothing to worry about. Just something to handle the right way.

He saw Grace Ann's trim little figure walking sedately in the next block. Her curls were bobbing within their confining ribbon. Little pink and white and gold thing. Just a baby. He hurried until he caught up with her.

"Well, honey, did you get scared?"

"Sort of, daddy. I was afraid he'd hurt you."

"Not him. Men talk a lot when they're drunk. Not nice for little girls." He tucked her cool fingers in the crook of his arm. "Guess we better hurry a bit. It's getting late and mother will be worried."

"Is it? I was so busy I didn't know."

"That's good. I wouldn't like you getting chummy with the Morgan girl. People say she runs pretty wild."

"But I can't help her coming to the libarry, daddy."

"Of course not. I wasn't blaming you a bit. Always be nice when you see her; but—well, you understand."

"Yes, daddy."

"That's a good child." Mr. Parker patted her hand awkwardly. After a moment he added: "Maybe we better not say anything to mother about Mr. Morgan. Might worry her, you know, hearing he'd been drunk and sort of disagreeable."

Grace Ann nodded gravely. They were nearing home now. The big, white house with green blinds stood a little apart from other houses. The lawn was bigger, the grass greener, and its great maples more thickly leaved. The windows and doors were open, hospitable; and Mrs. Parker waited at the gate to greet them.

"Well, mother." It was the beginning of a formula. So was Mrs. Parker's "Well, daddy," and Grace Ann's kiss. Then they moved slowly up the walk with Mr. Parker in the middle making a joke about his two girls.

Outwardly Mrs. Parker was smiling and placid; but inside she seemed made of jelly. If he knew, how could Edward say, "Well, mother," that way. They must never know. She wanted to pray, but it was hard to do it and keep on talking.

There was more of the formula at the supper-table.

"Well, mother, did you tell the ladies what was what?"

"It was the Ladies' Aid, Edward, and they all know what is what." She smiled across the table with pretended reproof. Wonderful that her voice did not shake; that she could smile. She served the asparagus with a steady hand. 'Help me, God,' she was thinking. 'Help me. Help me.'

"Just the same they're always making you president— Ladies' Aid— Woman's Club—everything in town it seems to me." Mr. Parker tried to put Morgan, with his sneers and threats, out of his mind; but the oddest things reminded him of them—the innocent curve of Grace Ann's chin, the way his wife's hair folded about her face. That dirty cur, trying to tell Louella and Grace Ann their daddy was a crook! Well, he'd stop that, all right!

Back and forth they talked, their words slipping easily through the grooves of habit. Between them sat Grace Ann, feeling their presence like something protecting and sheltering, but something that bound, too. They couldn't see how excited she was. If they knew what she was going to do they would be shocked and hurt. Their faces would change and they wouldn't look at her, smiling and proud, like they did now. She couldn't

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Drawn by Harold Denison.

"What's the idea, Parker? Kinda uppity, ain't you? You and your girl?"—Page 717.

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bear to have them change! As she thought of how dreadful it would be, she almost renounced her plan. She would stay with them every minute, forget everything in the comfort of being just Grace Ann.

"I think Grace Ann's working too hard, mother." Mr. Parker had guessed the origin of the cake, and now he smiled expansively upon his family. "You better pick her up at the library and take her to a movie. I've some business to attend to; but I might join you later."

"No, daddy. I can't go, possibly." Revolt stiffened Grace Ann. Crazy to think she could give things up. Nan would be waiting—and the boys—and the river slipping under the moonlight, lapping against the boat. Then dancing, and the ride home with long silences. Nothing could keep her! Nothing! "When I get through at the libarry I got to go to Lucy's and do some work."

"All right, baby. School won't last much longer now." Mrs. Parker's heart was in her throat. She would be alone for an hour. She could see the "Hummer" leave, and be sure——

Some way she got them out of the house, saw them down the steps, down the walk, and then the shade-trees hid them. She waited till eight o'clock before she herself hurried out into the summer dusk.

Across the park she went, past the grand stand, past benches filled with young people. She was only half conscious of them, meaningless voices, figures made of shadow. What had they to do with her?

It was near train time when she reached the station. Baggage was hurried forward, groups of men and women talked under the arc-lights, stray ones wandered up and down impatiently. She couldn't see Monty! The train came roaring in, long lines of lighted windows, noises, peering faces. There he was, in his brown suit and derby, a suitcase in either hand. He was climbing aboard. The train was starting.

"Oh, thank you, God," she half whispered. "Thank you!"

Jubilantly, tirelessly now, she started toward home. On the way she passed within ten feet of Grace Ann.

Grace Ann walked with a boy, her hand on his arm; and as they moved, their young shoulders touched and their talk and laughter broke. When they reached a lonely corner his arms went about her, roughly, hungrily. Through the thin summer darkness she could see his face, changed, alive. Something in her answered him, something frightened, retreating, but never withdrawing. A moment later they sauntered down to the river-bank.

At home Mrs. Parker waited for Edward. It was after ten before he came; he, too, had walked jubilantly, with the taste of victory on his lips. Only when he reached her did he realize that he was tired.

"We'll go right to bed," said Mrs. Parker firmly. "Working all day and all evening is too much."

Mr. Parker agreed, and as he lay stretched beside his wife he smiled in the darkness. It was just a question of handling it right, as he had thought. He slept heavily, and only half awakened when Grace Ann came in.

No one saw her tiptoe down the hall, her hands over her flushed cheeks, her eyes shining, starlike.

"It's just Grace Ann going to bed," said Mrs. Parker.

"That's good." His voice was indistinct with sleep. "Always like to have her in early."

Breakfast next morning was like every other breakfast. Grace Ann was fresh for school and Mr. Parker read aloud from the out-of-town paper. From behind the percolator Mrs. Parker smiled at the two of them happily. Sometimes she stopped to sniff the fragrance of honeysuckle which drifted in through the open window. It was like a benediction.

"Get your work done last night, baby?" Mr. Parker put down the paper.

"Yes, daddy." Grace Ann bent over her plate. Last night! Had it really happened? The wonder of it, and the terrifying sweetness! It seemed unreal now, like a dream. They would never know, these two beside her; and they couldn't ever understand. She was sorry for them, suddenly.

"What say we all go to a movie tonight?" Mr. Parker beamed on them

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both. "Or would you rather do something else?"

"I'd like to stay home." Grace Ann's voice was soft. "I'd like to just stay home with you and mother."

The Parkers smiled at each other, knowingly.

Grace Ann jumped up. She kissed her mother, sweetly, for the pity she had felt.

"Right on the bald spot, daddy."

In the doorway she whirled. "Too-de-loo dears, and also pip-pip."

A flutter of skirts and she was gone.

"Blessed baby." Mr. Parker cleared his throat as he followed his wife to the porch. "Going to have your coffee here?"

"Yes. It's so nice and cool."

Mr. Parker bent and kissed her.

"Come home as early as you can, dear."

"Of course." On the top step he turned. "Say, it was pretty nice, her wanting to just stay home with us."

Mrs. Parker nodded and her eyes filled with sudden tears. She wiped them away to watch Edward down the walk.

At the gate he waved and she waved back. Then with a sigh of utter content she picked up her coffee.

My United States

IOWA

BY F. J. STIMSON

IT was in a soft and open meadow just behind the river hills in Iowa—a country hardly twenty years earlier won from the Indians—and yet it seemed to me, a child of six, immeasurably old. The level Western sunbeams slanted through a forest to the old board house, unpainted, weather-stained—to fall on the few acres of home-grown grass, where the water came from the mossy wooden pipe, let in the hillside. The low hills encircled it, and it was quiet. MacKnight, my father told me, had long since gone away, and the farm was abandoned. High hollyhocks were in the door-yard, but the wild things were already creeping in. I drank of the water, and dreamed, as a child can dream—more easily than a man, for life is still so dreamy—of who was MacKnight, and why had he gone, and had he come before the Indians. I did not know the word, romantic, but I felt the thing. The window was already gone, the roof partly fallen in, and no wreck of tower or ivied window gave me, in later days, on Rhine or Tiber, a deeper sense of immemorial age. I remember that I hated to leave, but the night was falling.

We had twenty miles to go, with the span of black horses, through grass-grown track in forest, then along the still Maquoketa River, so different from a New England clear brown water, black and silent between its high muddy banks, beneath the giant tree-trunks that fell across it dying of old age. No one ever cut them, and so we forded the river and came through a glen between the bluffs to the outer liberties of the city, where the Indians were camped—they were Sioux—and so to the Main Street, where a regiment of soldiers were marching to the "slew" to get the ferry—they were a Minnesota regiment, my father told me, splendid men, "going to save the Union"—for the war between the States was on.

I had not yet known a time when there was not war, or talk of war, my father and my uncle Ben having conducted a vigorous conversation upon it at Detroit that very last month as we were coming home to Iowa from our summer East. The talk began at supper and continued through most of the night, as I judged from sounds below, and might conceivably have ended

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in direct action (for my uncle was a bluff sailor, companion of Richard H. Dana on his famous trip—"Two Years before the Mast") but that he hurried off at dawn to secure the reinstatement of a railroad clerk whose discharge he had insisted upon the afternoon before for failing to expedite a freight-car, my uncle having been, as he explained later, "unable to sleep for thinking of his wife and family." For Ben Stimson, after his two years before the mast, having before that time twice tried to run away to sea and being finally sent off by my grandfather with young Dana to give him his full of it, had got so completely full of it that he settled as far as he could then be from the Atlantic Ocean, which was in those days, Detroit; but the fondness for ships persisted and he had become a shipper on the Great Lakes.

Seeing that my uncle had not been able to sleep, my father magnanimously forbore to clench his conclusion that the Abolitionists were a pack of hasty fanatics determined to break up the Union, or my uncle his conviction that the underground railway to Windsor, Canada, was but an imperfect remedy for the evils of slavery. In those days people who were Unionists were called copperheads, in Boston; yet it was only twenty years since my wife's great-grandfather, Josiah Bradlee, meeting Mr. Edmund Quincy coming out of an Abolitionist meeting in Faneuil Hall, had pulled his ear, with the admonition "never to let him see him come out of such a place again!"

Indian camps were not unusual in the vacant lots outlying Dubuque, which lay at the base of the high bluff where our house stood. I do not remember their having regular teepees—usually common tents, or, in the summer, a pair of crossed poles with a bar across, whence hung their blankets or buffalo-skins. The faces, in the city, were seldom painted, though I remember occasional head-feathers and fringed leggings. There was no shade where they camped, only scanty bushes with a large purple and white bell-shaped flower: I think it was "jimson-weed"—Datura stramonium? No one told me it was poisonous and I am no botanist. (I think with Ruskin of Oxford, that Harvard "might have taught me that fritillaries grew in Iffley meadows," but of course it was my fault. I might have elected botany, geology, natural history; which would have delighted one's life on earth; but I chose to elect metaphysics instead, futile gropings into the Beyond.) But I had as a child no fear, only a friendly interest, for these Indians.

In the spring of 1862 my father made a party for his "house-guests" (what other variety does journalese dialect count?) to go up the river. Up the river—to the very navigable head of Mississippi, the Falls of St. Anthony, St. Paul already named, but still called "Fort Snelling." Four hundred and fifty miles of voyaging, on a lofty, tall smoke-stacked steamboat—not even a stern-wheeler—but open from stem to stern, with a grand saloon of stained-glass windows and all the inward machinery lying frankly open on the forward main deck, for a boy's delight—with the roaring flames fed under the boilers, the great thrust of the pitman and the slide of the piston and the turning of the great mainshaft—and the paddles churning the tawny water—colored like a lion's mane, my New York cousin said. Most of all I watched to see the flames coming out of the two tall chimneys, as I had often seen in pictures; but alas! we had no race; and I suspect that only occurs in the grand moments. So we went up by Dunleith and Eagle Point and La Crosse and Lake Pepin and then bang! and a dull thump, a shock, a strain—and we were upon a sand-bar; but this was best of all—it gave Mississippi steam-voyaging all the charm of a canoe trip—we boys rushed forward to help; two great thrusting poles were hung at the bow all ready; swinging down like catapults, we all lent our weight—even to Eric's and my seven years (but I suspect the kindly mate only permitted this when we were well off the bar)—the great paddle-wheels churned the brown flood to chocolate—and we slid back and off—from four feet of water safely into five—which was what we drew. And Eric and I went back to the ladies with all the swagger of achievement.

Eric was seven and had blue eyes—all I remember of him now—save that he was going with his family—father, mother, perhaps a grandmother, and many sisters—to settle on their farm—ninety miles

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"in" from St. Paul. He was my playmate for a week—for we stopped at many a river town, Prairie du Chien, Winona—these, with the long Lake Pepin, all of the scenery I now remember. But I well remember the smell of the old landing-sheds—where nothing but clean and wholesome wheat had ever yet been stored or shipped—no ore, nor coal, nor slag—the sweet, hard wheat, so wholesome to the taste, so clean to touch! The Northland smelt of it and nothing else—in those far days. And my father told me stories of the upper river; of the explorers and the priests and Winona, the Indian maid. (Did she dive off the cliff into the river for love of some one? I suppose so. The plot has gone from me.) But most I liked to hear, like all children, the truth—how he had driven up to St. Paul alone in a sleigh, over the frozen river; and camped with the Indians, who were friendly, usually on the southern point of some wooded island in the Mississippi. He showed me the very place of one or two such camps (it must have been in the early 50's, just after the Black Hawk War—yet the Indians treated him like a brother). But he told me he had taken with him a case of the finest French cordials (anisette? chartreuse? fine champagne?) as the most condensed and portable form of courtesy to extend to the Indians; and they had never dreamed of such spirits. One drink of each would make an Indian chief my father's friend through life, he said; and I can now well believe it.

But we came to St. Paul one Saturday night. Eric said good-by and went with all his family to settle on what was to be their home—I think the place was called Mankato. But on the Monday morning we heard that on the very night before, Eric, with all his family, his grandmother and his sisters, had been killed and scalped by the Indians. I was sorry, but I do not think I fully knew what killing was. But the ladies from New York were anxious to get away—St. Paul, already a large town, seemed hardly safe to them—and we dropped down the river late that night. Of the return trip I have no memory. I hope I missed poor Eric. Only the sand-bars interested me. They are worse when you go head on down-stream; and so are the snags and sawyers.

But my great interest, after my father's railroad, was the river—leaving out, of course, the dogs. Of them presently. Did ever boy have finer toys? Our house stood high on the bluff—Seminary Hill, I think they called it, and from our piazza and many parlor windows, we overlooked the town and saw full twenty miles straight down the broad Mississippi. Beyond the city were the "slews" (sloughs?), the backwaters, "bogans" of the great river—to the left, the steamboat landing; in those days often a dozen steamboats at a time nosing the beach and their crews rolling hogsheads down planks to the earthen quay. Only a few favored ones had a wooden landing. I think I knew all the steamboats at sight and some by hearing; but the *War Eagle* was always my favorite. She had wonderful, tall stacks, with Corinthian fretted tops and a golden eagle swung between. And from our lawn (whereon one might shoot quail before breakfast) you could see across the Mississippi to Dunleith in Illinois—a town I was told my mother had named. It is called East Dubuque now.

For my father was president of the railroad. It was his child and my pride and joy. He had fathered it from the time he had brought cargoes of rails up-river from New Orleans and spiked them hastily down in one night—one spike per rail—so that they became real estate and passed safely under the mortgage before the "floating" creditors could attach them next day. Like all Western railroads, it aimed to run to the Pacific; and was so entitled "Dubuque and Pacific"—but it never got beyond Sioux City on the Missouri—or, under its own name, Iowa Falls, one hundred and forty-six miles "out"—when it was gobbled, to my father's disgust, by the mighty I. C. Thirty years afterward, in England, I found investments in this, my father's road, in old ledgers of my English friends. I am proud to say that under him, they lost no money. I knew every station on that road, and the three conductors and five engineers, the latter intimately. We had two passenger-locomotives. We were proud of these—the *Platt Smith* and the *Edward Stimson*—of thirty-two tons, no less! and two or three big, sluggish freight-engines and a "shirt-tail" or two

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—the *Vixen*, I think. When running "wild" (without a train) the engineers would often let me go with them. Can there be greater glory for a boy of eight than to sit in the engineer's seat and be allowed (perhaps with some assistance) to open the throttle? Or to whistle (this was the fireman's job), but whistling "never did no harm" and I could pull the rope to my heart's content—saluting every trestle or fence, particularly when the fireman was climbing out over the engine with his oil-can.

Twenty miles west of Dubuque runs the hill-country—the bluffs of the river riddled with the shafts of ancient lead prospectors—then the prairie begins, carpeted still with wild flowers and grasses—hardly a corn-field as I first remember it—wherever there was a settler, we made a station. The novel "Vandemark's Folly" so well describes just what I can remember! Especially one day—spent by me on a farm near Waterloo, whither my father had gone on business—where I first saw farming life. The boys who played with me were called "Israel" and "Jacob"—so they perhaps were not Vandemarks—and as we came home tired, after what seemed a very long day in the corn-fields and the infant orchards, I remember again how the farm, the barn with its weather-beaten boards, not joined quite close, the mossy well-curb, gave me again—as on that day, beyond the Maquoketa—a feeling of something that was not new, but very, very old. I wonder why? I was tired and the sun was setting; and Israel buoyed me up with the promise of a wonderful refreshing drink when we got to the barn. It was my first—and last—taste of buttermilk.

That cannot have been the day, for I was with my father and on a passenger train. But my most vivid recollection of the railroad was the day we were out on the *Platt Smith* nearly to Cedar Falls and returning were chased by a prairie fire. It came up about dusk—we may have started it with our great open inverted cone of a smoke-stack, and burning wood—and it caught us up as we stopped to water. As it grew dark the smoke of it veiled the sunset, and the flames from their pink or fireweed color had turned to crimson and then yellow, and we heard the roar of it beyond the rush of our locomotive. It seemed to gain on us. I got out of the seat, and Jim Northrop, the engineer, jammed the throttle lever back as far as it would go, but I knew it was only marked to "22" miles. I think still it was the greatest natural spectacle I have ever witnessed. I don't think I was afraid. I had confidence in our engine and Jim; nor did I suppose the thing unusual. The fireman pointed downward to the track before us. Our engine was reeling and swaying like a drunken skater; and there ahead of us ran, steadier than we, a lean, black porker. He was running from the fire too; he would not leave the track; we chased him for what seemed miles. I think Jim felt ashamed his locomotive could not catch a pig, and I saw him take another pull at the throttle. But just then, we came to a trestle-bridge across a little run; the pig still would not desert the rails, and I saw him plainly drop to the river between the ties. "He will cut his own throat," said Jim. It seemed to me a sad ending, but I asked no questions, for just then we passed Dyersville, the last prairie siding, and came to Peosta and Julien and the hill-country, where the fire stopped and we were safe.

Julien! Peosta! He was a French trapper—or was it a Jesuit priest?—and she a local Indian princess. There was some romance about them, of course; it is embedded, shrivelled, and hid, like a leaf in an herbarium, in the report of some early case in the Supreme Court of the United States. It was not *Gelpcke* vs. *Dubuque*—he won out in that court finally against a State law impairing the city's debts, fighting stubbornly like any Teuton to the bitter end, and exacting the last penny. I remember him well, a blond German with a pointed beard, sitting in a parlor of the Lorimer House and recklessly twisting a window-shade—wishing, I now suppose, for the court decision. Mathilde lived on Lorimer Avenue, up the long hill beyond the hotel; she was a competent French girl, and must have been our maid, for I used to go to see her often. Was old Julien the reason there were still French in Dubuque? The Germans came in later and choked them out—"Jo" Rhomberg, who kept a beer

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saloon, but whose name was really Francis Xavier, taught me to play bowls.

My first teacher was an Irish priest, Father Nolan. He taught me to read; and I was very fond of him; he lived in the Catholic seminary beneath our house. I suppose there must have been no appropriate private school; consequently my father sent me to him; he had a class of a dozen boys, among them Israel and Jacob above mentioned, who used to come in from the prairie, through the snow, with their dinner in a bag with their books—I still recall the taste of those frozen sausages. The thermometer thought nothing of going to thirty below in Dubuque for a week at a time—in such weather, was anything ever more glorious? I could coast from our garden gate half a mile down the road to the very gates of the big brick seminary. I had a wonderful sled, varnished for me by my friend, the engineer, with a picture of our engine on the seat. Afterward, in New England, it was scorned as not a practical coaster, being of high clearance, quite seven inches, not "clipper" but open-worked sides, with much top trimmings and gilding, and even cunning swans' beaks to the prongs in front; but it did well enough for the straight road down the bluff. I never went off the side, and was down in five minutes. And afternoons Dennis with the span of long-tailed horses, would stop with the sleigh, and tow me back. So I learned to read and a little to write. Father Nolan gave me no religious instruction and I cannot remember that we ever went to church. But my English nurse "Mim" made me learn the short psalms by heart.

Playmates, I had few. There were May and Alice Rogers—my best friends—and their brother Tom, and "Jack" Adams. May turned literary too, like me; and perhaps Adams lived to be chairman of the Republican National Committee in Harding's campaign. But we were miles across the city, and no children near me, except a Southern family of Wilsons, who used to surprise me by having dinner in the evening. Dogs were my playmates—but of them, last. I wandered sometimes alone over the hills, strewn with old rocks, honeycombed with holes and charming little caves, wherein we could roast potatoes. The valley in front ran northward, wide and green below the westward hills, and I remember (so impressionable is a child to landscape) its loveliness in one warm spring afternoon, snows just gone, the ravines interlaced with silver skeins of brooks. Then there came sharp cracks, and a hurtling as of little missiles flying across it below me. It was a regiment at rifle practice—for the war seemed always with us—and driving down, we passed them, swinging along to camp, with their rifles on their right shoulders—husky fellows, blond or brown—another Minnesota regiment, my father told me. And my boyish heart leaped with patriotism.

But, alas! Soon after I was led to treason. There was a girl, Virginia, some five years older than I, a niece, I think, of General Lee. (We afterward stayed for a hot August fortnight at the old brick house in Alexandria, a town of antique aristocracy like what our Salem then was, but with grass growing in its cobbled streets, and "Robby" Lee was driving a horse-car—they said—for a living. And her father and mine were friends. I went to the church there with its tablet to "George Washington, Vestryman.") These Virginia friends, Virginia's father being old, had come to Dubuque—and one day I drove with Dennis to the railroad office in great triumph, waving a newspaper, which told how the *Merrimack* had sunk all the Yankee ships. But the next day the *Monitor* had won; and my father told me how the great *Minnesota* had run aground. She was in command of an old Dedham friend, Commodore Van Brunt. And the *Cumberland* had gone to the bottom with her flag still flying. This must have shaken my allegiance a little. Yet I was still "secesh" when we went to New York that summer. My first remark of greeting to my three boy cousins (the eldest two were about my age and I loved them more than anybody but their mother and my father) was to assert that one Virginian could whip three Yankees. A trial experiment was made forthwith, and the consequences were most disastrous to me, though both my father and uncle displayed an amusement that I thought most unseemly. Yet by the next summer, I must

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have been reconciled, for I well remember the hot July 4th in the darkened parlor of the Dedham hotel, when we all gloried in the news from Vicksburg and from Gettysburg. Perhaps this was because of my visit to my cousin George Perry, an officer in his camp, at Readville near by—but no, for he was wounded at Ball's Bluff, and never recovered. It looks painfully as if it was the Massachusetts air. I was union in summer, and "secesh" in winter, varying with the atmosphere about me. Yet I remember wearing a Bell-and-Everett medal in Dedham in 1860, when every one else was wearing Lincoln-and-Hamlin. Can it be because Mr. Everett had visited us in Dubuque? Coming down to breakfast one morning I had found a white-haired and dignified old gentleman at the table—"Mr. Everett," my father introduced me. I suppose he was there on a lecture tour, but I well remember his surprise (which seemed to me disproportionate) at our breakfast china. It was a set of Sèvres, painted after (or by) Watteau, and I was familiar with every shepherdess, and I remember even now how each rose-bush looked under buttered toast. But Mr. Everett could not dissemble his amazement at finding so rare a set of civilized crockery in the wilds beyond the Mississippi. He was too polite to inquire, so my father told him how he had bought it in Paris off two men who, in the Revolution of 1848, were conveying ("convey," the wise do call it) two sacks of loot from the Palace of the Tuileries. Strangely enough, hardly a piece of this breakfast set had been broken. Alas, not much of all the sacks' contents now remains to us—a few Louis Philippe bowls and pitchers, and luckily, rarest of all, his portrait that Pius the Ninth gave to the Queen of France. Instead of a painted picture, it is cut wonderfully in crimson and white crystal; with the Papal Arms on the other side and the date (1847) beneath. The glass is so strangely light that it is said to have fallen to the floor and bounced without breaking, and neither at Cluny nor at Hertford House is any glass to match it. It was taken, they said, from the queen's bedroom. A great lady collector of such things in Boston so much admired it that, although she was my friend, I thought it not wise, as with her prototype of Este, to leave her much alone with it—as our own title to the glass was none too good.

Society in Dubuque, in the early sixties, was picturesque, and it was not one bit like Main Street. Its tone was rather aristocratic and distinctly Southern. Then there was surely (or do I read into a boy's recollection what I now think at seventy?) some aroma of French, or even Spanish, tradition lingering about.* Doubtless, some Southerners, like Virginia's old father, grandfathers with young children, had come there from their invaded homesteads, knowing that in St. Louis and Dubuque there was a strong Southern feeling. There was Squire Jones, who had a wrought-iron gate that opened automatically on a spring in the roadway without your having to get out of your carriage. Fifty years later an English earl lamented to me that he could never find such a contrivance in England. Then there was the rich lawyer, Platt Smith. No one from the Middle West (as it was then called) except, one night, I remember a small family coming in the rain to our house—mother and sister and son, I think—and my father told me they were friends from Ohio. They were in wet travelling-wraps, and I can even now remember that, with a child's (or a dog's) limitation, I thought them rather dingy people. I did not vision that they came of a people that was to rule my United States for most of my life. Was the young man to become our famous Iowa Senator Allison? I know my father first employed him, and he was always a friend. The boy was certainly very silent, and broke no eggs that night.

No, Dubuque was not in 1864 one bit like Main Street. Nor was Dedham, Massachusetts. Is Main Street merely

* I was raised in a country which had been France. Before that it had been Spain. A fascinating thought; and to-day in our beautiful American place names, you may find that history. For you start in Massachusetts—a country all English—not only that, but the names of the towns all about come from Suffolk and Essex—Dedham, Sudbury, Newton, Framingham—and you travel from Massachusetts west in a country still English as to the towns, but the river and hill names Indian, through a wedge of French (Champlain, Chateaugay) till you get into Dutch New York. Beyond the Alleghanies, the French names begin again and they last with the Indian names till well beyond the great Mississippi Valley. Where do the Spanish names begin? Hardly east of Colorado. Place names are a fascinating study and we have thus the loveliest and most interesting nomenclature of any country in the world, excepting only the horrible neoclassic names and the "News" and the "-villes."

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the twentieth century? Or is it localized in the now Middle West? But the Middle West spreads east, in accent as in other things; perhaps the deadly social danger of any democracy is standardization, conformity. Yet conformity was a marked characteristic of Victorian England.

Well, leaving the cackle and coming to the 'osses, there were pretty girls and stately dames in old Dubuque. I don't think (as in Spain and most Latin countries) dinner-parties were usual, but there were balls and parties. A party differed from a ball, in that the latter was given in a public hall. The life was a mixture of the frontier and civilization. Forty years later, dining at the home of a hospitable Spaniard, in the city of Paranà, I have seen an interior and a service and a room, even to the very ornaments on the mantelpiece—and open-hearted manners and simplicity of breeding—but tinctured with exactly that provinciality that I remembered in the houses in Dubuque, Iowa.

The first (and only) party at which I was permitted to assist was given in our own house. My father and my cousins were all to leave for the East the next morning. As I can see it now, it looked much, as to dress and appearance, like those old engravings of receptions in the White House, hostess Dolly Madison. I doubt not the actual dresses of many of our friends dated from then. I well remember that of one Southern lady with a nodding head-dress of ostrich feathers—the first (and last) I have ever seen; with her chest semicircularly bare. There was no dancing, but one of the ladies sang. I was sent to bed before the supper, with the promise that some ice-cream should be sent up to me. But I tossed restlessly, in my first attempt at sleep. I heard the piano and the lady singing. It seemed to me all screams and trills—doubtless an instructed coloratura. I half fell asleep. They woke me up with a plate of half-melted chocolate ice-cream and, strange to say, I did not want it.

I had been out all that day on our lawn and terraces with the dogs. We revelled in the deep snow. There were three banks on the slope before the house, three lovely bounces, as one coasted down, the dogs barking joyously at one's side. The snow was deep and it took many trips to wear a trail. They were Bruno, and Ponto, and Spinky, and I lived with them on terms of equal intimacy. Ponto was, of course, a pointer; Bruno, a noble Newfoundland, and Spinky, a pert black-and-tan. We had our tiffs, and we made alliances—dual ententes—that day it was me and Bruno. So when I was tired, Bruno took me to his lair, behind the woodpile—and the other two barked futilely outside. Then we coasted some more, and then another rest, in a snow-cave. This time all three dogs got in, and Ponto brought his bones. I knew they were his, and so did the other dogs. We made no attempt to molest him. But when I got up to coast again, Bruno did not want to go. The others had strayed out, but he said something to them, and they would not go either. We understood each other's language, but they could give no reason. So we all went into the house, and my governess said I was soaked through.

The night seemed to last forever. At last I woke, and looked about me. The ice-cream was gone. I looked through the windows—what? The lilac-bush before it was in blossom. A few days before it had been Washington's Birthday, I remembered, and the very day before I had coasted in full four feet of snow. I tried to cry out, but my voice was feeble. Yet the governess came running in, and I heard her cry out. The good doctor came in—Doctor Horr—and after that he came to see me every day. Up until then he had been there all the time, for not only had I been ill for months with "lung fever," but my father too. They had not telegraphed him the first day, and he had got to New York, then taken the train at once to return. There were at that time seventeen changes of trains between New York (or Boston) and Dubuque. He told me he had tried for years to get a single line in Boston's interest to the Mississippi; but already the greater foresightedness of New York had seized upon a necessary link; and the fever of excitement, and the agony lest he should lose some connection, brought on "brain fever." This is what they called such things then, and "fever" is after all more vivid than, and as explanatory as, to stick

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(as doctors now do) an "itis" on the other end, and call it bronchitis, or some other kind of "itis," which impresses the ignorant—but is in reality merely the Latin word for describing the organ where the inflammation is, which inflammation in itself they do not understand nor can either explain or cure!

We convalesced together, my father and I—I quickly, he more slowly—from beef tea to unswallowed steak, and we conversed of many things. When he was stronger, he told me tales. So I first learned the whole of "Rob Roy" and "Guy Mannering" in the primitive fashion, from a bard's recital. To-day the movie has to do the job; but I think my father's way was better. And incidentally he talked; we both had been so ill, that he told me he thought he would retire. I did not then know what this meant (he was barely forty) but supposed it meant going East.

The last day before we left, the good doctor brought me a new wild flower. Every day he had brought one, and told me its name—Latin and English. This flower was very lovely, like a blue tulip with a golden heart. "This is the *anemone patens*," he said. "Do you know what day it is?" "Saturday." "Yes, and to-morrow is Easter Sunday—do you know?" "The day our Saviour rose," I said. "Yes, and this is the Easter flower, and I want you always to remember it, for you are going away from us on Monday."

And so it is that Easter flower that is my last memory of Iowa.

Jimmie Enters into His Inheritance

BY RUTH M. STOLTZ

WHEN school closed in June, Jimmie Ryder's Sunday-school class almost disintegrated. The teacher, Mr. Martin, left for study at an Eastern university, and Jimmie and the rest of the boys were handed from one substitute teacher to another. One by one the boys dropped out until the corporal's guard that remained dolefully informed one another: "I only come 'cause mom makes me." So in September, as Rally Day approached, Director of Religious Education Markham was frankly puzzled.

"What is to be done with that class of twelve-year-olds I do not know," he confessed to his wife. "Martin is staying on at Columbia for the winter, and I can't find another suitable teacher."

"Why don't you ask Mrs. Winters to teach the class? You know—the Winters who have leased the old Mears' place. I know you like men teachers for boys of that age," she added hastily, reading the doubt that was arising in his mind; "but I heard her talk at Friendly Society once, and I thought she had ideas."

And largely because he could hit on no better plan, Mr. Markham went to call on Mrs. Winters. To his relief, she agreed to take the class. His satisfaction was tempered by dismay, however, when he questioned her in regard to supplies.

"I don't care for a text," she assured him. "We will use just the Bible—the King James version—if you don't mind. There are some things I'd like, though. Let me see,"—she jotted down some notes and handed him a list. "I should like these things for a start, and perhaps a little later some more advanced material."

Mr. Markham stared at her list—two dozen sheets of Bristol board, six packages of Crayolas, five pounds of paper pulp, two packages assorted colored papers. "I'll see that you get them," he rejoined feebly.

"And for a few Sundays, at least, I would like to keep the boys until the closing bell. We really need the extra quarter of an hour," she said as she ushered him out.

When the boys clattered into their classroom, the Sunday following Rally Day, they found on the table a map, but a map infinitely more interesting than the

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ones in the school geography. Here were stretches of blue, great inland seas, no doubt; and tawny reaches of sandy desert, while ringing the desert round and stretching from gulf to sea lay a half circle of velvety green, broken here and there by highlands and plateaus. Struggling north from the desert to the green crescent was a little procession of tiny figures, men and camels.

"Have you learned to read a map, boys?" Mrs. Winters, coming in behind them, leaned over the shoulders of the boys who clustered around this delightful version of geography. And the boys' shyness was forgotten, as they listened for forty-five minutes to the thrilling history of the Fertile Crescent and the part it has played for thousands of years in the lives of men. Ever, up from the desert, came nomadic tribes, battling for its possession, gaining a foothold here or there, only to be thrust out by some more powerful enemy. The boys listened, hearing the story of the oldest economic urge, the struggle for food.

"What's this got to do with Sunday-school?" Dick Evans muttered in Jimmie Ryder's ear as they tramped down the stairs.

"Don't know, but she asked us to bring Bibles next time. Thought it was kinda fun, didn't you?" Jimmie answered, as they pushed open the swinging door that led out into the street.

The second Sunday the boys read from their Bibles the story of one such migration, the travels of Abraham, and as they read, Dick moved the tiny figures on the map, from Ur of the Chaldees, up the valley of the Tigris to Haran, thence to Canaan and Egypt and back to purchase a harborage in the Promised Land. Just here the boys listened to a talk on patriarchal life, and measured the efficiency of the patriarchate by their own city government. Mrs. Winters halted their discussion to suggest the two great evils of the system—slavery and polygamy. Gradually the boys evolved a notion of Semite ethics four thousand years ago.

When they read the story of the division of territory between Lot and Abraham, the boys scoffed at Abraham's weakness in allowing Lot the fertile valley, while he himself chose the arid highlands. But Mrs. Winters reminded them of the story of the gallant Highlanders in Scotland, and stopped to point some parallels in the history of all mountaineers—to note their ruggedness of character and the definition of their racial traits by the isolation their surroundings enforce.

Mrs. Winters asked the class to come to her home Friday evening of that week, and while the boys popped corn and cracked nuts at the big fireplace, she told them tales of the Scottish chiefs and border warfare. "Just like the war of the four kings against the five!" Jimmie Ryder exclaimed, and Mrs. Winters nodded. Jimmie hunted for the chapter and read aloud the story of Lot's capture and Abraham's pursuit until vengeance was wrought.

After the boys had followed the doings of Abraham for three Sundays, Mrs. Winters talked to them of the difference between this little group of Semitic tribesmen and all others who had assailed the Fertile Crescent; how endowed they were with religious genius, a genius that redeemed the race from barbarism and that slowly evolved the idea of monotheism. By degrees the boys learned to interpret the history of the Hebrews in the terms of their awareness of Yahweh, as they groped through a night of superstition and fear.

Following the patriarchal days came the story of famine, that grim spectre of desolation always so near Oriental life, and the subsequent captivity in Egypt. That gave an opportunity to revive the boys' ideas of Egyptian culture, held over from the Tut-Ankh-Ahmen discoveries, and they pored over the rotogravure sections of the newspapers and the colored plates of magazines in their effort to link the Bible story with secular history. The exodus from Egypt formed the basis for another map, and the boys plotted the curves of the migrations with comparative ease. At last they were learning to read the Bible with their imaginations, and the story of the Hebrews' final assault on the Fertile Crescent and their struggle to establish themselves permanently aroused real enthusiasm.

Early in the year Mrs. Winters taught the boys to read—not alone to relish the sounding phrases of the King James version, but to read intelligently—an entire story at a sitting, regardless of verse and

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chapter restrictions, that none of its flavor might be lost. Now and again, she explained to the boys that Oriental forms of speech permitted a frankness which Western conventions forbade, and the growing grace in the boys' hearts enabled them to make a wordless assent. But never once was Mrs. Winters guilty of juggling her text, to conjure up some pious comment or wrest a moral therefrom. The boys' understanding had suffered enough from that. As clearly as possible, she pictured the times and peoples and the slowly developing reason of the boys passed judgment. Judicious work with animated maps employed their fingers and placed the Hebrews definitely in space. Pictures allocated them just as definitely in time.

The winter saw marked achievement by Jimmie Ryder's class. The Iron Age, when judges ruled in the land, was illumined by stories of sacrifice for the common good, of patriotic zeal for the fatherland. The boys learned by heart, almost in spite of themselves, Jotham's fable of the trees and savored at once its message of good citizenship. Then came the founding of the kingdom, in answer to the people's demand, and the unification of the tribes. The boys would have lingered overlong on the tales of David's outlaw days, tales like those of Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest, as Mrs. Winters pointed out. Then unrolled the magnificence of the Golden Age of Solomon. For just the same reason that they liked the "Arabian Nights," the boys revelled in the account of the navy of Solomon, bringing cargoes of "gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks." But the extravagance of the court brought ruin and the ancient battle-shout went up, "To thy tents, O Israel!" The fortunes of the divided kingdoms the class traced through Kings and Chronicles, marking the rise of those true heroes of the Hebrews, the prophets. Sargent's "Frieze of the Prophets" helped the boys to visualize these stern mentors of the people, and twelve-year-olds are touched by stories of martyrdom for ideals.

Before the summer had come the boys had read the story of the Babylonian exile, and Mrs. Winters had talked to them of the mysterious alchemy that had wrought upon the Hebrews, transforming them from a nation half surrendered to idolatry to a people sternly opposed to the least encroachment of paganism. The last flare of Jewish nationalism appeared in the revolt of Judas Maccabeus, who fought his fight for liberty against tremendous odds. Mrs. Winters closed the year's work on a note of expectancy with the message of the Messianic hope that had come in the midst of pain and woe to cheer a downtrodden people. So the boys were prepared for the emergence from the historical background of the Jewish race, the completion of the law, the culmination of prophecy, of the true Hero, Jesus Christ.

The class had been successful, as it was bound to be. The boys had not read all of the Old Testament; portions of it they could not understand, and such reading was naturally deferred until their mature years. But their selected readings had been chosen with one end in view—a vision of the continuity of the Bible. That had been Mrs. Winters's greatest contribution to the class. With this sound basis, the boys could be trusted to go forward. Never again would they judge a people slowly and painfully emerging from barbarism by the ethical standards of the twentieth century. Never again would they look upon the Bible as a "Lives of the Saints." Gradually the boys arrived at appreciation of the miracle that is Hebrew history.

It is not the primary purpose of the Sunday-school teacher to implant a system of morals in the child mind. That life is under-motivated which serves only an ethical code, however strictly regulated. The real business of the teacher, the test by which he stands or falls, is the help he is able to give the child toward self-realization. How better may such a business be served than by a candid study of that book out of which are the issues of life?

Jimmie Ryder had at last entered into his inheritance—a knowledge of the English Bible, the birthright of every English-speaking child. Not a Bible deleted and devitalized, but a Bible instinct with life, whose honesty and candor begets like-mindedness; whose beauty is matchless among literatures; whose destiny is divine.

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Class

BY VALMA CLARK
Author of "The Director's Brother," "Candlelight Inn," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES REYNOLDS

HIS impression of the house was not favorable. His first encounter with its mistress was outside anything in his experience of interviews. The angular-looking maid had simply lifted her voice and bellowed: "Miss Tait!"

"Aye, aye!" came the response from overhead, and Bloomer, gazing roofward, saw a little, pale, young-old face with a wispy ruffling of light-brown hair peering down through the cherry boughs at him. "You're answering my advertisement for a chauffeur?"

"Yes, madam."

The maid had brusquely withdrawn. Bloomer stood aside, and endeavored not to watch. She achieved the crest of the roof, and then she sat and slid—simply slid—down its sharp slope.

On solid ground, Miss Tait made an easy recovery from her awkward feat. She showed no embarrassment—nothing but an entirely natural poise and composure. She stood, a little nondescript person with a dowdy girlishness, and she lifted her eyes to Bloomer's and considered him. "What is your name?"

"Charles Bloomer," he replied.

"You understand that the position is very temporary? For just a month or six weeks?"

"Yes, madam."

It was not his type of place. The little rusty shingle house in its rank smother of flowers and its backwater location was posed, in his vision, against the sweeping and gravelled estates of adjacent gay resorts—magnificent driveways, specifically private, which Bloomer, in all the glory of full livery and the most *de luxe* motorcars in the market, was accustomed to take with a proprietary flourish. . . . The little, dim, cramped hallway was set against the grilled grandeur of more adequate front entrances. . . .

With his record and his references, heaven knows there were plenty of first-class positions open to him. But Bloomer's ambition had long been centred upon Mrs. Llewelyn Smedburg—*the* Mrs. Smedburg, wife of the big oilman, with half a dozen cars of assorted extravagant makes in her garage. The lady was at present in Europe. She would return at the end of the month, and Bloomer was confident that she would then take him on. Meantime, this little temporary job would fill the gap.

"In here, please." The room was a frazzle of papers blowing in a light wind. Miss Tait fluttered here and there gathering them up. "I do a bit of writing. I'm restless when I'm not doing it, but—I should be taking a complete holiday. This 'red-light district' ruling—what's your opinion—?" She had her back turned to Bloomer's horrified stiffening. "But no, never mind," she sighed; "don't start me."

She dropped into a chair, gave him her complete attention. Her eyes . . . they were both gay and gentle, with an intelligence of understanding, a sympathy almost fluid. Bloomer felt that she was sizing him up, and he was confident. He stood before her, a splendid specimen of stalwart manhood. He knew just how far his male beauty was an asset and how far it was a detriment; he understood that it got him jobs, and that it sometimes lost him jobs. The architecture of body—it was a figure to enhance a uniform, such a figure as occurs most frequently among chorus men and chauffeurs—overshadowed the face.

But the face, too, was significant. He should have been a cattle-red blond, but was, instead, a brunet. Dark hair, dark eyes, supercilious dark eyebrows. After the first shock, his darkness seemed the

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only right thing; it gave accent to his disdain. And it interfered in no way with the scheme of solid, flawless male beauty. Nose, mouth, cleft chin—his features were all regular and quite perfect. His expression was fixed in conscious superiority, invincible correctness.

"You are married?"

"No, madam."

"And why not?" she wondered, more to herself than to him.

He said: "I've never met a woman who wouldn't rough up my plans."

"Ah, you are ambitious!"

He waited. This personal interest in him was gratifying—but why didn't she come to the point? Since she showed no indication of interviewing him, Bloomer interviewed her: "What car?"

"A Frankard," she replied. (It was better than he had hoped.)

"Six, or eight?"

"Which?" she wondered.

"Cylinders," he snapped.

She hadn't counted; really, she knew very little about machinery. He'd have to look for himself.

To his stipulation of terms she casually agreed. She did not ask for references, but Bloomer passed them out to her. She scanned one or two of them.

"That," he mentioned, "is Mr. Oswald Doty, the philanthropist. Money, but queer business connections. His car was a Cadillac touring after open cars had gone out. I hinted for a new one, but he didn't take it, and so I gave notice."

"Oh?"

"Yes. And Mrs. Phipps-Snoddys. Her personal car was a Pierce-Arrow sedan painted cream and black and upholstered in cream broadcloth. It certainly got an eye when we curved up to a big hotel. She got bitten by the antique bug. It was all right as long as she stuck to glassware, but when she went in for furniture, and we used to turn up on Fifth Avenue with whole beds strapped onto the running-board—well, a traffic-officer put us off the Avenue once, and that was the end for me. . . . This last was the Cowperthwaites. That was my first foreign car; a Knight-engined Panhard."

"And why did you leave them?" she prompted.

"Well, the Cowperthwaites have a daughter," he hesitated. "I don't go with that sort of thing, for a man in my position."

"But mightn't you go farther in the long run?"

"Not a chance—in the long run. Look at the sad tales of chauffeurs who have married rich girls! I've been chauffeur," Bloomer ended, with his nearest approach to humor, "to everything but a title, and some day I'll make that grade. Meantime—I guess I'm pretty well qualified to handle *your* wheel."

Bloomer agreed that he could go to work at once. His room was above the garage, she said, and she led him out to his first view of the successor to Mrs. Cowperthwaite's Knight-engined Panhard. Bloomer stood aghast. It must be her idea of a joke!

But no, she was still looking at him with that improper interest in him as an individual rather than a chauffeur. If she had failed to mention that her Frankard was of the vintage of 1910, it was because she was simply not impressed by the fact. But great suffering Christopher! Bloomer stared at that pile of entertaining junk, that masterpiece of antiquity: spare tires on the running-board; the high, rectangular wind-shield braced with long steel rods; outside crank-handle for the human arm to operate; brass lamps, built carriage style with handles, and set high to sweep the ether rather than the road. . . . The whole turnout done in the toplofty manner of those first horseless vehicles which showed so strongly the coach influence. At the vision of himself taking to the Long Island turnpikes in that comedy of a motor-car, Bloomer's lip curled, his blood chilled. She didn't—she couldn't expect him—*him*——

But she did. She took it quite for granted. "Will it run?" she asked him merrily. "That's the only requisite."

"The uniform," he muttered weakly.

"Uniform? Oh, yes. . . . I should think you might find it in the wardrobe up-stairs. I've rented it, you see, so I'm not quite sure."

"Rented——?"

"Uniform—car—house. For a month or six weeks. It's my spree—*you're* my spree," she laughed.

Left alone, Bloomer subsided onto the

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mud-guard of the relic. . . . He'd not go through with it! He'd go now and break it to her . . . well, gently. But he was curiously reluctant. There was something about her . . . her eyes. . . . What-the-deuce color were her eyes? He would notice the next time. It is significant that Bloomer, while he remained strongly aware of her eyes, never did, in all his weeks there, fix their color.

He took it out in a strong complaint concerning the uniform. He carried that in to Miss Tait; showed her the moth-holes at a crucial place in the breeches.

Miss Tait giggled out: "You leave it here. I'll mend it myself. I'll mend it so it never will show—honor bright!"

Bloomer retired. His disapproval was expressed in the reared flatness of his back, the stiff curve of his leather leggings. He did not respect a mistress who showed undue consideration for her servants; he had only scorn for one who would undertake a menial labor for him.

At dinner that night he had the cook's and the angular maid's version of their mistress. They had been rented to this Miss Sally Tait along with the house. Having hoped for a lengthy vacation with pay and been disappointed, they were divided between resentment against their regular employer and loyalty to her in the face of this invader.

Bloomer might have combined with them in disapproval. But they were common creatures of the middle-class kitchens, he decided. He heard them—and snubbed them. "In places where *I've* worked—Mrs. Cowperthwaite's, Mrs. Phipps-Snoddys'—the servants," he stated, "do not hash over their employers." This was certainly far from truth, but it was a good, lofty line.

"Well, I'll be smashed!" said cook. The chop, which she was sawing with both elbows, escaped from her plate. Bloomer rose. He strode straight to the swinging door which led to the dining-room, murmured, "I beg your pardon . . ."

"Come in."

The blinds were partly closed, and she sat in twilight and candle-light. Her dress, of some silver-shot green stuff, was from a second-rate *modiste's*, if not a department store, his experienced eye judged; and the soft blow of light-brown hair with its sliding topknot was anything but coiffured; but her throat and arms had come out a fuller white than he would have expected, and her shoulders took their sleevelessness with an easy, rounded poise. Even Bloomer got the pathos of her little solitary play at swank. Dinner-dresses and service were out of her usual line, he surmised. . . . But, hang it all, if she didn't put on the proper air!

"I'll have to ask for a separate table, madam."

"You mean Celia and cook? You won't eat with them? Why ever not?" She placed her elbows on the table, her chin on her clasped hands, and turned up to him her soft, bright regard.

Bloomer was vaguely uncomfortable. "A chauffeur isn't just ordinary domestic help! Mrs. Cowperthwaite didn't ask us better-class servants to eat with the chambermaids and the kitchen mechanics. It's a distinction which *you* couldn't be expected to——"

"And so you enlighten me. Thank you, Bloomer. I *am* just no end interested. But—you are anxious to keep these artificial barriers of class? You want Mrs. Cowperthwaite to keep to her pedestal. . . . And, in turn, you practise her identical snobbery upon the fellow next below you. It absolutely fits into my theory—that it's not the upper classes so much as the lower classes who insist upon the sharp lines of division. It's not my lady so much as my lady's maid."

She whiffed at the flame of a candle, and the light wavered over her, so that the silver of her gown turned to green, and the green to silver; and on her face the earnestness was shot with mirth, and the mirth with earnestness. "Look, Bloomer! I offer you an interesting experiment in levelling these social barriers! Let's get together! I'm not Mrs. Cowperthwaite, but—will you sit here—now—and have peach cobbler with me?"

"Madam!"

"I hope, Bloomer, that it's nothing personal? I hope you'd turn down Mrs. Cowperthwaite as firmly as you turn down me."

"Madam, you show that you are not of the class that's used to handling servants.

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But while you play at being a mistress, you've got to keep up the standards. Anything else is as hard on the help as it is on you—harder."

"Bloomer, I back you out—let's both of us make the supreme effort! Let's you and I eat peach cobbler with Celia and cook! What say? Still no? Oh, very well—wait! Listen, Bloomer, you eat alone—I eat alone—Celia and cook eat alone, if they wish. Four separate tables—and we'll keep up our potty little class distinctions, or we'll bust. That suit you? But I'll tell you this—it's what's wrong with the country—it's what's wrong with the nations. We've got to stop thinking that way before we'll stop being that way— No, wait! There's a window in here that sticks—you can get your strong right arm beneath it. And there's a man named Depew who's written something on *equality* which I intend to read you."

Bloomer stalked after her. He refused a seat, but stood opposite her, with rigid disapproval, while she read on and on. His disapproval wearied at last. He was listening, not to the dull words, but to the soft drift of her voice. Her arms, in that shadow, looked delicately bruised . . . sweet, soft arms, womanly as the argument of her words was not. . . . Once he caught the sneaking glimmer of that girl Celia's face back there in the shadow of the hall—an expression of critical curiosity. Bloomer notched up his slipping disapproval. It wouldn't do—he'd have to step carefully——

But a moon with a flattened side—like a raised goblet of yellow wine just tipped in a toast to the night—was moving up the window, above her green-and-silver shoulder. Miss Tait turned and saw it. She sprang up, and flung down the book. "Come on! I've some night things to do! Two custard-colored hollyhocks to be tied up with string—and the box hedge to be clipped with a giant scissors. . . . Box should always be cut under a moon—did you know that, Bloomer?"

The grass was too long. "Your skirt's in the dew," he muttered; "I'll mow it in the morning."

"No, it's not in the contract. Besides, you couldn't cut it without beheading all the johnny-jump-ups; those pert-looking junior pansies that grow down in the smother of it—have you noticed? And besides—what's the wreck of a skirt and silver slippers in a good cause?"

"Cause?"

"Beauty! . . . Bloomer, my dear, the queerest thing. I stirred up conversation with a junk-dealer this morning—an Oriental Jew, delightful character. His ideas on the market value of beauty——"

"You oughtn't," stated Bloomer with an outer coldness to cover a curious inner warmth, "to be taking up with every Jew ragpicker!"

"I didn't engage you to curtail my personal liberty," she sighed. "Please—please!—don't try to do it; I need every ounce of freedom that I can squeeze into this next month."

But she smiled at him; her eyes merged with his. She lifted her face to the moon, then—lifted her arms as though to rhythm. For a moment Bloomer thought that she was going to dance—and perhaps sing—there in the moonlight. But she did neither. She simply drifted away from him—off by herself across the lawn—with never another word about hedge or hollyhocks.

In the weeks that followed, Bloomer found it very hard to repulse Miss Tait. It was not that she was brazen in her attentions to him, as Noelle Cowperthwaite had been. No, the difficulty seemed to lie in some unexpected softness in Bloomer himself. He grew in a quite personal care of her, a feeling of absolute personal responsibility for her.

Her craziest freaks of conduct he defended before others, though he did not hesitate to indicate his disapproval to Miss Tait herself. If she walked in the rain—and it had only to begin to pour for Miss Tait to climb into a transparent green mackintosh and swing off down the road—Bloomer would vanquish cook and Celia before he limbered up the relic and set after her. He would overtake her when she had done a mile or two. "But I don't want to ride, Bloomer—I want to walk!" she would protest, with the water streaming off her nose, gargoyle fashion.

"It's not a day for walking, madam."

"But I was tramping to the village for ice-cream, Bloomer!"

"I'll drive you to the village for the ice-cream, madam."

Once she eluded him by cutting off

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across the fields. She was gone for hours, and returned with the mischief of a child who has been successfully naughty written large on her face. Bloomer maintained, for two days, an attitude of distant reserve toward her after that escapade.

But she eluded him in other more intangible ways. Take this matter of her age. Was she twenty-something—or was she forty-something? Wasn't the girlishness more in her manner, in the slightness of her person, than in any real freshness? . . . Her face had sometimes a soft sag, a worn pallor to it. He was inclined to think that she couldn't be over thirty-three. (Bloomer himself was just thirty.) But he did not know—he did not know anything about her! She told you nothing of any relevance or importance about herself. If she did just mention that a great-grandfather had been governor of Maryland, she dropped it as something trivial; while if she told you how she and her sisters, as children, had dressed up black-eyed Susans in grass skirts to look like Hawaiian dancers, she described that in detail, as though it were an affair of importance. . . .

Their unnatural isolation may have had something to do with it. Usually Bloomer was afforded some outlet in a gossiping, sociable condescension toward members of his own class. Here he was quite cut off. He and Miss Tait were alone, and paired by the criticism of cook and Celia. Miss Tait was as uncompanioned as he was. All that reached her from the outer world was a trickling of letters with the British postmark and bales of papers of a heavy political nature, which swamped her for several days at a stretch. Bloomer came to hate those papers. He came to hate her absorbed reactions: "This question of cancelling the war debt, Bloomer. . . . Hm, League of Nations—what do you think—?" The women whom he had worked for in the past had annoyed him in various ways—had sent him on shopping tours with shreds of silk to match to spools of thread, etc. But no one of them had ever pestered him by soliciting from him opinions of a deep political nature. Bloomer knew suddenly that he loathed and detested government and intellectual interests in a woman. His feeling on the subject was so strong that it amounted to an inner organic stir resembling indigestion.

Mostly Bloomer was able to blink the significance of his own disturbed state. The days ran their gamut of weather moods, from amber sunshine to silver rain; and the wedge of the distant sound ran the gamut of its corresponding color changes, from burning blue to glass gray. Bloomer was companion-gardener, playmate, even—on sundry small occasions—lady's maid, as well as chauffeur, to Miss Tait; and against all his rigid principles, he was strangely acquiescent to the growing intimacy. But a small thing happened one afternoon which made Bloomer suddenly aware of himself.

It was only a glance. Miss Tait, lying in a basket-chair on the lawn, had asked for pillows, and Bloomer had brought them. She submitted herself to Bloomer's arrangement of them, and looking up at him, sighed: "Isn't it funny? You think you want to be lonely, until you are—and then you don't want it any more."

Bloomer, gazing down at her, found himself shaking. He got away from her abruptly. But he was at last forced to recognize the truth: not only had Miss Tait fallen for him, but he, Bloomer, was actually falling for Miss Tait!

There is no need to record the separate contortions of Bloomer's struggle against this revelation. He fought a losing battle. He tried reducing it to the *nays* of sense and logic, but Miss Tait had a way of creeping in between his firmest resolutions. She was within Bloomer's mind like the seep of a fog was within the garden on a pearl-colored morning, obliterating the landmarks; nothing you could do but accept the magic of it. And after all, why not? There was no great barrier between them. She was, so far as Bloomer could determine, just a little spinster leading a solitary life in some corner of the big city. Some small government position, which accounted for her bug on politics. All her relatives living in England. Damned lonely for her, he should think. And why not, then? Bigger women than she had deigned to look romantically at him. She might even have a bit of money; Bloomer rather thought she would have a small, regular income, besides her salary. . . . He en-

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deavored to put it on a practical basis, which his common sense could approve. . . . But really, it was not Sally Tait's money, but her eyes. . . . Yes, he was calling her "Sally" in imagination, was figuring in terms of a little apartment for two. . . .

So affairs stood on the day of the tempest. They had started, in mid-afternoon, for a ride and tea. Miss Tait wore the floppy straw hat which was certainly a motoring abomination, and the car-top was down—she insisted upon it—leaving them naked on their high-decker, exposed to ridicule and to a blistering sun. Miss Tait had byway and backwater tastes. Usually they did the side-roads and the stuffy little tea-rooms which no one of any social prominence ever visited. This suited Bloomer. But to-day they stuck to the country roads only long enough for Bloomer to get well muddied from retrieving some large pink flowers from a swamp. Then Miss Tait caught a glimpse of pine woods, and ordered him onto the turnpike. He knew that turnpike well! She next caught a glimpse of an alluring live red macaw, on a screened porch which swung a tea sign, and ordered Bloomer to draw up. Bloomer knew *The Sign of the Red Parrot* too thoroughly.

He wheezed into the half-circle gravel drive. His worst fears were justified. Peter Tumulty, enthroned in the Rolls-Royce which carried that Knox girl who was Miss Cowperthwaite's bosom friend, gaped at the turnout—and recognized Bloomer. . . . Bloomer sat with rigid back, and suffered. . . .

But suddenly—long before the tea interval was over—Miss Tait reappeared on the steps. She was followed by a girl in mushroom pinks—Noelle Cowperthwaite! Miss Tait, in her floppy hat and her dress of some dowdy-looking homespun stuff, stepped briskly down to her remarkable vehicle. She paused to address Bloomer, and he felt that Noelle Cowperthwaite had registered his profile! Miss Tait said: "Start the car, Bloomer, and duck! Quick, will you?"

He was out—not to assist her; she had a careless way of overlooking his proper attentions, anyhow—but to attack that misplaced elbow of a crank-handle. He prayed that the damned bus would start. It did.

He saw that Noelle, who had been standing rather uncertainly, was now running down the steps and calling out to them. Curiously, she seemed intent upon Miss Tait, not upon him.

But they were off in a splutter and a blue cloud of smoke. He knew just the spectacle they made. "Heigh, mister, where'd-cha get the tally-ho?" jeered a boy in a passing flivver. Bloomer would crowd that flivver off the road if it was his last act! He swerved, opened up——

"Let them by!" sang out Miss Tait from the rear. "Take this right road!" Bloomer was sore; she appreciated neither motor form nor motor tactics.

But Miss Tait, it seemed, was engaged in losing the Knox's Rolls-Royce, which was indeed after them. It whizzed by, and Bloomer had seized the next left turning before Tumulty was back on their trail. He failed to comprehend the race, but he did his best. By sunset he had succeeded in losing Tumulty and in losing themselves on a desolate dune road.

The sky was overcast. "But why," said Bloomer, drawing up, "should Miss Cowperthwaite——?"

"That was Miss Cowperthwaite?"

"Yes, madam. Don't you—*do* you know her?"

"Her face—only her face was familiar. I made a Current Events talk once, and they're always hounding me for speeches."

"But was it you—or was it me they were chasing?" he puzzled.

"Oh, that was *you*, Bloomer!" she giggled. "Anyway, we avoided them. And, anyway, it's not I—just the thing I represent that they're after."

"Your organization? You make speeches for your organization?"

"Hm."

Bloomer considered it. He knew Noelle Cowperthwaite's cultural fads and her impetuosities. He knew that she was forever picking up nobodies, and strenuously pursuing them.

"I'm famished for my tea; let's go, Bloomer."

"Yes, madam."

But *Miss Melissa* (it was her name for the relic) chose that darkening hour to refuse to budge. Bloomer cranked—he cranked till he was exhausted. He scrutinized and he tested. "Some part," he

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Drawn by James Reynolds.

She lifted her eyes to Bloomer's and considered him. "What is your name?"—Page 731.

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reported, "seems to have died a natural death."

"A new part—?" she suggested.

"Where?" He cast his eyes at the heavens, at the undulating, wind-stirred stretch. "Where in town—if we were there? Where in New York itself? She's an orphan, and every nut and bolt in her has gone out. If you knew the insults I've stood from cheap village garage hands!" he said passionately. "Short of luck and a good junk-heap, you'll never replace any part in this bus."

"Cuss, Bloomer—we'll cuss together!" she chuckled. "Is that rain?"

It certainly was rain. Together they reared the top. Then things began to happen. Night swooped upon them in a sudden bruised-purple darkness, with sword-play of lightning and fusillade of wind and rain. The hullabaloo of frogs was swallowed, first in the whinnying rush of the gale, then in the cavernous boom-boom of the adjacent sea. Bloomer was abruptly separated from Sally Tait by torrents of water . . . he could neither see nor hear her. His hand moving down the wet flank of the car, he found her in her rear seat. Without side-curtains, the top was no protection at all. He got his jacket off and about her drenched figure. He made a shelter of his body for her, against the worst force of the storm.

But now there came a particularly vicious, skewery twist of wind . . . a ripping sound . . . and the torrents were from overhead! "Bloomer—what was that?"

"The top!"

"Wh-where is it, Bloomer?"

"God knows, madam," he shouted back. He gathered her into his arms. Minutes passed. He held her tighter, tighter, ostensibly against the demons of weather, really against his own pounding heart. She was talking into his shirt-buttons—Bloomer could feel the movement of her words, but could not hear the sound.

He held her, cherished her, washed by the rain with her and lapped in bliss. . . . Every stab of lightning was registered in a shuddering of her light frame, in the answering tension of Bloomer's firm guardian hold. . . .

Now a lull, and a fragment of her laugh. "—Protection, and all the rest. Why, I'll wager, Bloomer, that you're still maintaining 'Woman's place is in the home'!"

"It is!"

"So! Whereas really woman's place is *in the world—in public life*—yes, *holding* office! All that we ask," she said, extricating herself from his grasp, standing, and flinging out her arms to the declining storm, "is a place in the wind—a share in the fight! I'll bet my hat, Bloomer," she laughed, yanking off that wreck, "that you're the most perfect living exponent of the hearthstone theory. Have you a cigarette? Please. . . ."

For no known reason, the drenching seemed to have revived *Miss Melissa*. An hour later, Bloomer, the dominant male in spite of her protests, carried Miss Tait across intervening pools to the house, deposited her in the hall, and ordered a hot dinner and a hot bath for their mistress of the sniggering maids.

Later, Bloomer passed softly through the hallway, and listened up the stairs. He caught a glimpse of his solid figure in the mirror, paused to admire. She'd have to give up her job and all that political nonsense, though—he was determined upon that. Bloomer, regarding himself, knew a satisfaction at the prospect of making her sacrifice her maidenly eccentricities to him.

"Oh, Bloomer! Will you come up here a minute?"

She was in her room, in a silver-gray kimono, at her dressing-table. She was quite casual—as though she had no consciousness of the effect she was having upon Bloomer.

But Bloomer's step was decisive . . . his moment had come. . . .

"Oh, Bloomer. . . . I was just thinking how one doesn't usually get more than one deserves—less sometimes, but seldom more. I didn't thank you for your chivalry—yes, *chivalry*, Bloomer. You deserve—" She dropped into his hand an old heavy ring, with a blood-red stone carved with curious insignia. "I want you to have it. Order of the Knights of the Leather Leggings," she laughed.

"But, madam—Sally——!"

"Madam Sally?—I *like* it! Yes, it's old, Bloomer—very old—older than America. It's English . . . and now you're wondering! But of course I'm

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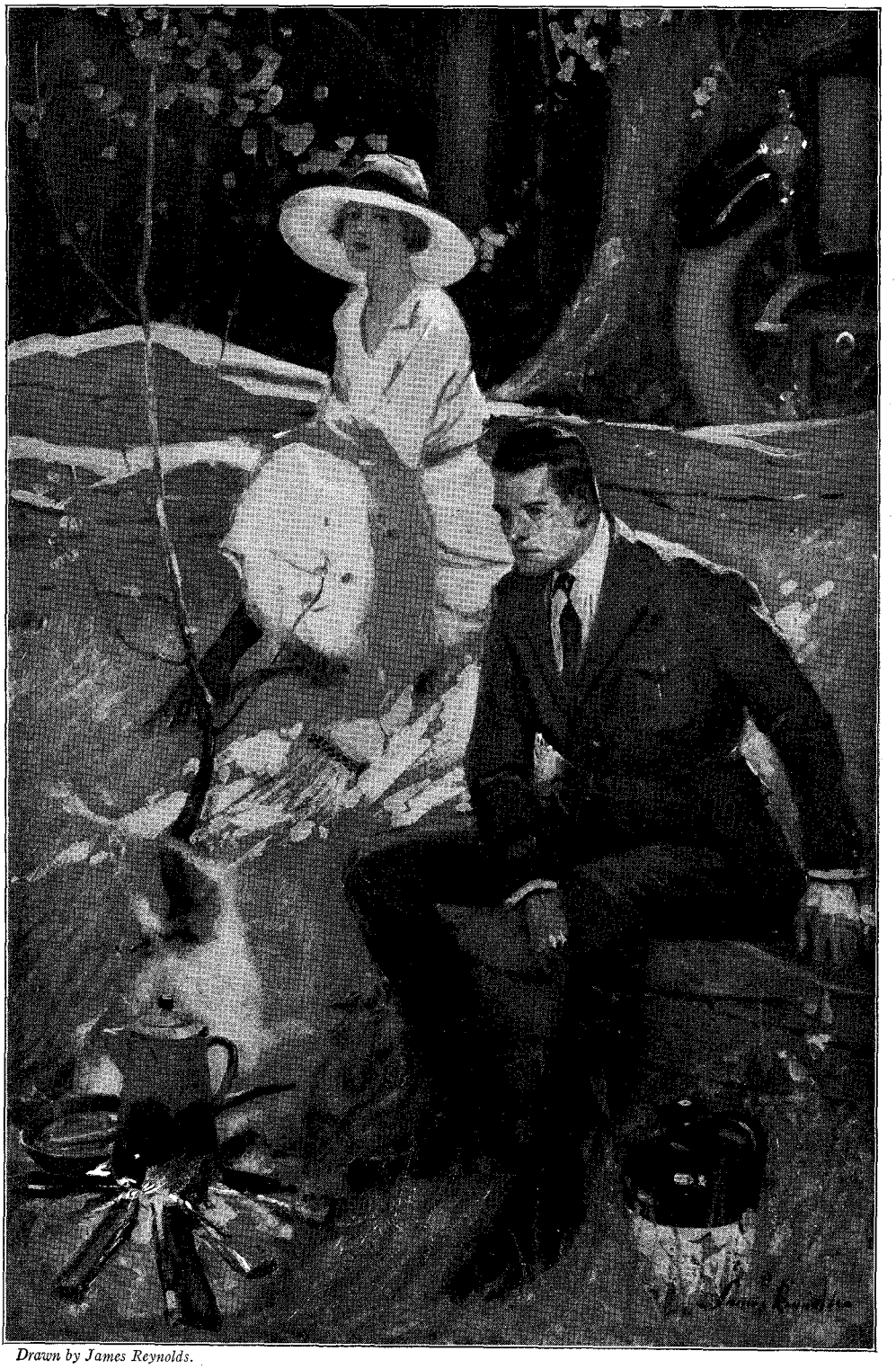

Drawn by James Reynolds.

He was in danger of taking Sally Tait into his arms and declaring himself.—Page 740.

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English, too; American by birth, but English by marriage."

"Marriage?" he stammered.

"Yes." She dropped it so lightly that Bloomer could not think she was deliberate, either in her holding back of that vital fact or in her mentioning of it now. "Will you bolt the window on your way down, Bloomer?"

Naturally the information raised in Bloomer's mind a dozen questions. Why the *Miss* Tait? Bloomer eventually decided that she had been divorced, and had resumed her maiden name. This deduction he verified through her. "You are," he hazarded, "a—a widow?" She glanced up, seemed to grasp his perplexities, hesitated. "Grass," she laughed. "By request. Temporary!" That last was certainly a challenge to him! But what did she mean—"By request"? That her husband had divorced her by her request? Bloomer built up an entirely new version of Miss Tait, verified by her manner to him, which had changed not one iota. . . . If she had meant to repulse Bloomer, she would certainly not have continued so familiar with him. But Bloomer wasn't at all sure that he could swallow a divorced husband.

He was still debating the matter when a newspaper reporter at their door threw Miss Tait into a panic, and had to be dealt with personally by Bloomer. The divorce, then, must have been recent. He wondered whether it had been a notorious case; asked Miss Tait the name of her husband, but was put off by her. She told Bloomer that *Miss Melissa* must be got in repair for an immediate jaunt. They set out on the following morning.

While they did a loop of New York State, Bloomer was still debating pro and con. Never in all his closely buttoned, visored, and putteed life had he experienced such a tour. At every hot-dog stand he was against her. Before Ithaca, while he smoked himself together with the bacon over a picnic flame, and Sally Tait, sprawled in the sun, lifted her eyes from the observation of some ants to smile at him, he was unwillingly for her. Beyond Syracuse, when she ordered him to turn his back and stand guard while she took a dip in a certain creek, Bloomer was unconditionally against her. With every mile it was becoming more and more apparent to Bloomer that his infatuation was a folly. But with every mile the fatal attraction was growing on him, until now, at that unmentionable tourist's camp outside of Utica, he was in danger of the first spontaneous, natural act of his life.

He was in danger of taking Sally Tait into his arms and declaring himself. The shelter was a tent—$1.00 per night—and Bloomer, casting his eyes over the litter of common and very adjacent neighbors, had insisted upon sitting guard on Miss Tait's tent platform while she slept. But the snores had entertained that lady, and some time after midnight she had come out to share with Bloomer the view of stars and of a pair of masculine bare feet protruding from a canvas lean-to. She sat on the plank next to his and, arms hugging her kimono-clad knees, rocked herself. . . . "Big dipper, little dipper, milky way. . . . I'd like to tickle them, Bloomer."

"What, madam?" he said in a queer, strained voice. So little she was, and so close to him. . . . She had probably led a damned hard life. . . . Some brute of an Englishman. . . .

"Feet. Micky," she dropped, "*would* tickle them."

"Micky?"

"My son."

"You have—a son!"

"I have Millicent, Michael, and Cynthia. Five, seven, and ten apiece. Years," she added.

"You have three children! But where——?"

"They are in a summer-camp," she yawned.

Whether Bloomer could have swallowed three children, as well as a divorced husband, is certainly a question. But in the Catskills, Sally Tait did a thing which evoked his final and decisive judgment against her. She had drummed up acquaintance with a rural character, who lived in solitary bachelordom in the vilest, shabbiest-looking hut which Bloomer had ever laid eyes upon. Bloomer had posted himself, after dark, on the platform of her tent, naturally supposing that she was within. All through the night he had maintained tender guard, dropping off only once or twice. At gray dawn he had discovered that she was absent. And at

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sunrise she had come stumbling in, escorted by her disreputable friend. The man's cow, she explained, had been having a calf, and she had stayed to help. . . . Afterward, they had got to swopping stories. . . . By the clear light of the morning Bloomer saw the utter impossibility of his taking on a wife like that. He gave notice, and he left on the day of their return to the shingle cottage.

Two weeks later Bloomer was purring down a certain Long Island turnpike at the helm of Mrs. Llewelyn Smedburg's town car. The car was a Hispano-Suiza done in battleship gray. It had embellishments which included the trumpet-horn, the Minerva wind-shield, the Shin-o spot-light, gray-monogrammed robes to match his gray-monogrammed livery, etc.; and it had a cold market value of $18,000. In short, it was the king of all the cars which Bloomer had ever driven.

As a mistress, Mrs. Smedburg suited him exactly. She had whims, but they were proper whims. She treated Bloomer with the curt indifference which he preferred. If she was exacting and petulant about jolts, she was also not incognizant of his footman's form and of his expert driving technic. . . . His art of crowding out, tootling aside, and dusting down all lesser traffic . . . fumes he left behind him, like a thumbed nose . . . his flourish for all *porte-cochères* . . . his expression of aloofness to the luxury which he piloted, matching so perfectly his mistress's mien of yawning indifference. . . . These first-class attributes of a superior chauffeur, Mrs. Smedburg (whose wealth was fairly recent) did not overlook.

On this particular day Bloomer had succeeded in gassing every car on the road, when a comical, toplofty old vehicle with the figure of a stage-coach careened into his path. He slowed—he had to. It was she, floppy hat and all. Nothing about the ignominious turnout which was not familiar to Bloomer, except the driver, a mere boy, whose hair—in the absence of a cap—was roughened by the wind.

Bloomer sounded three musical notes on his trumpet-horn. The old bus edged over. For three minutes Bloomer ran abreast of them—long enough for her to recognize him and to register his full splendor. Not by a single facial muscle did he acknowledge her proximity. Then he opened up, and with a fine smooth whish he left them.

"Stop!" It was Mrs. Smedburg, through the speaking-tube.

Bloomer drew up. "That car we just passed—turn and follow it!"

He turned, but *Miss Melissa* had vanished. A road to the right—Bloomer knew full well the jack-rabbit chase she would lead them. But blank ignorance seemed his best cue.

"But where—? Oh, you stupid!" stormed Mrs. Smedburg. "I met her personally in London once, and I'd have every excuse to follow up——"

"If it's not presuming, madam, what is the name she went by then?"

"Name? Why, Bloomer, you utter blockhead! That's Lady Sally Hepburne, the famous M. P. Her name and her face are in every paper. She's summering down here somewhere—incognito, of course——"

"What," asked Bloomer, "is M. P.?"

"Member of Parliament," snapped Mrs. Smedburg.

She was featured in the rotogravure section of Bloomer's Sunday paper when she sailed for England. Standing on the deck of the *Aquitania*, she was surrounded by her three children and her husband. . . . A mild-looking man, who had Bloomer's sympathy. . . . Wispy, stringy-looking children. . . .

Several days later Bloomer had a note from her, in care of Mrs. Smedburg:

"My dear Bloomer,

"I want to thank you for protecting me from your Mrs. S. that day. And I want you to reconsider my offer to write you a reference. I am enclosing my best.

Sincerely yours,
Sally Tait Hepburne."

The reference was written on paper with an embossed silver crest. It was the same device which was engraved on the blood-red stone of the ring which she had given him. In changing positions thereafter, Bloomer exhibited both ring and reference to his prospective employer. My lady's car had been an American Frankard. . . . He failed to mention the vintage of the vehicle.

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The Ghostways

BY FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

ILLUSTRATION BY W. FLETCHER WHITE

THE February winds shrieked angrily around the old Trimmer farm and shadows crouched blackly on the snow under the Vermont pines. There was no scarlet sunset to-night to soften the austerity of the rugged hills. Mrs. Trimmer, peering anxiously out of the diamond-paned window of the sitting-room, watched the black magic of the pines upon the snow, and shivered. It was sundown. What could be keeping the boys? They were hauling timber from the north meadow and had been gone since noon. She was always a little uneasy when they worked in the north meadow. Not that she believed the superstitions, circulated for years in the little town of Middlebrook, that the ghost of her dead husband was wont to walk beside the creek. But the memory of that day when he had left her in a mad rage because she had dared to warn him against the new bull was still vivid in her mind. He was master of his beasts, he told her. They bent to his will. He went out like a conqueror, his brown eyes brilliant with anger and power. An hour later they carried him home, gored to death. Ever since the tragedy the neighbors had avoided the north meadow. They called the path by the creek "the ghostways," and swore that they had seen John Trimmer there on the eve of All Hallows, fighting with the bull. But the only ghost that frightened Mrs. Trimmer was the ghost of that unconquerable fury which blazed every now and then from the bright brown eyes of her son John. She had two sons, John and James, named after the sons of Zebedee. She had hoped the names might be a protection against the inheritance of the violent passions of their father. For James, it seemed the charm had worked. He was calm and steady, enduring like the native rock, and, like the rock, rooted in the soil. But John was lightning, vivid, brilliant, devastating. She lived in constant terror lest the lightning smite the rock. "Bear with him, James," she would say. The boys never knew of the black fury which had possessed their father when he went out to meet death from the bull.

Single-handed she had kept on with the farm. Her bitterest enemy was the intense cold of the Vermont hills. Winter frightened her, brought up as she had been in the South, where Nature is gentler. As soon as the first snow began to fly, dread filled her heart that the earth, the source of her bounty, was going to be ice-locked for months. She hated the frozen ground. She hated the bitter battle against the cold. Well, the boys were almost men now. They had a New England heritage and did not know how the hoar frost chilled Southern blood. They had been born and brought up on the soil. They would barricade her against the stern winters. They were good boys. She sighed, restless again at the delay. The sun had dropped very quickly and completely behind the western hills. The air was too clear to-night for a lingering sunset. Already twilight was striking a deep blue against the window-pane, the vivid blue of twilight on a chill, white world. Still, the cold couldn't hold much longer. Soon there would be the smell of spring in the March winds; pussy-willows showing their silver fur down by the creek; then the forsythia bushes warming into gold by the side of the house; and finally the lilacs. Mrs. Trimmer's fragile face gladdened at the thought.

Comfort, the old Maltese cat, sleeping cosily in a rocker by the fire, stirred and shook himself alert. Then she heard the team driving into the yard. John had the reins, and her keen ears knew from the tones of his voice as he shouted to the oxen

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that the boys had been quarrelling. Later, when they came stamping into the house, she was convinced of it. Fire smouldered in the eyes of John, and James had an ominous air of restraint under his quiet manner. Both tried to hide the dispute from her. But at last, when supper was over, John's fury burst forth.

"He's tryin' to stop me from cuttin' down the copper beech in the north meadow, Ma."

Mrs. Trimmer looked up in sudden alarm.

"Not the beech in the ghostways, son? I wouldn't want it touched. Your Pa had a hankering after that tree. It was most his favorite on the whole place. And when he died, right under it almost . . . I think we better leave it be, son."

"I ought of knowed you'd side with him." John jerked his head toward James contemptuously. "A lot of old woman's nonsense about the ghostways. I figure we can't allow silly sentiment and superstition to interfere when we need wood."

"But, son"—Mrs. Trimmer made her voice placating as she saw the dark look deepen—"surely there's lots of other trees on the farm. That copper beech is an odd tree. They don't grow in these parts natural like. Your Pa was right proud of it. Every spring he used to watch it; light gold its leaves are at first and then bronzing with the sun, and the leaves that thick you can't see the sky when you're under it. And when you're out in the field and look at it, shining like copper against the blue sky, it has such a grand shape and all. It's got a kind of character, that tree. I'd hate to see it go, son."

John's face hardened. Anger kindled hotly in his brown eyes.

"I reckon it throws a powerful lot of shade and I plan to plant the north meadow come spring. The tree has got to go."

James faced his mother, his chin square, his mouth determined.

"It's your farm, Ma. Tell him he can't take the tree down."

"That's just like you, always skulking behind a woman's skirts," shouted John. "You count on her always taking your part, but this time it won't do any good."

"Son, son!" Mrs. Trimmer tried vainly to quiet him.

"He's a sneak, Ma. That's what he is. He tries to make you believe he wants the tree saved on account of Pa. He says it is a kind of epitaph to him. But that ain't the reason at all. It's on account of Gail and a lot of sentiment about sitting under it last summer. Damn foolishness, I call it, and I'm going to cut down the tree."

James came forward. He was white and tense. He stood quietly in front of John.

"One of the reasons I want it left *is* on account of Gail, then, if you want to know. She loves the copper beech and so did Pa and so does Ma. And that's why you want it down. You're mad jealous of her and me. But that tree is noble and it's got a right to live."

Withering scorn from John. "Next you'll be saying it's got a soul. The copper beech is no more noble than the hickory we chopped this fall. I notice you don't mind letting *that* keep you warm."

"Boys," Mrs. Trimmer beseeched. "Stop your quarrelling and go to bed. You're both petered out. Things will look different to you in the morning."

"They won't look different to me." John's face was dark with fury. "I don't like to go against you, Ma, but there's got to be a man in this family to carry on the farm work. I'm goin' to cut down that copper beech as soon as it comes light."

Grimly determined, he turned and stamped up the crooked little stairs to the floor above.

James looked at his mother with misery in his eyes. He wanted to tell her he was sorry they had quarrelled. He wanted to tell her about the beech, how he had loved it all his life. Most of all he wanted to tell her about Gail. But he had broken through into speech once that night and could not bring himself to speak again. His eyes besought her. Then he turned toward the stairs.

"Good night, Ma."

"Good night, son."

Old Mrs. Trimmer sat on by the fire. It was very quiet. Every now and then there was a little hiss as the steam from the kettle condensed on its bright surface

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and dropped to the stove. Comfort came and rubbed against her knees. Comfort had seen the boys grow up, too. Mrs. Trimmer sat on in the quiet. She was thinking about the beech-tree. John had said that they would be saying it had a soul next. It was funny he should think of that, because she did think it had a soul—almost. She remembered in the first rapture of their marriage how she and that other John used to go and sit underneath it in the long summer twilights. The tree would shake down the moonlight upon them through its leaves like golden rain. Love was a glory then, and she would forget John's black rages and they would both be fathoms deep in the golden glamour of the moon. She could see the tree, too, in winter rimed with frost, shining with icicles as gaily as a Christmas-tree. And in summer its bronzed green was a feathery fretwork against a blue sea of sky. It seemed to be a part of her, that tree. Strange how the years leaped by. A little while ago, and she and John found ecstasy beneath the tree. Now it was Gail and James. Life was a game of leap-frog. First it is your turn to jump. Then you must lend yourself for somebody else's turn. Perhaps, after all, John would not attempt to cut down the tree. By morning he would have forgotten all about it. Wearily, at last, she rose, put out the lamp, and made her way up-stairs.

It must have been close to two o'clock when she awoke, burdened with a sense of disaster. At first in that twilight zone, between sleeping and waking, where one so often feels something ominous but cannot remember what it is, she sensed but could not think what disturbed her. Then she remembered the quarrel of James and John over the copper beech. She lay for a little while thinking what she would do. Knowing his father, knowing John, she was sure now that he would make good his threat. Suddenly it came to her that she could stop him. She would hide away the saws and axes. They must be in the wood-shed, which was only a step from the kitchen door. She would carry them up here to her own room. John would never think of looking here. Still . . . She nestled down under the warm quilt. Was it really necessary? The house was bitter cold. The fire had been dead these many hours. She hated to cross to the woodshed. Everything was so eerie and weird in the hush of the night. Yet, there was a moon. And John would certainly get up at dawn. She knew the ugliness of his moods too well not to gauge them accurately. And the beech—it had its roots within her. She couldn't let it go. It would take only a few minutes to hide the saw and axe. Then she would be back in bed, all warm and cosey again. She reached for her eiderdown wrapper and put it on. Then she reached for the matches and lighted a candle. She tried to move softly so that she wouldn't disturb the boys asleep on either side of the thin partitions of laths. But she shook so with the cold that she could scarcely control her hands. This was nonsense. She tried to think of something to direct her thoughts away from the chill. She looked at the wrapper and remembered she had bought it because it was red and it had looked so bright and warm that day in the store in Burlington. It seemed anything but warm now. The cold penetrated it as if it were gossamer. Trembling, she made her way to the stairs. As she passed the little diamond-shaped window in the hall she glanced out. The shadows of the pines were pointing long, black fingers on the snow. There was no warmth in the hard glitter of the moonlight. It seemed to light up the coldness. Well, it would soon be spring now. Her knees trembled and her legs felt weak. She tried to think of the hot July sun on her poppy-bed. But she shook uncontrollably with cold. Then suddenly she tripped and was falling, falling interminably. . . .

James was the first to reach her. He had been awakened by the sound of the fall. She was lying unconscious at the foot of the treacherous little stairway. Comfort, his back arched, his eyes frightened, was standing over her. After a little while she opened her eyes. John was saying he would hitch up and go for the doctor.

"It's no use, dear," she smiled weakly. "I know it isn't, and I'd rather have you stay here with me." And then, as if the purpose for which she had left her bed at that hour of the night had suddenly

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come to her, "Let this be the last quarrel, James and John," and added, as if the precedence might wound, "John and James."

The next morning the doctor said she had broken her back in the fall.

The copper beech was not mentioned again between the brothers. In the face of their great sorrow it dissolved into nothingness.

They buried her in the little cemetery that spread in the lap of the valley. It was hard to dig a grave in the frozen earth. James kept wishing if only the spring had come, if only she could have seen the spring. He searched the marshy spots for pussy-willows, but there were none. He could find no flowers at all in this wintry land. There was no blossoming thing except the begonia on her kitchen window-sill. The afternoon of the funeral he brought the plant out to the cemetery and set it on the grave. But when he saw how the wind shrilled through the meagre blossoms, he took it up again. She had tended it so carefully. She would hate to have it shivering there in the cold. He put it under his hat, snug from the wind, and hurried it home.

When he got back John was looking among the papers of the old desk in the sitting-room. James saw that his fingers were resting upon the battered savings-bank book that his mother had always kept hidden away. James went and sat in his mother's chair. Comfort came, as he always did, rubbing against James's legs, sympathizing, seeking solace.

John spoke apologetically. "I thought it might be a good time to tend to these things, now that we are layin' off work for the afternoon."

"I can't seem to get my mind on anything but her. I'm kind of struck dumb." James's voice was husky.

"Somebody's got to have some common sense in a time like this. We'll want to get away out of here now, more than ever. Well, I've just seen that one of us has got to stay home."

This statement at last penetrated James's bewilderment. "I thought there was money enough for college," he said.

"Well, I am tellin' you there isn't enough for two."

To James this dream of medical college had been associated with his mother. As long as he could remember, they had planned on it together. And she had saved and saved. Now they were both gone, she and the dream.

"It's the only thing in the world I want." He said it half to himself, but John heard him and started up eagerly.

"Is it?" he said. "For sure, James?"

James nodded his head in affirmation.

"Well, then"—John went on more eagerly than ever—"you take the money and go. I'd as lief stay here. I'd rather, in fact. College doesn't mean so much to me. The only thing in the world I want is Gail."

At the mention of Gail's name, James started up like a shot. "I wasn't thinking of Gail when I said that. That's different."

John's eyes were getting dangerously bright. But he tried to speak gently. He didn't want to antagonize James. He would plead with him if necessary. His grief for his mother had made him hunger for Gail. He must drown his loss in her. She must give him surcease. While with James, the thought of love could not enter in. He felt it would be long before the natural joys, the happiness and abandon of love, could bubble up. The springs of his heart were as frozen as the ground. He had no mind for any thought except his mother. He was conscious of the fact, as if it were the experience of another man, that Gail and he loved. Some day, perhaps, that other man would enter into his kingdom, but now . . . no, not now. He must explain to John, though, that his love was impossible.

"It isn't the money, John. That hasn't anything to do with it. You can't buy me off. It's the way Gail and I feel. We love each other. It wouldn't do you any good for me to go away. At first I didn't know you cared, John, and then, after last summer, it was too late. I'm sorry, John."

"Have you asked her?" John's voice was tense.

"No, but I know, just the same."

"Well, then, it isn't too late. All I ask is that you give me a chance. She liked me as well as you up to last summer. She might change again. You think her love

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is so wonderful, and yet you won't even let yourself out of her sight for a year or so." He spoke sneeringly.

"I am not afraid of Gail. Gail won't change, ever." James said it proudly.

"All right, but all I ask is a chance to try. I'll stick by whatever she decides. I never asked you anything before, James. I'll never ask you anything again. While I'm tryin,' you can go to college, and then if it's you she wants, you'll be all ready to start in."

"I can't do it, John. You mean never to write to her or try to see her for two whole years? I can't do it."

John's face was darkening in the old way. James, looking into his eyes, saw this matter of Gail was life and death to him. Well, it was to James, too. Gail was the future, Gail was everything. After all, though, John only asked for a test, a chance to try. Wasn't it only fair to give it to him? But he had had his chance. James had won her in fair competition. He had always played square with John.

"You call yourself a brother. Yet you let this thing come between us," John said bitterly.

Well, maybe John was right. Wouldn't it always come between them unless he put it to the test finally and for all time? And Gail—he wasn't afraid to trust Gail. He looked at John now. Already his eyes were ablaze with unreasoning anger. Even on this day of days. Suddenly, clearly, his mother's last words came to James: "Let this be the last quarrel, James and John . . . John and James."

"I'll go away, John," he said.

Neither of the brothers thought of Gail. It was bitterly hard for her that first year. And public opinion in Middlebrook from the first was hard on James. He had drawn all the savings from the bank and had left John with nothing but rough work for a living. The unselfishness of John became glorified. He took on a new interest in the eyes of the community. And then there was Gail. Every one knew she and James had been sweethearts. Every one knew also, through young William Henry, the post-office clerk, that letters never came for Gail.

They said Gail was eating her heart out for James. They said it was a burning shame. They said John was kind and was doing his best to make it up to her. They told each other how he drove her to and from Middlebrook, where she taught school, when the horses had been sick down at the Haskins farm. They told each other of little presents he was always buying for her at the village store. It's made a different man of him, they would say—he's that gentle. He'd make a good steady husband for her. He's a tiller of the soil, rooted in the community, not running off to distant cities after book-learning. And they took pains to communicate their ideas to Gail. But Gail was stanchly true to James. He had come to bid her good-by, strangely perhaps, but still he had come. He stopped by on his way to the station. He had barely time for his train, and he stood at the gate, not seeming even to desire the privacy of the parlor, where he might have kissed her good-by. He merely took her hand and said: "Whatever happens, Gail, remember I'll always feel just the same." Then he was gone down the road.

Why had he gone off like that? Why did he never write, never send an address that she might write? The problem was never out of Gail's mind. Sometimes she thought it with her heart.

Time went on. Two springs now Gail had cut lilacs and brought them to Mrs. Trimmer's grave in the little cemetery spread in the lap of the valley. Still no word from James. Occasionally John had letters. He would tell her about them briefly. James was doing well in his studies. James had won a prize. Never any message for her. Of course, if there were, John would tell her. Then one day, longing overcame her pride. She asked. John seemed reluctant, but finally told her that her name had not been mentioned.

The neighbors were fond of saying that Gail Haskins was lookin' kind of peaked these days.

John tried making love to her, at first gently, then with growing ardor. The strain was beginning to tell on him, too. Gail didn't respond, and her indifference was fuel to his fire. He became obsessed with the thought of her. James had only promised to keep silence for two years.

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The time was nearly up. Then one day he had a letter. James was coming home. That evening he saw Gail in the north meadow. She was under the copper beech. The thought that any day James would return to claim her maddened John. He couldn't give her up now. James had been away from her all these months. He had probably forgotten how utterly desirable she was.

John flung himself down beside her on the grass. It would seem that William Henry had told her about the letter. Again her longing conquered. Hesitatingly she inquired had James said anything about her. She had a bunch of trumpetflowers and she was busy fitting the long slender blossoms on her fingers like dunce-caps. Playfully she gave him her hand that he might shake the scarlet fingers. But he held it, crushing the soft fabric of the petals till he felt the warm skin beneath. Gail, pretending wrath at his heartlessness in crushing the flowers, tried to draw her hand away. But he held her wrist and one by one removed the tattered trumpets from her fingers. The blood rushed singing to his ears. She had asked if there were any message from James. Then she still cared for him. Or did she? Perhaps it was merely a friendly interest. She and James had always been friends. Suppose he were to tell her that James was coming home, that he might be here any day. That would be the test. He could be sure, then, from her face, whether she cared or not. With his eyes devouring her he blurted out the news. She made a little sound as if her breath were dying in her throat. Her face went white, back of the scarlet trumpetflowers. And then light leaped into her eyes. As plainly as if she had proclaimed it from the housetops, John knew she cared. He couldn't stand it. This quiet, abiding joy between her and James, this wasn't love. What did they know of the fires that tortured and consumed him? It came to him that, if love is like fire, then it can be communicated. If she could but feel his passion, hers might be lighted like a torch. And if love is like a fire, then this love of hers for James could be put out. It could be quenched. It was all so easy, and, after all, James couldn't care as he did. He tried to conceal his emotion under an elaborately casual tone.

"I suppose it won't make any difference to you, Gail, whether James ever comes home—not after what he did."

Gail looked up startled. "You mean about not writing?" she said.

John looked away. He couldn't meet her eyes. It seemed as if it were some one else, outside and beyond him, who was doing this thing. But Gail thought he looked away to spare her feelings. Time stopped for her. What had James done? She must know. She urged John on.

"Oh, well, it's nothin' very much," John said at last. "Only I couldn't see as how you would have much use for him, seein' he sold you out the way he did."

"Sold me out? Whatever can you mean?"

"It was the money," John went on in carefully patient tones. "He was dead set on goin' to college. He sort of knew I was crazy about you, Gail, and he offered to give you up if I'd buy him off with the money. I told him I couldn't do that. He could sell you if he wanted to, but I couldn't buy you. I said he could take the money if he wanted to. It was Ma's savings that she had starved and slaved for, and I couldn't touch it anyway. So he took the money and went. I always thought it was kind of hard on you, but I guess education meant more to him than a little summer foolishness. And I guess if he was that kind, you were well rid of him. I always tried to make it up to you, Gail, didn't I? Didn't I? I am mad about you, Gail, insane about you. I'd do anything for you."

Everything had gone black for Gail. Could it be that she should be told this, here of all places, under the copper beech where they had sat in the glamour of the moon, cradled in ecstasy? And this James, who was almost a god to her, could he be a mercenary traitor? Why hadn't she known before? Why hadn't she guessed that this was what his silence meant? John could have told her long ago. But he was shielding James. John only told her now because he was afraid that to-morrow, when James came back, she would let him see the wound he had made upon her life. He was afraid the

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old hurt would open up when she saw James again, and in the kindness of his heart he had given her this knowledge of James's rottenness, as a weapon against her own weakness. Traitor! As if he could wound her! Dusk was coming on and the meadow was filled with a thousand sweetnesses. White clover; locust blossoms from across the stream; wild strawberries that had ripened and been crushed in the warm grass. They stabbed her heart. The honey of the locust was like orange blossoms, James had told her once. Traitor! Traitor! He had taught her to believe in love. She laughed a wild, eerie laugh. It sounded odd on those puritanical lips that had been used thus far only to smile kindly and to pray. The echo rang out strangely on the peaceful stillness of the night. John was startled. He peered about hastily in the sweet dusk. He thought he heard a rustle in the cottonwoods on the other side of the stream. The legend of the ghostways came to his mind. On this very spot his father . . . But the sounds died away. And as they did a sudden consciousness of the lonesomeness of the place came over him. The intimacy of the two of them in the sweet darkness. There was not even a moon, but the creek was a river of stars dropped down from the sky. Under the copper beech the leaves were so thick they couldn't even see the stars. And there stood Gail, tense and rigid, as if she had been turned to stone. Love for James had been put out in her heart. Now his love must be like a torch. He must touch her and communicate his fire to her. He went to her and made a tight circle about her with his arms. She shivered at his touch, but did not protest. She could see his eyes shining in the darkness. She knew he was offering her his love. His eyes seemed to burn through her. Well, she had been robbed of love. For two years now she had been keeping sleepless guard over an empty treasure-house. She must snatch at love when she could. She must never let James know that he had stripped her heart. She gave a little cry of abandon as John pulled her to him. Perhaps this was love. A shiver ran over her. John's eyes looked like two torches in the darkness. She cried aloud in fright, and tried to wrench herself free. Not here. Not in this spot. But his lips found hers and stifled the sound. Somehow the fury of his kisses seemed to revenge her pain. Then she couldn't remember anything except the sweetness of the locusts that were like orange blossoms.

The next day broke hot and sultry. Gail, white and hollow-eyed, moved mechanically about her little bedroom under the rafters, gathering things into a straw suitcase. Pain, which had slept last night as if it had been put to sleep by the powerful narcotic of John's love, was around her heart to-day like a band of hot iron. Her mother, back from the spring-house, saw that Gail had made no attempt to eat breakfast, and climbed the stairs to her room.

"You were late last night, weren't you, Gail?" She stopped as her eyes took in the preparations.

"A little," Gail answered in a dull voice. "I was with John." And then, in answer to her mother's quick look of inquiry: "Yes, we . . . we decided to get married to-day. I was just going out to find you to tell you. I am going to meet him at the parish house at four o'clock."

"But, Gail, I don't understand. Such a sudden decision! And besides, I thought all the time it was James. And, to-day of all days when they say he is coming home."

"Oh, mother, please. You don't understand. It doesn't matter at all about James. I'll be married by the time his train pulls in." She attempted a smile.

There was a furrow of anxiety on Mrs. Haskins's forehead. She didn't understand such a lightning decision. Gail's wedding! She had been looking forward to preparing for it for years. A hope chest of linen, the trousseau! And now Gail announces that it is to take place in a few hours, as if getting married was as usual a thing as picking a dish of strawberries. Well, perhaps true love had come to her at last, and there was no use waiting. John had waited long enough, goodness knows. The wrinkle of anxiety began to disappear. He was such a good, steady fellow, and he managed the farm so well. It might be all for the best.

"Well, for Heaven's sake, Gail, at least give me that lavender organdy of yours, and let me press it. You can't go to the

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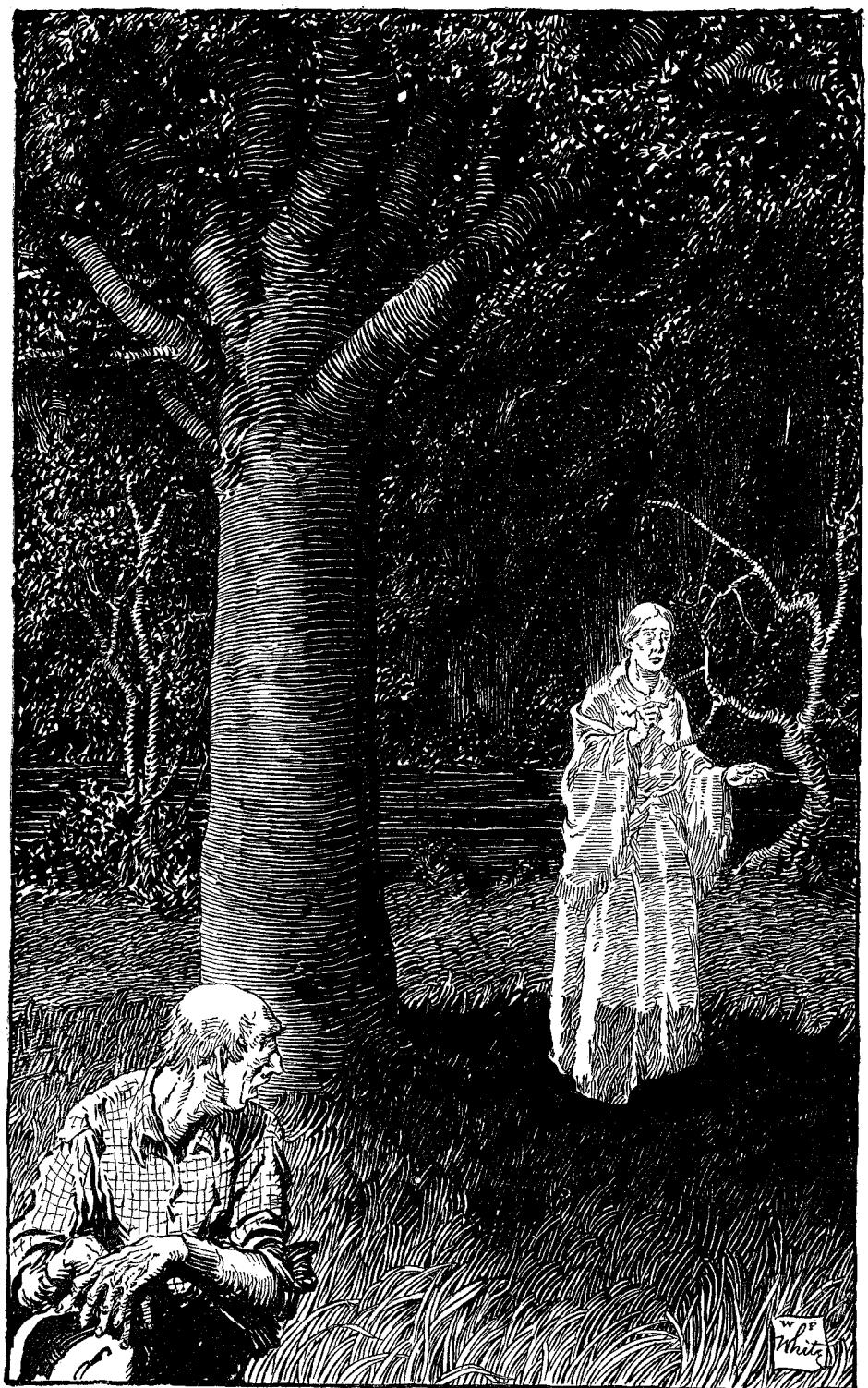

Drawn by W. Fletcher White.

"I seen your mother last night. She was walking in the ghostways."—Page 750.

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altar in that old black silk." Mrs. Haskins was quite happy now that there were some preparations she could make. She didn't even notice the drawn whiteness of Gail's face as she folded her flowered silk kimono and put it in the suitcase.

At the Trimmer farm, John was hurrying through his chores like a man in a dream. Miraculously had come the consummation of his love. The love that had tortured him for months had turned into the sweetness of fulfilment. This very day he was to be married, and to-night, when the stars came out and the world was fragrant, Gail would be his. He kept whispering her name to himself, living over again the ecstasy of the night before. Of James he did not think at all. Love had swept him completely from his moorings. He was dead to everything except this mastering force.

He scarcely heard old Sam when he came gliding strangely into the yard. It was generally accorded in the neighborhood that old Sam was "away in the mind," and they all did their best for him, letting him pick cherries and vegetables, which he sold to their next-door neighbors or even back to them. Thus they kept him from the place which he most dreaded —the poorhouse. His one topic of conversation was his pigs. But to-day he had more important news to communicate to John. He sidled up to him, and John noticed that one of his queer spells was on him. He was seized with impatience at the old lunatic, and told him to help himself to vegetables and make off. But old Sam was not to be put aside. He drew near and put a trembling hand on John's sleeve. His voice dropped to a whisper.

"John, my boy, I seen your mother last night. She was walking in the ghostways."

In spite of himself John shivered. There was something uncanny about old Sam. He was plainly under the spell of what he had seen or fancied he had seen.

"Yes, sir," he went on in the same husky voice, "it was just dusk and I couldn't make her out very well. First I thought it was one of our own village girls, and then it threw back its head and laughed. Such a queer, wild laugh, I knew it was a ghost. And then I seemed to see as how it was your mother and I thought as how I saw you there, too, in the shadow. And your mother was kinder beckoning you away from that tree like."

John pulled himself together irritably. What was the old fool up to? Was he a foxy old man, pretending to be crazy in order to earn his living more easily? Was he shrewdly trying to let him know he had seen Gail and him? Fright seized John. He did not want this old loon going around talking about Gail. Was he after money? He hadn't mentioned Gail's name. It was his mother's ghost, old Sam had said. Strange. And strange, too, that he had said she was warning him away from the tree. The old fellow must have heard of the feud of the brothers over the tree years ago. But how? Suppose Sam wasn't mad at all. There was Gail. He remembered the crackling of the bushes across the creek. If it was money old Sam wanted, it might be well to be on the safe side. Yet old Sam certainly looked crazy as he rocked himself back and forth muttering in his toothless gums.

John bade him wait and crossed to the kitchen. In a cigar-box on the mantelshelf was a bright five-dollar gold piece. For years he had kept it for good luck. He came back and gave it to old Sam. The latter had come out of his trance and was amusing himself making designs upon the dirt with bits of colored glass and a marble or two which he had in his pocket. He took the gold piece absently and went on with the work. John, watching, saw he was making a skull and cross-bones. He fitted the gold piece in to make one of the eyes. John was startled. Did the shrewd old fox mean that the gold would cover *his* eyes, that the gold would keep him from seeing? But no. How could his cracked brain think out an idea like that? John went off, leaving him to his childish play. When he came back an hour or two later, old Sam had disappeared, but he had left the design marked out there in the dirt. John picked up the gold piece, brushed off the dust, shined it on his coat-sleeve, and returned it to the cigar-box. He would give it to the woman who was sweeping and garnishing the house in preparation for his bride. His bride! The thought was like wine.

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By half past three the sultry heat of the day had become unbearable, and ominous rumblings of thunder split the stillness. The leaves were turning their silvery backs to the breeze—a certain sign of rain. John, dressing carefully in his Sunday best, pretended not to notice the signs of the storm. What did a storm matter anyway? It would hold off at least until they got to the church and it would probably clear in the early evening. Down-stairs, the voice of the scrub-woman was raised in altercation. Then there came the cracked, senile tones of old Sam. Probably he had come back after his gold piece, and was accusing the woman of stealing it. John hurried down-stairs, but old Sam was not concerned with earthly things. He was shaking with terror. He had seen a man in the ghostways. It was Trimmer himself, old Sam vowed, standing on the very spot where his dead wife had stood the night before. There must be some terrible evil afoot. He implored John to go and see for himself. John shrugged the suggestion aside impatiently.

"You're touched by the heat, Sam," he said. "I have to go to my wedding. I can't be chasin' ghosts."

And yet, he told himself a second later, there could be no harm in passing by the north meadow on the way to the village. It wasn't far. And if old Sam was going to be spreading these crazy stories, it would be well at least to be able to say that he had seen the ghostways with his own eyes and that there was no truth in such tales.

The storm was coming on faster than he had realized. The wind was shrieking around the house with angry violence. The shrillness of it brought back to his mind the night of his mother's death. Oh, damn! Old Sam would have him stark crazy with his visions of the dead. It was growing very black. He remembered that when he was a little boy he had always been afraid when a thunder-storm came that it was the end of the world. Little branches, whipped off the trees by the wind, whirled sharply against him. He was in the ghostways now. Then he stopped. Under the copper beech was a man. Could it be his father? The storm and the shadow of the tree made it difficult to see. Then his heart began to beat again. The man was James. So he had come. Well, they might as well get this business over here and now. He would tell him about Gail. There was a brilliant flash of lightning, and in the brightness John saw that his brother's face was not pleasant to look upon. Probably he had heard the news in the village.

"Well," John began, "this is a surprise. But you're just in time for my wedding. I'm on my way to marry Gail. She is waiting for me now at the parsonage."

"No, she isn't waiting for you, you dog. I know what you told her. My train got in earlier than I expected. I went right to her house, knowing that the two years were up and that I could claim her without a brother's malediction on my head. And then, instead of flying into my arms, she withered me with her scorn. I begged her to tell me why she hated me so. I almost went down on my knees to her. And then she told me. So I came to find you, and she is coming here as soon as the storm is over to choose between us."

John's face went dark and the fury of the storm seemed to run in his veins. It was unbelievable that he should lose her like this on the very threshold of possession. He would see himself in hell first. In the glare of the lightning he was dreadful to look upon.

"Choose between us," he shouted. "She has already chosen, you swine. You've come a day too late. She is mine, I tell you. Here . . . last night . . ." He choked in his rage, and the wind carried the words away.

James went white. He sprang toward John, then stopped aghast. There was a blinding flash, a tearing and rending of the air. Violent light. A giant cleaving and smiting the earth. Then everything went black before him.

When Gail crept out to the ghostways in the cool wet evening she found them lying there. James, stunned and unconscious, lay a little distance away. But John was quite dead, with a great branch of the tree across his chest, as if it had reached out a mighty arm and struck him down.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE autobiography of Emma Eames, aptly called "Some Memories and Reflections," is interesting, and the portraits and illustrations add to its charm and value. Madame Eames is an American who was born in China and made her operatic début in Paris. She came from a long line of Puritan ancestors, was brought up in Maine with ascetic severity, began her music studies in Boston, completed her preparatory work in France, for years had her home in Italy, and now lives in Paris. Her character, by heredity and early training, is 100 per cent Yankee, and on this solid foundation was erected a superstructure of Continental experience and accomplishment. She is at home in Parisian society and in Maine villages. She has a Continental mind and an American heart.

She was a friend of Pen Browning, whose famous father wrote a line in "The Ring and the Book" that accurately describes her:

The good girl with the velvet in her voice.

Exactly so: she has a voice of velvet and a heart of gold.

Not only is this book interesting because it is the story of a successful operatic career, in which most of the famous singers from 1890 to 1909 appear, but Madame Eames's observations on life, men and women, nerve-control, ideals of conduct, and so on, will make a general appeal. Furthermore, her fame as a singer brought her into contact with many distinguished persons and personages; her conversations with Queen Victoria, and especially with King Edward VII, are entertaining.

Years ago, in Cleveland, I had a long talk with her mother, when that lady was nearly ninety. She was sprightly and vigorous, and told me about her experiences with her daughter in Paris, just before and after the début; her narrative is corroborated by the book. It is an exciting story.

Gounod lived to see his opera "Faust" performed more than five hundred times; but I doubt if he ever heard or saw a better Marguerite than the young American girl, Emma Eames, whom he personally coached for the part. The difference between her interpretation and that of her rival, Emma Calvé, and I heard both many times, is interesting. Calvé was an amazingly effective Carmen; she let herself go. But as Marguerite she gave the impression of a sophisticated creature pretending to be innocent; it was clever and sensational acting, and diverted the audience, but it never created the illusion. Emma Eames simply *was* Marguerite; it was so perfect an interpretation that one forgot the actress in the part.

In her accounts of "command" performances in England, Madame Eames mentions that on two occasions Jean de Reszké had "a strange and sudden illness," which prevented him from appearing; once they changed the opera, and once the tenor. Although I never saw the great Jean off the stage, while Emma Eames knew him intimately, I suspect that it is easy to account for these illnesses. He could not refuse to accept the invitation, given some time ahead. But it was his invariable custom never to appear before an audience except in a regular rôle on the professional operatic stage. His brother Edouard, who had a gorgeous voice, frequently sang during the season at Sunday-night concerts, at church weddings, and elsewhere. Jean, never. I think he was well aware that so far as mere voice was concerned, his gifts were not remarkable; anyhow, he never chose to meet that test. But as a great opera-singer, with his noble presence, his splendid dignity and knightly charm, his uncanny intelligence, his amazing gifts of expression and interpretation—there he was indeed incomparable. He knew himself too well to appear at a disadvantage; and a "command" performance, in a

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palace hall, was out of the operatic frame.

Another interesting point raised by this autobiography is the comparison between the directing methods employed by Maurice Grau and his successor, Heinrich Conried, with those of Gatti-Casazza and Toscanini. It so happens that simultaneously with the appearance of Emma Eames's book comes "The Passing Show," by Henry Russell. Divergence of opinion is the life of art. Madame Eames says of the last season before her retirement:

> Gatti-Casazza declared my contract to be a constant stumbling-block in his path. I retorted that it was the only definite and orderly thing in his administration, which, by the way, was ruled entirely by the temperament of that great conductor Toscanini. . . . He was charming and amiable, and rehearsed at the piano with me, taking all my shades and intentions. Once before the public, however, the opera was his and his alone. He had such a marvelous and exact memory that he could reproduce always what he had heard one do at any one particular rehearsal, and only that. He detached himself from us thereafter and interpreted his opera, even singing with us so loudly that one heard him on the stage. . . .
>
> It was quite evident that the Italian combination not only believed that one lived in the theater like the janitor, but that one could be turned on and off at will, an attitude that obviously did not make for the comfort of an artist accustomed to the order and balance maintained in the organization by Maurice Grau and his successor, Mr. Conried.

For a different view of the same situation, listen to Mr. Russell:

> It was in England and in America that the "star" system developed, and the Metropolitan of New York was at one time its chief hot-bed. . . . Singers like Eames, Sembrich, Calvé, Nordica, Melba, and Geraldine Farrar were allowed to dominate any opera in which they appeared. . . .
>
> The star system at the Metropolitan received its death blow with the arrival of Toscanini, that astonishing genius. . . . When he arrived in New York his first most difficult task was the disciplining of the prima donna. This he accomplished either by subjecting them to his will, or eliminating them altogether. . . . If opera is to survive at all, and if it is to be taken seriously as a form of art, the domination of the prima donna must cease. . . . Operas on the Continent were never used merely for the setting of one brilliant singer, but were, and are, composite productions in which each particle is placed in its correct relation to the whole. Audiences are not beguiled when they know that a Caruso or Melba is singing. . . . However, the days of operatic constellations are on the wane; a leavening process is at work in the world of music.

Now all this is interesting, especially because it gives exactly the opposite point of view to that expressed by Emma Eames. I am moved to make the following comments on Mr. Russell's pronouncements:

It is true that in stage-plays, especially in those of a realistic nature, the star system is bad; better results are obtained by repertory and stock companies, who justly believe that team-work is as necessary for the success of a stage-play as it is in football. This, however, by no means applies to grand opera. Opera is the most romantic of all the arts; few grand operas present a probable or even possible story or set of characters—we live in a world of fantastic imagination. Furthermore, the leading rôles of grand opera are so difficult in their demands on the voice alone, not to mention many other requirements, that stars, so far from being objectionable, are necessary. I had rather hear a good play, say Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," indifferently acted by a fair stock company, than hear a trivial play splendidly produced or glorified by one first-class actor.

But it is otherwise with grand opera. To hear "Die Walkuere" sung by voices of poor quality or inadequate in volume is intolerable; I had rather stay at home. The answer to Mr. Russell is found in the simple fact that the presentation of grand opera reached its world-climax at the Metropolitan under Mr. Grau and the star system; the reason being that he brought together the finest constellation ever seen. Grand opera at the Metropolitan was as superior to grand opera in Europe as (let us say) the Moscow Artistic Theatre Company in later years was superior to New York stars in the presentation of plays.

If operatic productions in New York after Mr. Grau had been an improvement on his management, then one could not

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dispute Mr. Russell's statements; but there was a sad falling off. The only thing that maintained its prestige was the bright star, Caruso, whom the crowds flocked to hear.

During the reign of Mr. Grau at the Metropolitan I was, for a while, in Dresden, and went to the opera there a number of times; the performances were so inferior to those given at the Metropolitan that the contrast was painful.

And it will not do to say that European audiences "are not beguiled when they know that a Caruso or Melba is singing." I happened to be in Munich when Caruso appeared for just one evening. There was tremendous excitement for weeks before the performance, like our excitement over a prize-fight. The opera "Aïda" was selected, because the Germans believed that he would appear to best advantage. The prices were raised from three dollars to twenty dollars, and the house was sold out. I did not go, because I had heard him so often in New York at a much cheaper price.

No, there is just one rule for the best presentation of grand opera—get the best singers in the world, and as many of them as possible. If they are "difficult," never mind; they won't fight on the stage; at least, only once in a while.

Another thing that interested me in Emma Eames's autobiography, because it is something that I have previously discussed at length in this column, was her account of how she learned the rôle of Sieglinde in "Die Walkuere."

> I studied Sieglinde for two years before I considered I had sufficient command of the rôle to trust myself to sing it in public. The character and the music affected me so much that I could not sing certain phrases without choking, and I knew that until I could conquer this I could never reach or convince my audience. This vivid impression of, and emotional sympathy with, the character to be sung always came to me with the first reading. . . . But having registered this keynote of the character, I had to rise above sympathetic emotion . . . and become a cool, calm, clear medium through which the soul of the character being sung might flow out to my hearers.

How did she accomplish this? I have often wondered how it was possible for singers to sing ravishing music without choking with emotion; they must, and they do; but how? I would give much to be able to read in public certain passages without breaking down. But no number of repetitions makes any difference. I go to pieces at the same point every time. Nor are these the "easy tears of senility." I was like that when twenty years old. As a sophomore I choked in the classroom trying to read a passage from Sophocles.

Why is it, that when America has produced so many great women singers, we cannot do equally well with men? Look at Eames, Nordica, Homer, Farrar, Walker, Fremstadt, and others, all either born or "raised" in America. Where are the great male stars? Is it because our boys regard a musical career as effeminate, or what? One of our best American men singers, Herbert Witherspoon, confided to me when he was an undergraduate, that his parents could not bear the thought of his studying for an operatic career. They thought it unworthy of a man. They wanted him to go into business.

I suppose it is no news that the works of Alexander Pope are studied in the universities of India; I have on my desk an interesting volume, "Pope's Rape of the Lock," edited by Keshavlal L. Oza, M.A., professor of English at Bahauddin College, Junagad, India; his annotations and comments fill 320 pages. He has some new, original, and provocative points of view. His Indian undergraduates must have some difficulty in reconstructing the social life of London drawing-rooms in the days of Anne, but if any one can make them see it, I feel sure Professor Oza is the man.

Richard Halliburton's "The Glorious Adventure" is an inspiring and delightful account of his following the trail of Ulysses, from Troy to Ithaca. It took the Greek hero twenty years to make this short journey in the Mediterranean, but the gods and goddesses were more active then than now. I envy, how I envy, this young Princetonian! How gladly would I have accompanied him on this journey, or followed alone on his trail over land and sea, had I not so far descended into the

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vale of years. Such travelling is fittingly described by Carlyle:

> The drawbacks are sad incapacity, especially on my part, for sleeping, for digesting, for supporting the conditions of travel, —which are sport to most people, and alas are death to poor us!

But the next best thing to physical presence is reading Mr. Halliburton's glowing and thrilling pages—one sees it all and shares his experiences. Every one should travel in Europe while young, for two reasons. They are sufficiently resilient to endure the discomforts, and they lay up treasure in their memories.

The young Englishwoman who has so successfully preserved her anonymity after publishing two excellent novels, "Miss Tiverton Goes Out," and "This Day's Madness," has sent out a third, "The House Made with Hands," which although third in order of American publication, was written first. It is extremely good, appealing to the mind and the heart.

Another English girl who makes her first appearance as a novelist is Rosamond Lehmann, the daughter of the universally admired writer and rowing coach, Rudolph Lehmann. This book is called "Dusty Answer," the title taken from a line in George Meredith. It is a picture of the young generation of to-day, and incidentally a representation of undergraduate life at Cambridge in the girls' colleges. She commands an admirable prose style, with unusual ability in characterization, and writes with sincerity and soberness of mind. It is not entirely easy for me to sympathize with the heroine, as in spite of her emotional fervor and talent for introspection, she lacks fundamental intelligence. Those who believe that undergraduate life in England is more mature intellectually than in America, would do well to consider this picture of Cambridge University. There is not a glimmer of interest in things of the mind; and the only girl who takes study seriously is the familiar type of "greasy grind," lacking both charm and sense. Emotional affinities, not with men, seem to be the chief interest; the most popular girl has a strong line of familiar conversation, her favorite expletive being "Christ!"

I do not need to be told how absurd it is to compare A. S. M. Hutchinson's novels with a point of view so "enlightened" as that represented in "Dusty Answer"; but in a certain scene in "This Freedom" the one ejaculation "*Cambridge!*" brings up a panorama and an echo of the multitudinous life there, more accurate and more impressive than a whole book on the subject. The speaker was one of those men, not entirely uncommon, who reached the climax of his life as a brilliant and happy undergraduate—there is perhaps no greater tragedy.

> As he declaimed of the glories of the colleges of Cambridge there was perceptible in her father's voice a most curious crack or break. It became more noticeable and more frequent. He suddenly and most astoundingly cried out, "Cambridge! Cambridge!" and threw his arms out before him on the table, and buried his head on them, and sobbed out, "Cambridge! My youth! My youth! My God, my God, my youth!"
>
> Somehow or other they all slipped out of the room and left him there,—all except Rosalie who remained in her high chair staring upon her father, and upon his shoulders that heaved up and down, and upon the coffee from an overturned cup that oozed slowly along the tablecloth.
>
> —"This Freedom," page 15.

Canada comes to the front in a prize novel by the accomplished Miss Mazo de la Roche, called "Jalna," with the scene laid in a Canadian farm. This is a fine piece of work, a family novel, with the various members skilfully individualized. They range in age from one hundred to eight, and though the portraits vary in verisimilitude, not one is either improbable or uninteresting. How the old woman does eat!

Emil Ludwig's "The Last of the Kaisers" is, like Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," much more than worthy of the theme. This writer is a born biographer, whose love of dramatic climax does not seem to interfere overmuch with his zeal for truth.

As everybody has "nerves," many will find a little book by Clara Clemens, called "Why Be Nervous?" valuable and practically helpful. She conquered her nerves and tells us how.

Among the crime-mystery-police nov-

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els, an extremely good one is "Vivanti," by Sydney Horler. It is a hair-raiser. Another interesting and ingenious one is "Murder in the Maze," by J. J. Connington, while the old reliable Oppenheim comes through again with "Miss Brown of XYO." A novel that is a murder-mystery, but more interesting on other grounds, is "Green Sandals," by C. C. Lewis, a story of the English in the Far East, with an original heroine.

A book of poems that has much of Byron's "tempest-anger, tempest-mirth" is "Guinea-Fowl and Other Poultry," by Leonard Bacon, whose "Animula Vagula" I had the pleasure of praising in this column. This new book is marked with striking virtuosity, is filled with jovial satire and genuine humor, unexpected quips and tags of rhyme. There are deeper notes of protest, inquiry, meditation; and some poems of sheer beauty, of which the tribute to the late Henry Augustine Beers is a good example. I have no hesitation in recommending this book to readers of wit and sense; they are sure to enjoy it, even if they wince.

"This to That," the Word-Change Book, by Shelby Little, is a fascinating game that ought to occupy the time and attention of many thousands during the winter evenings.

"Intimations," by Gabriel Wells, is a little book of little essays; but they are often on great themes, and all interesting.

"Studies in the Contemporary Theatre," by John Palmer, emphasizes the word *contemporary*. He does not mean 1918, he means 1926. The most noteworthy thing in his point of view is his belief that the significant things in the contemporary theatre are to be found in Paris. The French stage, from 1910 to 1917, was bankrupt in ideas and in dramatic experimentation. Mr. Ashley Dukes gave it a terrible slating in his lively treatise, "Modern Dramatists" (1911). Mr. Palmer says: "The French theatre, which before the war was the most insular, the most traditional, the most obstinately remote from immediate realities, is now the most cosmopolitan, the most revolutionary and the most feverishly responsive to the influence of contemporary events and impulses." I am not altogether certain that his book proves all this; but he makes out an interesting case.

"Russian Poetry," an anthology chosen and translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky, has a little over 200 pages, with an interesting and valuable introduction, dealing with the development of Russian poetry. I can hardly imagine anything more difficult to translate into English than Russian verse; but many of these poems are interesting in thought, and frequently there is felicity of expression. It was well worth doing.

"What Can a Man Believe?" by Bruce Barton, whose previous books on religion do not need naming, is an edifying, lively, reverent treatment of the religious instinct. The latter half of the book, wherein he compares Catholic and Protestant churches of to-day, with suggestions how the Protestants may improve their methods, is more valuable than the historic survey given in the earlier pages. I believe this book will do much good; it deserves wide attention.

Two important works on London have just appeared. One, a quarto of nearly 900 pages, is called "London. Being a Comprehensive Survey of the History, Tradition and Historical Associations of Buildings and Monuments. Arranged under Streets in Alphabetical Order," by George H. Cunningham. London is not the most beautiful city in the world, but it is, in many respects, the most interesting. Mr. Cunningham's book is exactly what its title-page promises. The arrangement of the material is admirable, and there is an adequate index.

The other book, of 176 pages, "Old London," is by Gertrude Burford Rawlings. It is copiously illustrated, and its purpose is pleasantly set forth by the author in the following invitation: "Without undertaking to tell anything that is new, or everything that is old, A Waywiser invites you to a ramble from Old London Bridge to Westminster, and will be honoured by your company."

A charming book of travel, illustrated with 32 full-page colored pictures, is "Sketches on the Old Road through France to Florence," by A. H. Hallam Murray, "accompanied" by Henry W. Nevinson and Montgomery Carmichael. This is a new edition of a book published

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some twenty years ago, but the scenery has not changed. It will make those who have not been there determine to go and see for themselves; as for those who know these places, it will make them homesick. This story of travel, and Archibald Marshall's "A Spring Walk in Provence," are excellent guides through the Enchanted Ground and to the Delectable Mountains.

I am a fervent admirer of the works of Miss Zona Gale, and I am sure she will be glad to know that her books are read attentively. Here is the proof in a letter to me from Mrs. Merritt C. Fernald, of Orono, Maine:

I am sometimes minded to ask a question, as, for instance, if novelists think it *too* realistic to be accurate in minor features, such as those pertaining to the almanac and the calendar. My daughter, reading Zona Gale's strange "Preface to a Life," called my attention to repeated discrepancies in the given ages of the characters.

On page 10, Bernard is twenty-six years old, and on page 19, at about the same time, Laura is twenty. On page 26, reference is made to the time "when they were ten and twelve." In 1911, on page 179, Bernard is thirty-six; on page 192, after an interval of two days, (one of them, perhaps, his birthday), he is thirty-seven.

On page 224, in 1925, Bernard is fifty-one and Laura forty-seven. The two seem to have been very irregular in adding their years. On page 20, in 1900, Mrs. Mead, the mother, is "barely" sixty; on page 220, in 1925, she is only eighty. To be sure, this is a common way for women to grow old.

A baby first introduced (page 125) as "he" and "him," when baptized (page 180), becomes Margaret Hazel and thereafter figures as a daughter.

Perhaps it is absurd to expect meticulous accuracy in keeping the records of one's brain-children, but often the absurdity is in the discrepancy resulting from carelessness. By the way, there seems to have been in late years a marked change in the meaning and use of that word "meticulous," which I scarcely saw in my young days, and of which the only definitions in Webster's International twenty years ago were: "timid; fearful." Who did it?

In response to my request, Thomas Sergeant Perry sends me this interesting anecdote of Emerson and Swinburne:

Emerson was present at our landing from the boat, hugging his elbows, when he asked me if I knew Swinburne. I told him I did not; he then chanted to me these words: that Longfellow (just back from Europe) told him Swinburne was at some dinner with Longfellow, and suddenly, without any notice, "Swinburne slipt to the floor from his chair in a swound."

It was *swound* that gave the sentence its solemn significance. It sounded like a cathedral bell at midnight. I had known the word only in *Pilgrim's Progress* and had never heard it fall from human lips, and I have never heard it since.

Harris M. Fulash writes me about a house once occupied by Tennyson:

Yesterday afternoon I paid a visit to my uncle, Mr. W. Huggins, who makes his home on Montpelier Road, Twickenham, in a building known as Tennyson House. . . . Mr. Huggins, who is an artist by profession and nature, has made every effort to restore it. . . . There is also the study and fireplace where Tennyson and Carlyle spent their silent evenings. He informed me that during the renovating several old clay pipes believed to have been the poet's, were found under the flooring.

Tennyson was fond of old clay pipes, and once, when he informed a friend that he often rose at dawn and smoked a pipe, his friend parodied the famous line of Tennyson,

"The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds,"

by saying:

"The earliest pipe of half-awakened bard,"

which made the poet angry.

H. L. Mencken sends me an extraordinary printed circular (Series B, No. 17) of "The Tobacco-Chewers' Protective and Educational League of America," containing a clipping from the New York *Herald Tribune* in which it appears that the mighty Ibsen was not a smoker but a chewer of tobacco. This takes me back to the time when the New York *Sun* almost daily accused Mayor Strong, not of smoking nor of chewing, but of *eating*, tobacco. Listen to Ibsen's housekeeper:

She had never seen her master smoke, but then she revealed a vice which he had hidden even from his wife. He chewed tobacco, and . . . it wasn't even respectable tobacco, but

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the cheapest brand of American twist, imported to Norway for Ibsen's particular use.

When Mr. and Mrs. Ibsen walked out on the streets, he (I remember reading somewhere) walked in front, and she about six paces in the rear, like a faithful retriever. If he were chewing, he should have walked behind.

An interesting typographical error in the Dayton *Journal* is sent me by a member of the staff. At a flower contest, the prize awarded was a copy of "Milady's House Pants."

Frederick J. Shepard, of Buffalo, gives me a pleasant anecdote of George T. Lanigan:

I worked with Lanigan on the New York *World* in the '70's, and one Sunday night when I was acting as night editor, he told me that he had been through the London mail, that the only news in it was that the Ahkoond of Swat was dead, and he was writing a poem about that functionary. We printed it the next morning, and it is now in every collection. . . . You may be familiar with his story of the plumber's sons who avenged their father's wrongs on his enemy by plumbing the latter's house until at the end one son soliloquized:

"'Would,' he cried, as he drew the bill,
'My father were alive!
Ten pounds of solder at ten cents,
$1.75.'"

H. L. Koopman, librarian of Brown University, objects to Mrs. W. S. Case's objection to the noun "humans":

In the translation of Homer made by that vigorous Elizabethan, George Chapman, she will find "humans" regularly used for "men" in the sense of "human beings." It has always seemed to me a pity that later users of English did not follow his lead. As it is, we have no equivalent to the German "Mensch" and its plural "Menschen." Since you have excommunicated Chapman's word, it falls to you to supply its place.

All right: persons, people, human beings. Many words used by the Elizabethans are not in good usage to-day.

Carl Chapin, of Manchester, Vt., reminds me of a bit of obsolete Yale slang, which might be revived:

I find the following in the Yale *Record* of Feb. 24, 1875: "The amount of 'snab' in the galleries of the Chapel, last Sunday, quite abashed the modest Seniors, who are not used to so much attention from the ladies. The delegation from Farmington was especially overpowering."

Snab was a collective noun designating young girls; but it could also be used for one girl, "a trembling snab" meaning a modest débutante. The word had disappeared in 1883, when I entered Yale.

My remarks on "Lead us not into temptation" have drawn an interesting letter from Mrs. Edwin E. Slosson:

The late Professor Corson of Cornell told me that Edwin Booth once came to him asking him for his interpretation of the Lord's Prayer. Professor Corson's reading was the most beautiful I have ever heard. He made a long rhetorical pause after the word "us," touching the following clause lightly: "*Lead us*—not into temptation," etc. The main petition was for leading, the rest supplementary. It seemed to make the meaning of the verse clearer to me. Edwin Booth adopted that reading with delight.

Mrs. J. S. Prior, of Atlanta, Ga., writes that a Catholic priest suggested to her that it meant "Suffer us not to be tempted beyond our strength."

Mrs. Frank C. Eaton cites Doctor W. R. Bowie's admirable book, "The Inescapable Christ," where (page 53) in speaking of the difficulties translators to-day have, when they wish to reproduce the language of the Bible in the vernacular of primitive peoples, he says: "How could they render temptation in the Lord's Prayer to people so little advanced in moral thought that they did not know what temptation meant? . . . When there was no native word with which to render temptation, they wrote the petition of the Lord's Prayer thus, 'Show us a good way.'"

I. M. Haldeman, of New York, writes:

In the New Testament the word "ĕisphĕrō," five times out of the seven in which it occurs, is translated, "bring." The sentence, therefore, may be read: "Bring us not into temptation." (Like the Revised Version.) The word "evil" has the article and in New Testament usage signifies "the evil one"; that is to say, Satan, the Devil. Temptation is here related to the

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Evil One as, of course, the Causative. "Lead," and "deliver," balance each other. It is a prayer that the Lord who is behind circumstance, who is the God of circumstances, will not allow them to be so combined that they shall bring His people under the power of the Evil One; but, rather, to so lead them that they shall be delivered from any test the Devil may seek to put upon them.

Rivers Hicks, of Kentville, Nova Scotia, writes:

"Thou dost not lead us into temptation, but deliverest us from the evil," is the last rendering that I have come across.

Ernest P. Amort, of Whitestone, N. Y., writes:

I believe that those words: "lead us not into temptation," are not at all ambiguous. To me it is a supplication—comparable with that of Jesus' (who knew, yet humanly wished that it need not be) when He said: "Father, if thou be willing remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done."

If we read those words in this light, we have a petition to God that the hour of temptation "which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth," be spared the suppliant. Yet, it is a petition which is modified by the supplication, the *more important* consideration: "but deliver us from evil." As if one said—"if deliverance from evil be impossible without the test—then, Thy will, not mine, be done!" It seems that these words were meant to stand as an admission of our fear of our own weakness, and at the same time a constant reminder that none of us are so perfect that the thought of the *trial* can be regarded without trepidation.

A Civil War veteran of the Tenth New Jersey sends me an interesting letter he printed in the New York *Times*, October 1, 1900, on Pilate:

I never could discover in the Gospel narrative (and there is nowhere else to seek) the least justification for saying that Pilate was or meant to be frivolous, or "a jester," or comported himself otherwise than as became his high office. I am speaking, of course, only of his language and bearing on the occasion. He certainly took the Saviour seriously, and not as a fanatic or revolutionist. He was convinced of His innocence, and tried to save Him; was influenced, besides, by his wife's warning, and was even frightened ("was the more afraid," John xix., 8) by the claim and assertion that He was the Son of God. In truth, nothing is further from one's mind, after the perusal of the story of the passion in any of the evangelists, than the idea that Pilate was "a jester," or sought to ridicule Christ. My perplexity, then, comes from finding nearly every one quoting and adopting Bacon's expression. Why do they?

He writes:

After 27 years of waiting I am gratified to have a scholar considering my question and agreeing with me that Pilate was not jesting. But why consider it a *question?* Was it more or meant to be more than a contemptuous exclamation, delivered in the Italian manner with a shrug and upturned palms, not calling for or expecting and so not waiting for an answer?

That was what I meant to imply by my comment—"what's the good of truth?" But I feel certain, in answer to the question, "why *jesting?*" that Bacon got that notion from the mystery plays, just as Shakespeare got Herod from the same source.

One Saturday night this summer, in response to a cordial invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, we attended an old-fashioned dance given by them in the Casino close to their summer cottage at Harbor Beach, seventeen miles from my Michigan house. It was a delightful occasion. Mr. Ford brought up from Detroit his own orchestra, which played charming music for waltzes and lancers; and there is no doubt that the most graceful and accomplished dancers on the floor were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford. He told me that he was very fond of dancing in his youth, and that after not once dancing for forty years, he had taken it up again with enthusiasm. He is slender and in excellent physical condition; every morning he rises early and takes a long run.

Italy may not yet be fully aware of the fact, but she is to be congratulated on the addition to her inhabitants of Hudson R. Hawley, better known as "Boz," who has just been translated by the Associated Press from Paris to Rome. He is an American who will, without effort, make

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friends anywhere and everywhere for himself and his country. He writes:

> And now, where is that low Marine who swiped my beautiful onion-skin complete works of Browning a good ten years ago, out of my haversack, what time I was asleep between Neufchateau and Paris? Really, I am not kidding you; that book whiled away many a dreary hour on guard, and I know of no better medicine for a soldier, *not even in Kipling*, than the Epilogue to Asolando.
>
> Can't you pull a Lars Porsena of Clusium and descend on me unexpectedly? I can assure you that there would be no resistance at all at the bridges!

I wish I could have heard the talk between F. P. A. and "Boz" Hawley when they were editing the paper in France for the benefit of the A. E. F.

With reference to my book on golf, "Thirty Years of Looking Up," Leonard Kennedy of Brooklyn calls my attention to the terrific stanza in Browning's "Childe Roland":

> "For, looking up, aware I somehow grew . . .;
> How to get from them was no clearer case,"

and adds: "We have a trap just like that on the eleventh at Blind Brook." I have always known that Browning missed putts now and then, for in "By the Fireside" he wrote:

> "Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
> And the little less, and what worlds away!"

Senator Couzens, of Michigan, is reported in the papers as saying that United States senators are overpaid. Possibly he meant not the post of senator, but some of the senators.

I am lost in wonderment at the manner in which the various States collect the gasoline tax. It would seem so much more in accordance with the spirit of our institutions if every driver of a car were required to keep a record of every pint of gasoline he bought, the price paid for each pint, the place where he bought it, add up the total amount paid, deduct from it the amount used in driving for business as distinguished from pleasure, deduct again the amount used in errands of an altruistic nature, hire an accountant to attend to all this for him. Then have a bureau at Washington with 300,000 clerks to receive and tabulate these reports, and to make the necessary corrections, including demands for additional money and occasional refunds.

The whirligig of time makes strange changes in fashions. What respectable man ten years ago would have believed that he would behold the knees of ten thousand women? And yet, I learn from Wilson's biography of Carlyle that in 1851 Bishop Blomfield, after returning from a fashionable dinner-party, said he had never seen anything like the revelation of the low-necked gowns, "at least, not since I was weaned."

Kipling's famous remark about the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady is no doubt true; yet it is not the similarity between human beings, but the difference, that most impresses me. Shakespeare included all types of women—think of the space separating Desdemona from Doll Tearsheet!

In reading patiently but with ever-diminishing hope through new volumes of so-called poetry, I keep saying to myself:

The Verse is yet to come!

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

MANET has been fortunate in his biographers. Theodore Duret was not only his friend but a critic who from all his associations was exactly fitted to be his interpreter. Antonin Proust had known and loved him from their youth up. The late Etienne Moreau-Nélaton, whose two sumptuous volumes were published as recently as 1926, was a peculiarly skilful archiviste, and to his rich mass of information he added an extraordinary series of illustrations. In short, the artist who was most cavalierly rejected by his contemporaries has been drawn with singular sympathy for the judgment of posterity. Already, since his death in 1883, there has developed, indeed, something like general agreement upon the question of his art. It is an art to which it is always interesting to return, but particularly at a time like the present, when the craft of painting is blown upon by such strange winds. He recalls us to the profound truth that the truly constructive revolutionary has in him invariably, at bottom, the elements of a stabilizing force.

Manet à la Palette.
From the portrait by himself.

There is a saying of Fantin-Latour's that is apposite. Referring to the inclusion of his friend in his Hommage à Dela-

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croix, he said that he had put Manet there "with his true Gallic head." He was an intensely French type, an intensely characteristic embodiment of the French genius. He exemplified revolutionary ideas, but they were rationalized. Born in Paris, on the Bohemian side of the Seine, he early manifested the traits one expects on the Rive Gauche, yet he was steadied even then by inherited impulses of a more conservative nature. In so far as the phrase connotes poise and a sense of measure, he was decidedly a man of breeding. The dignity of the magistrate who was his father persisted in his blood. It made him, as a painter, play the game. He was invincibly faithful to the principle that the artist, to excel, must know his craft.

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HE was born in the Rue des Petits-Augustins, later the Rue Bonaparte, on January 23, 1832. The elder Manet, a judge of the Tribunal of the Seine, seems to have had a private fortune, and to have been altogether so placed in the world as to have expected a certain sobriety in his son's career, quite as a matter of course. When the boy turned instead to art, there were the usual family collisions. For a time these led to compromise. Since he could not enter a studio, he would at least avoid the law. Manet's first venture away from the parental roof was in a naval direction. He went on a voyage to Brazil, as an apprentice in a merchant ship. The experience did not divert him in the slightest from his purpose to be an artist, and on his return the family surrendered. He entered forthwith the studio of Couture. There he was, to tell the truth, no more docile than he had been at home. Young and inexperienced as he was, he nevertheless felt irresistibly moved to substitute something like realism for the academic habit of his master. The latter made an odd comment which is repeated in all the memoirs, and may aptly be repeated here: *Mon pauvre garçon, vous ne serez jamais que le Daumier de votre temps*. Obviously Couture had no idea of the ultimate growth of the caricaturist's legend. When he warned Manet against becoming the Daumier of his time, he thought he was doing him a kindness! For his part Manet thought it was better to be the Daumier of a period than the Coypel of it. He stayed with Couture for some time, but in the long run broke with him and embarked upon his own way.

It is at this point that he seems to me most the man of his race, most emphatically the Frenchman. He is original, independent, but he has the French predisposition toward the past, toward tradition. The "advanced" artist of to-day so often seems to think that he can gain nothing by contact with his historic predecessors. It has been different with the French leaders and renovators. The romantic Delacroix is a man of culture. His rival, Ingres, is a disciple of Raphael. A realist like Degas sits at the feet of the Renaissance masters, and his friend Forain in his youth studies Chardin. Manet was like that. Proust tells us something of his friend's travels. They led him to Rubens at Antwerp, to Rembrandt at Amsterdam, to the Flemish Primitives at Brussels, to Hals at Haarlem, to Albrecht Dürer at Dresden, to Holbein at Bale. Amongst the Italians he was attracted by Titian and Tintoretto. In Spain, in due course, he was to extend the knowledge of Velasquez for which he had laid the foundations in the Louvre, and to decide that he was "the painter of painters." Repeatedly in the annals of his earlier years you come upon his penchant for this or that old master. He copied more than one of them in the Louvre, and especially Tintoretto's portrait of himself, which he considered to be one of the finest in the world. Occasionally his indebtedness to the past was practical, specific. The group in the Dejeuner sur l'Herbe was filtered down to him from Raphael through one of Marc Antonio's engravings, and Paul Jamot, writing in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* on the sources of Manet's inspiration, has found the basis for La Pêche, a landscape with figures, in a canvas by Annibale Carracci in the Louvre, bearing the same title and containing elements of design by which the modern man has clearly profited. Yet one may take account of all these things and still leave Manet's central originality untouched. With him as with the other Frenchmen I have cited, and many more, tradition was a fertilizing influence, not a

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matter of styles and motives to be imitated.

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HIS essential independence was not at once recognized. Le Christ aux Anges, in the Salon of 1864, for example, led Thoré to talk about him as the maker of a *pastiche* of Velasquez and Goya, to say nothing of other types. The discoverer of Vermeer was on that occasion a little less penetrating than usual. Manet's friend Baudelaire came to the rescue with a letter to Thoré emphatically setting that gentleman down. Incidentally he said something about himself which is delightfully indicative of the point of view to adopt regarding Manet. "They accuse me," he said, "of imitating Poe. Do you know why I have so patiently studied Poe? Because he resembles me. The first time I opened a book of his, I saw, with mingled astonishment and rapture, not only subjects which I had dreamed, but phrases which I had thought—written by him twenty years before." Manet had that experience in the world of Velasquez. He entered it as a world of his own. He and the Spaniard had a spiritual affinity. It was natural and instinctive with him to paint in a manner akin to the manner of Velasquez. Working out his artistic destiny in his own way, beating out a style of his own, he made himself the fellow of the master. Those Spanish subjects which are so familiar in his *œuvre* were not, at the beginning, drawn direct from Spain. He found them in a company of Spanish dancers and singers that had come to Paris. In recreating there what I might call the

Philip IV.
From the drawing by Manet after Velasquez.

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Velasquez cult, he was exercising, really, an original, organic force. That is what enabled him to energize a movement. That is why he survives.

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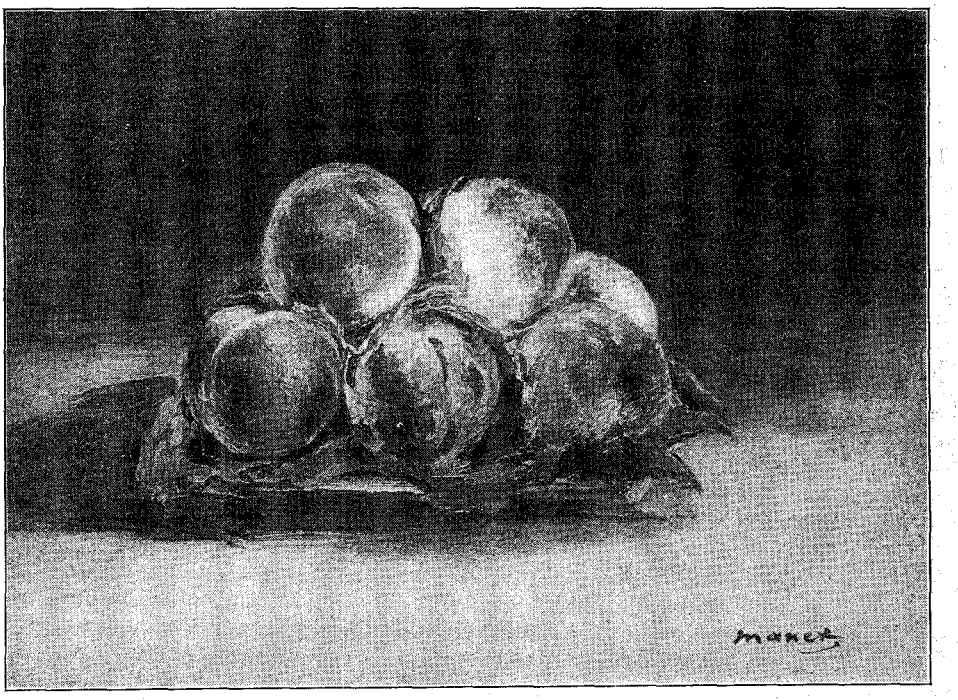
THE temptation is strong to turn at once to consideration of his craftsmanship, but as a matter of fact it is important to consider also his outlook upon the stuff of art. A large part of his value as a contributor to the progressive tendency in French art lies in his attitude toward life. Couture was a craftsman, and one for whom Manet was bound to have respect. It was his substance rather than his form that led the pupil to revolt. What did the ancient Romans mean to Manet? For him, rather, the men and women in the Paris of his day. It is interesting to look through the pictorial evidence so voluminously assembled by M. Moreau-Nélaton and to see how absolutely devoid it is of anything like formal picture-making. Manet loved an arresting subject. When Maximilian was executed he pounced on that. It has been a legend that he painted the combat between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* as it went on off the shore at Cherbourg. The legend has been exploded. The truth is that he saw the *Kearsarge* off Boulogne, later. But his battle-piece (now in the John G. Johnson Collection, in Philadelphia) is rendered, by a powerful stroke of the imagination, one of the vividest actualities ever painted. Actuality was as the very breath of his nostrils. He painted the thing that he could see, and in the great mass of work that he produced a tingling realism prevails. There can be no doubt at all that a passion for the truth was inseparable from his genius, that it helped to form his style, and reacted, too, upon his technique. It stood in the way of the popular and official recognition that he curiously craved.



Still Life.
From the painting by Manet.

I say "curiously" because it is surely odd that an artist of his individuality, his scorn for compromise, his splendid courage, should have cared a straw about recompenses and decorations. He ought, one would say, to have taken a leaf from the sardonically humorous book of Degas.

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But there something of his ancestry crops out, something of the blood of the old magistrate his father, with his fine sense of worldly place and decorum. Manet simply could not bear to be rejected of his time, to be held up to obloquy while he watched lesser folk accumulate medals and the like. When some tactless jury awarded Whistler a second-class medal, he declined it with his second-class thanks. Manet, I fancy, would have accepted it. Meanwhile he yielded not an inch of his isolated position. The authorities might neglect him, but he went on painting according to his own hypothesis. Why did it meet with such small favor? The public had not been educated to the point at which it could appreciate his innovations. All the time it differed from the modernistic vagaries that are nowadays foolishly presented as analogous, differed from them in that it was fundamentally sound, framed with respect to the rectitude of a craft. It did not occur to Manet to throw overboard the immemorial laws of painting. He laid one color boldly beside another, refusing to mess about in the old modulations of tone, but he kept his color pure, respecting its integrity as a medium. Also—and here he was faithful enough to the admonitions of Couture—he insisted upon drawing like a gentleman.

At Tortoni's.
From the painting by Manet.

DURET notes that "as a rule Manet's drawings were not carried beyond the state of a rough draft or sketch; they were made in order to seize a passing impression, a gesture, some salient feature or detail." He could not draw as Ingres drew, or Degas. But strong, steady, supple draftsmanship runs through all his painting, the draftsmanship of the brush that is governed by knowledge. It is, among other things, the draftsmanship that has its origin in a true sense of form. You feel this not only in his drawings from life but in any black and white in which he records the outlines of some famous painting, a Velasquez or a Fra Angelico. At once it is evident that the

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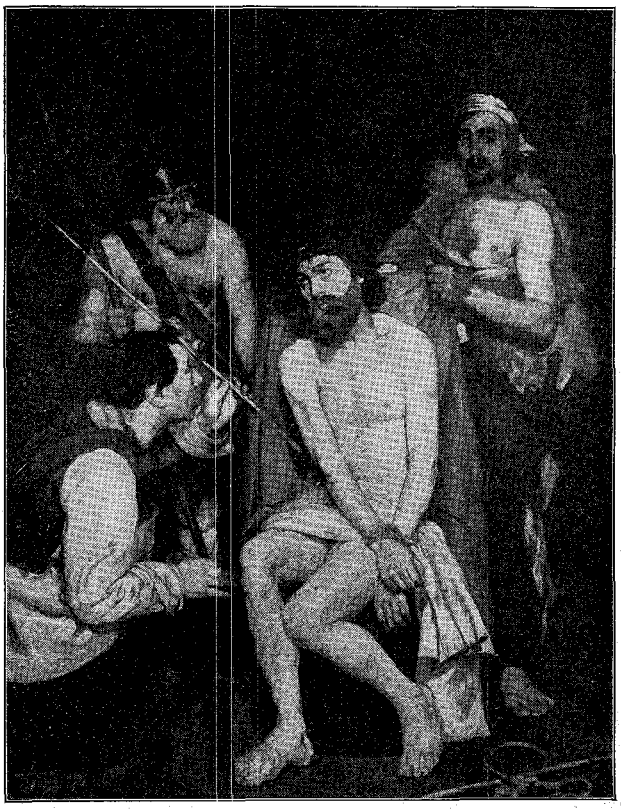
figure is realized from within, so to say. His drawing is magnificently vitalized. This was largely because, as I have said, he consulted life. Hand and eye were interdependent in a campaign amongst living things. And behind both was an inquisitive, superlatively active brain.



Jesus Insulted by the Soldiers.
From the painting by Manet.

Manet painted still life over and over again, but he never made the mistake of painting the human figure as so much still life. He was, indeed, the Daumier of his time, if that meant sympathy for the great human spectacle. I have often wondered why so few of the many moderns who have profited by his technical example have thought also of emulating his range. He found actuality in every conceivable direction. He painted religious subjects and he painted landscapes. He turned from the bull-ring to Parisian portraiture. He triumphed in the nude, as witness the prodigious Olympia in the Louvre, and then he would produce a picture like Un Bar aux Folies-Bergère, sent to the Salon only the year before his death. By good luck the great exhibition at the Ecole in 1884 was photographed wall by wall, and it is fascinating to observe his scope as it is thus illustrated. In one group Le Bon Bock is flanked by Le Bal de l'Opéra and Les Courses à Longchamp. In another the delicate grace of the Eva Gonzales is contrasted with the almost brutal vigor of the Emile Zola. Beneath the naval battle I have cited hangs L'Homme Mort. The Olympia has a still life for a neighbor, above that is placed Les Bulles de Savon, and next them both is L'Espada. There was variety in his cosmos, an enkindling variety, and every note in this diversified symphony rings true.

WHAT did it all make for, in a broad conception of the subject? For the

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beauty that lies in fidelity to life and that belongs, even more, to workmanship, to style, to that ineffable accent which a great artist places upon things nominally prosaic. There are moments in which Manet has something like charm. I remember a masterpiece of his, a painting

Devant la Psyche.
From the painting by Manet.

of a woman before a mirror, facing away from the beholder. Her back is a little miracle in modelling and color, so much shimmering surface of silvery, pearly tone, below which a passage of heavenly blue fairly ravishes the eye. Charm? The painting vibrates with it. He had a great gift for the interpretation of feminine lightness and loveliness. He could draw a woman's profile with a touch positively caressing in its delicacy. On the whole, however, his taste was robust rather than exquisite. It has often amused me to reflect on his Olympia together with the Rokeby Venus of Velasquez. The former is a superb technical *tour de force*, but as a picture it is a little repellent. The Spanish canvas is one of the suavest nudes in the world, one of the subtlest and most refined. You recognize a kindred distinction when you turn from the Le Dejeuner sur l'Herbe to that painting by Giorgione in the Louvre, which is, in a way, like Raphael's Judgment of Paris, its ancestor. The Italian painter is unmistakably a poet. Manet is just as clearly a narrator in prose. One can understand the revulsion of that old public, even though one does not sympathize with it. He had strength, yes, but not precisely the tenderness which is not always foreign to it. It was not for nothing that he remained the child of Paris, untinctured in his temperament by the qualities which mark the dreamer as a creature apart from the observer. How could he have poetized anything? And, for that matter, why should he have done so?

With that observant faculty of his he got

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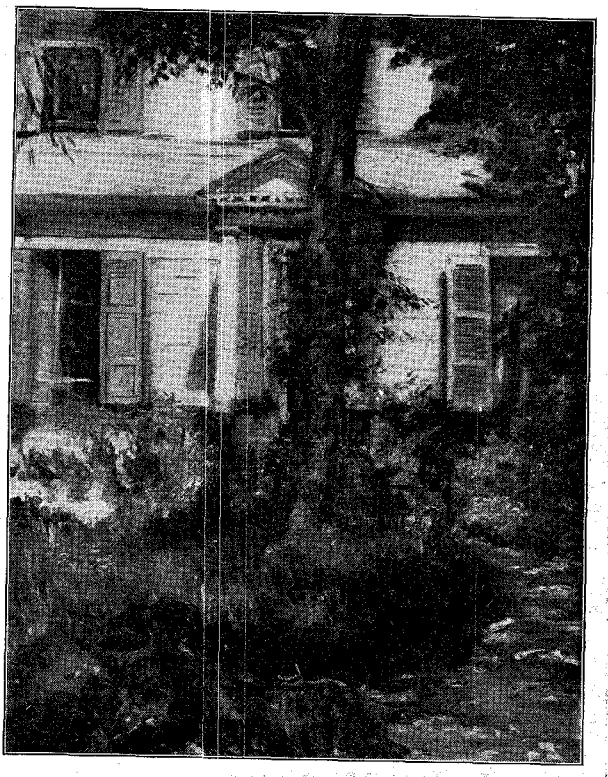
enough out of nature, in all conscience, to dispense with any attempt to put something into it from his imagination. There comes back to me the memory of La Maison à Rueil, in which he portrayed the home of Labiche, the playwright, which he leased in the summer of 1882, almost on the eve of his death. I saw it at the Knoedler gallery a year or so ago, before it went to Australia. The house and garden, with a tree dividing the composition, were painted with an indescribable sensitiveness. The old haunter of the boulevards, the denizen of the Café Guerbois and of Tortoni's, turned into something like the maker of an idyll. It brings me back to that question of his range, to the eager, adventurous soul of him which is one of the pleasantest things to remember about this tremendous man of his hands.



La Maison à Rueil.
From the painting by Manet.

At long last he came into his own, into that harbor of official recognition for which he had such an odd longing. The Government decorated him, and with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole he could feel at peace with the world. He was Hors Concours in the Salon of 1882. In the spring of 1883 he was dead. But long before that he had been recognized by enlightened opinion in France. His comrades were men like Monet, Bracquemond, Degas, and so on, and their high regard for him was little by little shared by a wider circle. The younger generation turned to him as to a leader, and his principles have ever since played a dominant part in modern painting. His influence goes on and will long continue, for, as I have endeavored to show, he stands for what is eternal in French art, honest workmanship. In his direct, clean-cut stroke, as in his truth, he is at one not only with his own time but with the genius of Poussin.

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